Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

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July

Edna Ferber
Booth Tarkington

Beginning—

"The Greatest American"

by HENRY FORD

NOW 25 CENTS

ATWATER KENT
RADIO

Tone so truthful he could even tell who made Spalding's violin

"That's *not a* Strad ..*it's a Guarnerius!*"

AMONG the listeners when Albert Spalding played in the Atwater Kent Radio Hour was a violin maker in Indiana.

Before Spalding finished his first number the violin maker turned to his daughter, exclaiming: "That is not a Stradivarius he's playing; it's a Guarnerius!"

Sure enough, a few minutes later the radio announcer said that the violin Spalding was using was his favorite Guarnerius.

The Indiana man was so impressed that he took the trouble to write us about it.

"My radio is an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid set," he said. "I tell you this story to show how true the reproduction is."

Think of it! Radio reproduction so true that not only can you identify each instrument that is played, but, if you are an expert, you can actually tell who made the instrument.

That is what we mean by the *naturalness* of an Atwater Kent. This radio does not try to improve on Spalding or any other artist. It does not exaggerate. It has no artificial "toning." It just lets you hear what you want to hear. That is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time), WEAF network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, A. ATWATER KENT, PRES., 4750 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

General Wahr

What have I done to deserve "pink tooth brush"?

WITH surprise and dismay, many a man still in his thirties, and many a woman younger than that, regards the tell-tale tinge of "pink" upon the tooth brush.

The brain brings up thoughts of pyorrhea, of gingivitis and kindred diseases . . . for gums that bleed, as any dentist will tell you, are often the first outward sign of ailments such as these!

This tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, however, does not of necessity mean that serious trouble has come to you. *But it does mean that you must watch out. You must give your gums the care they need to keep them firm and healthy!*

* * *

The soft foods so much in use today have robbed our gums of exercise and stimulation. They grow soft and flabby. Frequently they bleed. But an efficient, new technique—with Ipana Tooth Paste—quickly restores to the gums the stimulation they so urgently need and keeps them in sturdy, robust health!

Simply brush your gums when and while you clean your teeth with Ipana. Or massage them with your fingers—lightly at first, then harder. You speed the lagging circulation. You give new life and vigor to the tiny cells. For Ipana contains ziratol, the hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists themselves use in treating gum disorders.

And not only does Ipana keep your gums in health, but it makes teeth sparkling white. It has a delightful taste. It gives an instant and refreshing sensation of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

If Ipana does cost a few cents more, it's worth it. Its extra protection and its extra benefits are well worth this difference. Get a tube today at your nearest drug store. Tonight, start the full month's test! Your gums will be firmer; your teeth will be whiter, brighter than ever before!

* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-70
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

VOL. LXXXIX NO. 1

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RAY LONG
Editor

Powder Puffs for Men

Some of the newspapers seem to get a lot of fun out of calling the women's cross-continent airplane race "the powder-puff derby." That sort of humor makes me tired.

One of the contestants is Amelia Earhart. You know about her flight across the Atlantic. You know the other daring, courageous things she's done in the air. If you know anything about flying at all, you know that what she has accomplished requires more than courage, more than training. It demands a cool head, a brain quick in emergencies but slow in taking chances. And Miss Earhart has even more than those qualities.

¶ *Amelia Earhart*

For two years she has been a member of our organization. In all my experience, I've never worked with a pleasanter, more capable, more likable person. She's as modest as modesty itself; she's more painstaking than most of our staff; she is prompt, alert, obliging—just the sort of person it's a delight to have in the office.

Another contestant is Elinor Smith, who broke all records for altitude, became unconscious from lack of oxygen several thousand feet in the air, recovered when her plane was almost ready to crash, landed safely, and found herself famous.

Recently, in the radio studio in the beautiful new building of the Detroit Times, I heard Miss Smith talk over the radio. The editors of the Times wanted me to precede her with a talk, but frankly, when I looked at the microphone, I got a fine case of stage fright.

¶ *Elinor Smith*

You should have seen Miss Smith. (Believe me, this 18-year-old blonde would be worth walking a mile to see, even if she weren't famous.) She stood up to the "mike" as calmly as if she were reciting in class, said what she had to say in a clear cool voice, refused to consider any of her flying achievements remarkable, and won everyone in the room by her charm and her modesty.

These two will be in the "powder-puff derby."

Well, if they are a fair sample of the efficiency, poise and modesty of those air women, I know quite a few fellows posing as he-men who might emulate these women to their own great advantage, and to the advantage of those who pay their salaries—even if they have to buy a couple of powder puffs to accomplish it. R. L.

The Fable of Life

by George Ade

¶ THE LIFE MEMBER

Once there was a Town with one whole Streetful of Folks who wore real Silk next to the Cuticle. Figuratively speaking, every male Adult of this exclusive Residential District was a Sacred White Buffalo and every Lady old enough to play Bridge for Two Cents a Point was a Bell Cow. The whole Burg was 800 Feet above Sea Level but those who had their Cars parked along the Boulevard were about 2000 feet above the Hunyaks and Lithuanians who lived beyond the Railway Tracks and toiled at the Foundry.

These local Aristocrats had been to New York and professed a Fondness for Caviar, so when there was any Movement on foot to transform Bohunkus from a Dump into a Metropolis they sure had to be reckoned with because, no matter how Dumb some of them were reputed to be and indubitably were, the cold Fact remained that they controlled most of the Corner Lots and practically all of the Kale.

It became evident, about the Time that the League of Nations did a Head Spin and a Flop, that Bohunkus was all set and primed to fall for the Country Club Racket. All the Magazines costing from Thirty-five to Fifty Cents carried alluring Pictures of gloomy young Men with high Cheek Bones and dreamy Eyes Chatting with angelic Venuses whose Hair was being disarranged by the Wind, and each of these sickening Couples always had a Golf Course for a Background.

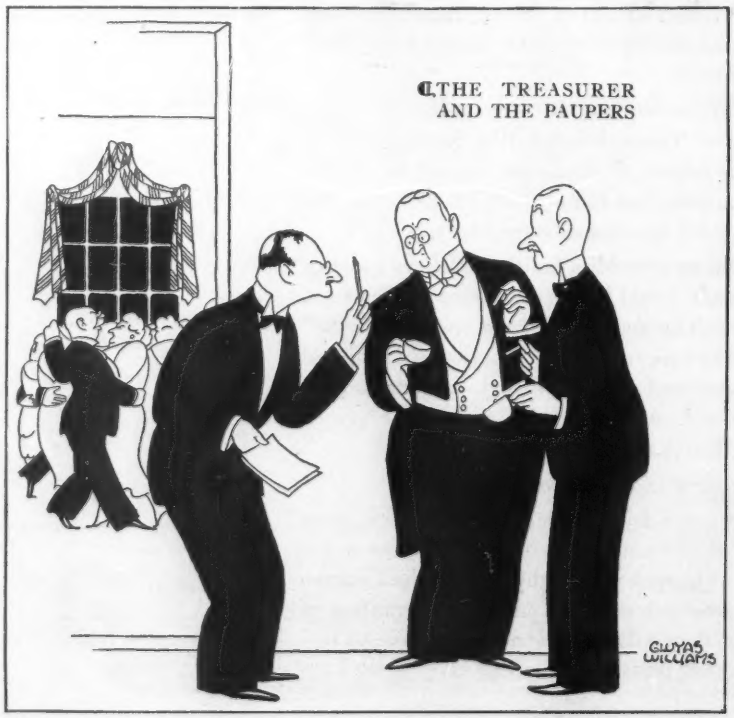
¶ THE INSPIRATION

Many of the Matrons who were beginning to bulge between the Shoulders and the Hips thought that if they could join a Country Club they would look like the Gal in the Illustration.

It had to come sooner or later, so Our Best People forgathered and began to discuss Ways and Means of putting Bohunkus right in Line with Long Island and only about two Jumps behind Newport, R. I.

The Consensus of Opinion seemed to be that a Nine-hole Course with a Clubhouse in the Colonial Style and a Ballroom and a dandy Table d'Hôte Dinner for Seventy-five Cents would meet all the Requirements, because, and the loud Emphasis was put on this Paragraph, the Club would have to accept many Members who were not filthy with the Long Green. The Large Idea was to make the Organization a Community Enterprise and welcome all Citizens who wore Collars and whose Wives had been checked up and found to be at least Careful, and who had not voted the Democratic Ticket too often.

Yes, it was to be that kind of Club. Those who knew a good Bootlegger would find it possible to horn in.



¶ THE TREASURER AND THE PAUPERS

All the Nice People who planned with so much gurgling Enthusiasm did not know, at the time, that every Town of the Bohunkus Type wishing a Country Club that will not be a Joke must dig up at least one Santa Claus who will devote the Remainder of his Life to battling with tedious Details and peeling from the Roll.

Also, that Golf is the Poor Man's Game in Scotland because Nature provided the Seashore Links and Balls cost a Shilling

Illustrations by
Gluyas Williams

in the *Open*

or

The OUTBURST *of Club Spirit in* BOHUNKUS

each, whereas in America a good Green costs more than an Apartment Building and every Clubhouse wants to make the Ritz look like a Woodman's Hut and operating a high-class Dining Room is just another name for going into Bankruptcy.

They called it Supergaleybaha, an old Indian Word meaning, "Count all of your Strokes."

The first Shock was the Discovery that a capable Golf Architect costs even more than a Trained Nurse: viz., One Hundred Bucks per Diem and the number of Diems he works in is Nobody's Business. And his Predilection for spending the hard-earned Coin belonging to the would-be Bobby Joneses is something scandalous and amounts to a Disease. When he started to dig a Trap, the Intention seemed to be to go right through to China. And the Directors suspected that he bought his Grass Seed from Tiffany.

Regarding the Clubhouse, to follow a chaste and simple Design, with nothing ornate or expensive about it, the Members overlooked the Fact that Grandfather could build a Mansion for the Money now needed to put up a half-portion Garage. Skilled Workmen can no longer be obtained at Two Dollars a Day for twelve hours of persistent Labor.

They now ask for Two Dollars an Hour and the privilege of devoting most of their Time to a general Discussion of what next year's Cars are going to be like and the Relative Merits of the more Popular Brands of Cigarets.

What we are leading up to is that when the Club opened up with an Exhibition Match by two imported Pros, who wanted for one Afternoon what they received at St. Andrews for one Fiscal Year, followed by a Dinner Dance with Music by an Orchestra which had done Broadcasting for WXY, the Treasurer found himself so far into the Red that he began to hint darkly about an Assessment or raising the Dues. The same thing has happened to every Golf Club between Kennebunkport and Pebble Beach, and always the loudest and most shrieking Protests come from those who have acquired sinful Wealth but never have cultivated the careless Habits of a Spendthrift.

Most of them had taken out Life Memberships at Bargain Prices early in the Game and all they expected was about $1000 worth of Golf every season for an Outlay of $60, a Chicken Dinner at less than the Cost of the Poultry, and a Free Dance with a large Bowl of fortified Punch on the Side every Two Weeks. Anyone who thinks Germany is up against a Problem should sit in a Side Room for a while with the Finance Committee of a Country Club which is trying to please all the Members and their Wives and their pernicious Offspring and, at the same time, keep a Soft Pedal on the Expenditures.

The Dues were whooped. Everyone took it on the Chin except the frugal Millionaires who had subscribed for Life Memberships and who went around acting as if each of them had endowed Yale with a Library.

¶ THIRTY-FIVE CENTS FOR A SANDWICH

They were getting the Privileges for about one-half, *per capita*, the Amount put up by some struggling Youth, recently out of College, who went without an Overcoat all Winter, so that he could flaunt his Knickers around the Green Open Spaces of Supergaleybaha. Young Married Couples lived out of Tin Cans and deferred Payments on a Road Insect of the Coupé Pattern so that they could get their names into the Daily Efflatus every Time the Country Club pulled off a Bridge Battle with Prizes costing as high as Fifty Cents each.

As previously related, the Club opened with a resounding Fanfare and all of the Goats who had gone into the Thing believed that there was nothing more on the Program except to pay off the Notes drawing seven percent at the Banks owned by some of the most enthusiastic Members. Now, the Low-Down is that Tribulation never starts until after a Club has opened.

On the very first Day the visiting Pros told the Grounds Committee that the (*Continued on page 140*)

¶ THE CITY SLICKER

Meadow Lark

When first the winged things had come zooming out of the sky above the Kansas prairie land old man Trost used to stand there in the middle of the field he was plowing—or even when the threshing crew was there—and shake his great brown fist at them. A stout and ridiculous Ajax, yet not quite ridiculous, either, in his impotent wrath, he would turn his face toward the heavens and utter imprecations in his native tongue.

"Gott verdammt noch e' mal!" he would roar. *"Die Dinger da—die verfluchten Dinger!"* But presently they became so numerous that the fist-shaking had to be abandoned. It would have taken too much of his time, for the government established an airport not four miles distant from the Trost farm, and glass-roofed airplane factories glittered like bubbles all over the prairies skirting the city of Wichita.

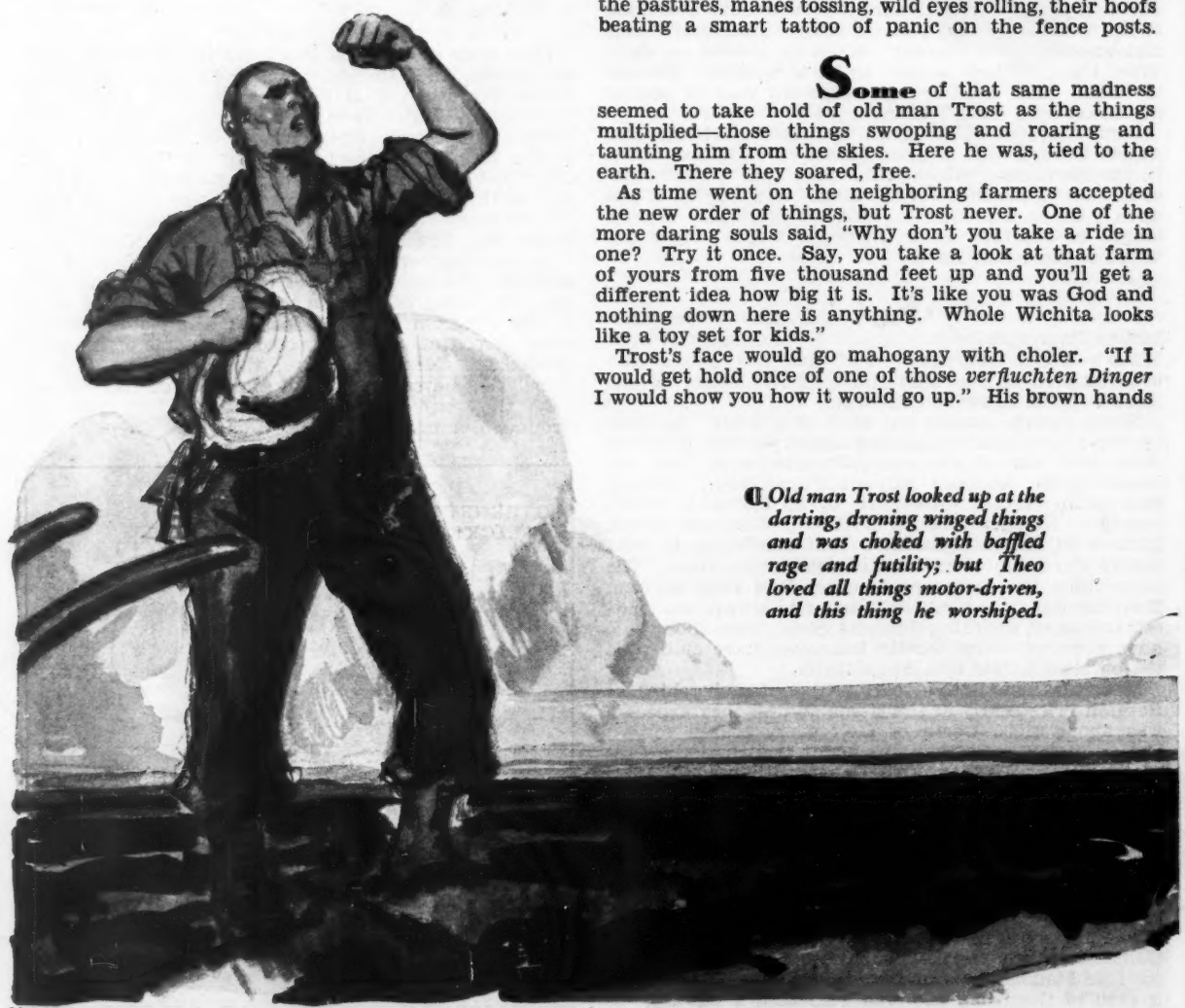
Wichita boasted of this, trumpeting: More Airplanes Made in Wichita Than in Any Other City. But the Kansas farmers were furious. None so furious, though, as old man Trost. He threatened to sue the government on the grounds that his farm was being ruined.

The night planes, roaring overhead, disturbed the chickens in their roosts, so that they refused to lay; the stock grew thin with nervousness; the milk dried up in the cows' udders; the mares did not foal, but, maddened by the strange roar always overhead, ramped across the pastures, manes tossing, wild eyes rolling, their hoofs beating a smart tattoo of panic on the fence posts.

Some of that same madness seemed to take hold of old man Trost as the things multiplied—those things swooping and roaring and taunting him from the skies. Here he was, tied to the earth. There they soared, free.

As time went on the neighboring farmers accepted the new order of things, but Trost never. One of the more daring souls said, "Why don't you take a ride in one? Try it once. Say, you take a look at that farm of yours from five thousand feet up and you'll get a different idea how big it is. It's like you was God and nothing down here is anything. Whole Wichita looks like a toy set for kids."

Trost's face would go mahogany with choler. "If I would get hold once of one of those *verfluchten Dinger* I would show you how it would go up." His brown hands



Old man Trost looked up at the darting, droning winged things and was choked with baffled rage and futility; but Theo loved all things motor-driven, and this thing he worshiped.

By Edna Ferber

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

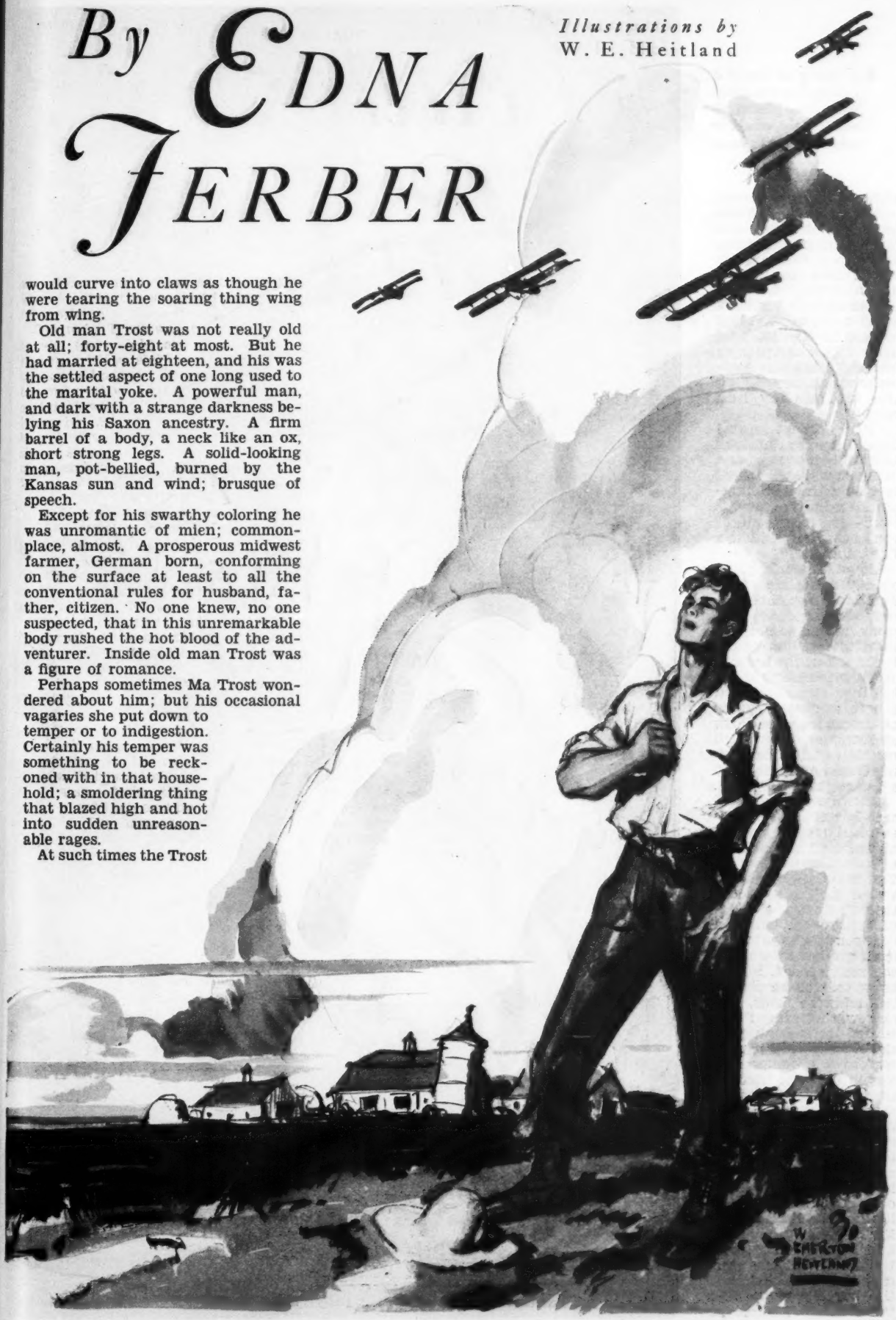
would curve into claws as though he were tearing the soaring thing wing from wing.

Old man Trost was not really old at all; forty-eight at most. But he had married at eighteen, and his was the settled aspect of one long used to the marital yoke. A powerful man, and dark with a strange darkness belying his Saxon ancestry. A firm barrel of a body, a neck like an ox, short strong legs. A solid-looking man, pot-bellied, burned by the Kansas sun and wind; brusque of speech.

Except for his swarthy coloring he was unromantic of mien; commonplace, almost. A prosperous midwest farmer, German born, conforming on the surface at least to all the conventional rules for husband, father, citizen. No one knew, no one suspected, that in this unremarkable body rushed the hot blood of the adventurer. Inside old man Trost was a figure of romance.

Perhaps sometimes Ma Trost wondered about him; but his occasional vagaries she put down to temper or to indigestion. Certainly his temper was something to be reckoned with in that household; a smoldering thing that blazed high and hot into sudden unreasonable rages.

At such times the Trost



Theo and Bertha achieved a vicarious thrill from that traveler of the air—the midnight mail plane.

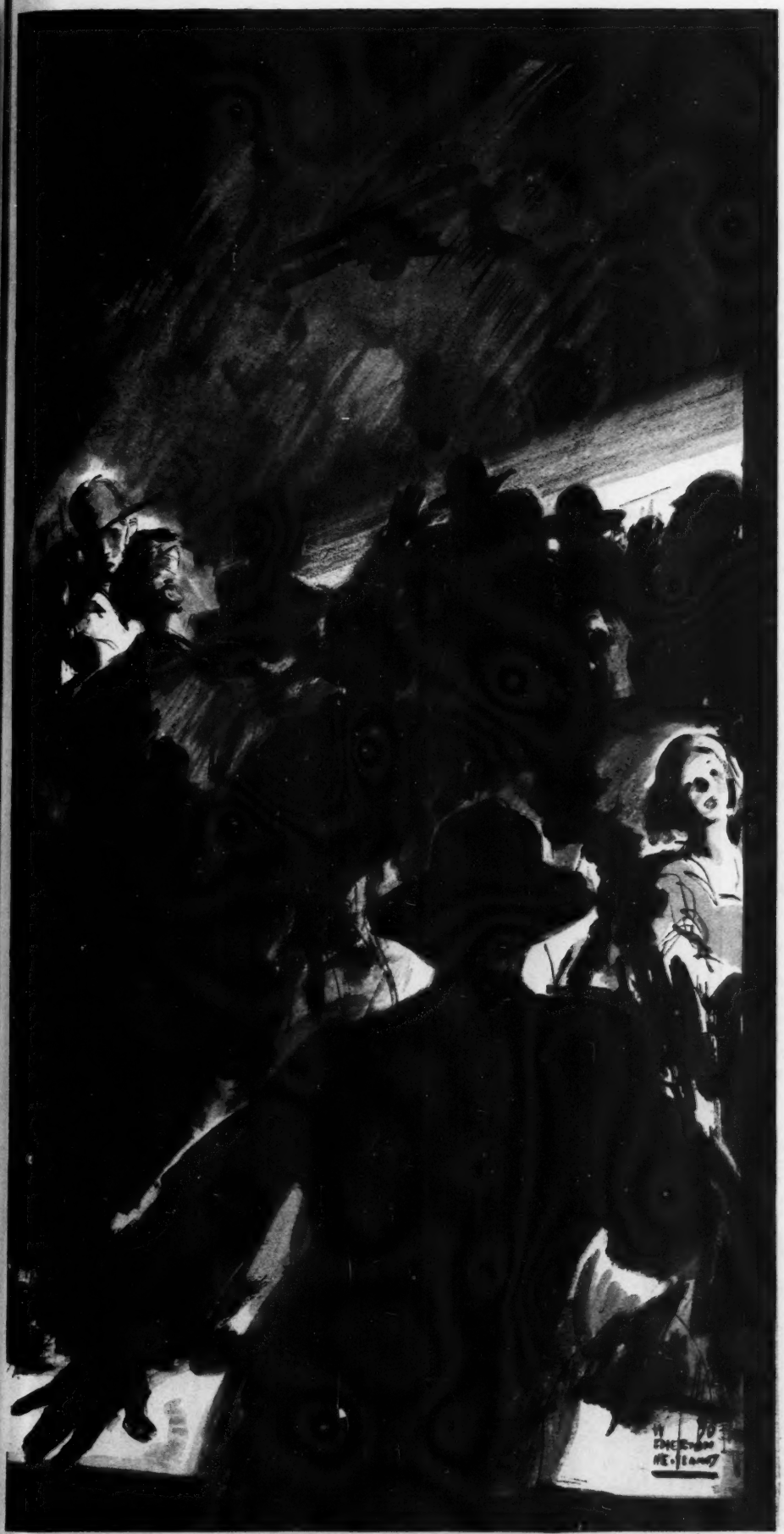
children, when young, had feared him. When he made for them, arm raised, the scarlet flood of temper turning his brown face to purple, they had scurried for the shelter of their mother's broad haunches and had hidden in the folds of her ample skirts, peering fearfully from this shelter to watch her quelling the storm they had raised.

"Now, Trost, now! Some day by mistake you will hit me, and then you will see. I start for you with the rolling-pin like in the movies. Here—get away, all of you—out of my kitchen. *Tapfer, tapfer!*"

His anger would go as quickly as it had come. The brooding darkness, that sat so oddly on this stout farmer, would settle down on him again. Perhaps far, far back in his line a seafaring Spaniard had stayed too well ashore at Hamburg; or an Italian from the north of Italy; or, even more remotely still, a plundering Gaul had come upon a Saxon girl to his fancy.

He had come to America a boy of twelve. The sea had stayed ever in his mind, though he never looked upon it again. The Kansas prairie on which he settled and thrived knew no water except the rain, and even that sometimes withheld itself grudgingly when it was most needed. No one knew that as he plowed the midwest fields, row on row, the furrows that turned so voluptuously under the plow were waves before the prow of a ship that cut through the green-black waters.

Often enough, in those days of his early youth, one heard of this or that inland farm boy who had run away to sea. He, perhaps, might have been one of them, but the lively girl who now was Ma Trost had caught him and held him fast; and there followed the children, four girls and, last, the boy Theodore; and the Kansas fields to be



A tiny light, closer and closer, out of the east. "Here she comes." Nearer, nearer. The incredible thing swooped down.

plowed and planted and added to, acre on acre. They had him now, safe enough from the sea.

The neighboring farmers put him down as odd, this portly man with the big paunch and the bright dark eyes. He grew on his farm things that they never thought of, and would not have attempted if they had.

Strange fowl pecked in his barnyard—birds with odd colorings and haughty struttings. Hens snow-white; roosters like a sunset; speckled things with markings foreign to the common coop. Then he actually attempted to grow peanuts and did, burying them in mounds in a patch of sandy soil and tending them slavishly. They proved little shriveled things at first, but he persisted, and they grew in firmness and plumpness until they were a marvel in this temperate climate.

He planted a vineyard for love of the exotic. With infinite pains and many difficulties he succeeded in perfecting rare varieties — small, sweet, pale green Lady Washingtons; Spanish grapes, purple-black ovals with a down on their dusky cheeks. These he tended in the evening when the others of the family had rattled off to town in the car, to see Laura Lovely in "Passion's Playground."

He walked alone, softly, in his felt slippers, this burgher, smoking his seasoned pipe; weeding here, spading there, spending in dalliance with his loves the hours that in his thrifty daytime he begrudged them. His hand, with its thick brown fingers, passed tenderly, lingeringly, over the clustered grapes, like a lover's hand on a woman's breast.

Not one of the children would have dared to eat those grapes unbidden. They sometimes longed to pluck surreptitiously a sweet juicy globe from the under side of a

cluster nestling almost hidden in its dark leaves. But they never did. Sometimes—rarely—Ma Trost would cut a whole bunch in a fit of frisky defiance and pass it round as though the green things were emeralds and the blue, sapphires.

Certainly Ma Trost was not the drab farm drudge of fiction. A vast and sprightly woman in a bungalow apron and boudoir cap, with a kind of rich gayety for her husband's dourness. It was she who planted and tended the bright patch of flower garden with its hardy staring blossoms—zinnias, verbenas, asters, blue flag, broad-faced sunflowers.

Even in the winter there stood in the kitchen window a wooden rack holding pots and slips, tier on tier; fuchsias bloomed; there was bleeding heart, geraniums scarlet and pink, bits of cactus. She filled the room with green and growing things and with a kind of hearty abundance; she gave to the house a friendly aspect that offset her husband's dark sullenness; a woman with floury arms, an ample aproned front, little merry eyes that disappeared in wrinkles of laughter.

The four girls had given them a fright, coming like that—one, two, three, four—one after the other. But then, when they were almost despairing, the boy Theodore had come, and everything was all right. In good time the four girls had married readily enough, being healthy, bouncing, red-cheeked creatures with their mother's hearty laugh and her knack with the baking board and kettle. They had gone off with their strapping husbands to near-by farms, or to Wichita to live.

Ma Trost saw them often enough, welcomed their growing brood, fed the whole tribe from time to time as they drove up to the Trost farm on Sundays and spilled out of their chunky automobiles. But whether the girls and their families came or went, she had Theodore.

She had Theodore in the house, and she had Theodore there in the near-by fields, but she no more knew Theodore than she knew this dark husband of hers. For while the four girls were fair, the boy was dark like his father and the two men worked the fields and tended the stock, and both looked up at the darting, droning, winged things high in the sky or swooping impudently close to the Trost housetop and patch of woods.

Try to catch me, you worms down there—you grubs burrowing in the earth. And the dour man of forty-eight looked up and was choked with baffled rage and futility; but the dark boy of nineteen looked up and his eyes had the glow, the hope, the resolve of a man who, gazing at his love as she coquets with him, teases him, devils him, is serene in the knowledge that this wild free thing will one day be his, tamed, submissive under his hand.

To Theo there was nothing new or strange about these flying things as there was to an older generation. He had seen them and heard them since early childhood. They were an accepted fact—as much a part of the order of things as the automobile, the telephone, the phonograph. He loved all things motor-driven, but this thing he worshiped. It not only moved; it flew, spurning the ground. It was more than a motor, more than a ship. An air ship.

"Stop reading them magazines once and go like the other boys," Ma Trost was forever saying. Or, "You ain't going to work again in that shed, tinkering all hours of the night! Why'n't you take Bertha to the movie in town? How she sits there in the evening with her pa, that poor girl, with her education and all, so smart, and pretty, too, Bertha Muller is. H'm? Why don't you, once, Theo?"

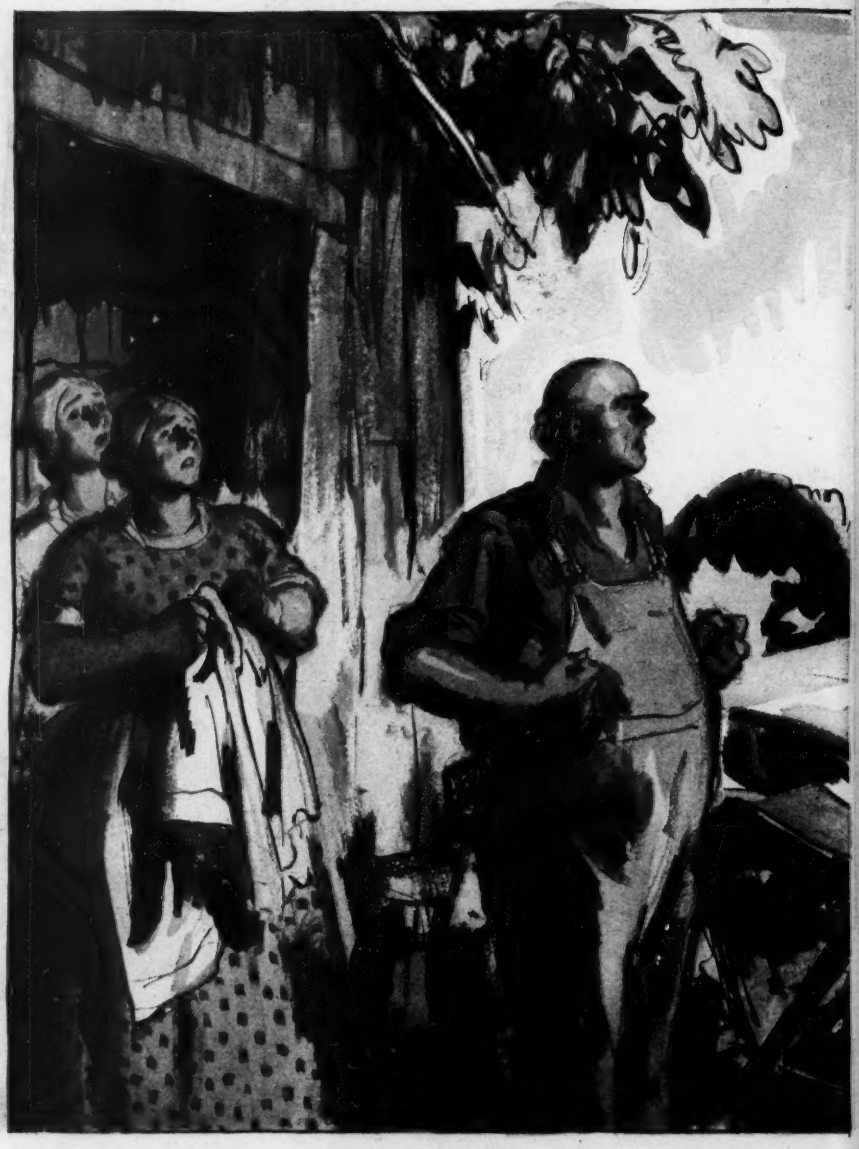
He would glance absently up at her from the magazine he was reading or the bench at which he was working.

The magazines were always the same—"Mechanical Age"; "Air"; "Motor"; "The Pilot"; "Aviation." Their ads said: Are You Hungry for Popularity, Adventure, Big Pay? Then Choose Aviation.

Are You a Red-Blooded, Daring He-Man?

A picture accompanying this of a helmeted Lindberghian youth.

He had made for himself a workshop in an old shed that had been an abandoned henroost. Little by little, painfully, with the dimes, quarters and half-dollars that



came his way in that thrifty German farm household—the small change that other lads of his age spent for movies, soft drinks, girls, fancy shirts—he had acquired tools, a motor, all the necessities of a workshop.

Before he was sixteen he had practically built for himself an automobile out of such odds and ends as only a born mechanic could assemble and invest magically with the power of locomotion. Shivering, snarling, rattling in every bolt and screw, it still could miraculously outdistance the plump middle-class family car.

Ma Trost would trot out to the shed after their early supper and stand in the doorway, surveying her last-born with a mingled pride and impatience. "Such a grand girl, poor Bertha, and there she sits on a lovely evening like this with her sick pa."

At her importuning he glanced up abstractedly. He had the clear childlike eyes, the wise guileless face of the natural mechanic—of one to whom a motor is a more living thing than a human being. Sweetness was there, and strength and utter detachment.

"Leave her sit."

It was not that he disliked the Muller girl. He liked her well enough. He did not love her. Perhaps he realized, vaguely, that the Muller girl and Ma Trost were conspiring to take from him his real love—his real love with whom he spent every evening far into the night, and who was in his thoughts all through the long bright day.

The thought of her was all that sustained him during the day as he plowed and sowed and garnered under the Kansas sun. An exquisite thing, his love, frail, yet strong; slim, vibrant, infinitely exciting; all steel and light, light spruce wood, and cotton. Sometimes, when he thought of her, the blood ebbed from his heart and rushed into his head, almost blinding him, suffocating him, then surged back again to his heart so that he thought it would burst.

The Bertha Muller girl indeed!

Sometimes he saw her and even took her to the pictures or to a picnic. He liked being with her, in a vague, remote sort of way. She let him kiss her once or twice, primly, and he had rather enjoyed that. She was a good girl, the Muller girl, and smart. Ma Trost kept dinning that into his ears. Not like those other girls, running around Wichita all the time, in silk stockings and skirts to their knees and high heels, and no more know how to cook or keep house than *Gott weiss was.*

She had gone to the normal school at Emporia, and after that had taught for a whole year at good pay. Then, in one year, her mother had died, her father had suffered a stroke and there was the rich Muller farm to be worked by strangers, with Bertha called home to act as housekeeper and nurse.

Old Muller could whirl himself about in a wheel chair now, and the Wichita doctor promised that in another year perhaps he could walk. But the Muller farm, with its bountiful acres, needed a guiding hand. Bertha's husband was the man for the place. But Bertha had no husband, though a few came wooing.

It was surprising that more did not come, for she was comely enough, strong, capable. They seemed to prefer the new order of farm girl—the flutter-budget of whom Ma Trost spoke with such contempt. Bertha Muller frightened them with her serious face, her determined mien, her bossy ways, her manner of coming down hard on her heels, as though to crush something underfoot. They were troubled to explain it, these inarticulate Kansas farm swains.

"It's like she was teacher all the time, and you was pupil and she caught you throwing spitballs."

Still, she could have married one of them, and would have; but the Muller girl, so strong, so independent, was in love with Trost's Theodore, who looked at her with the eyes of one who sees through her and beyond her, to something far distant and dear.

Airplanes. Airplanes. Always reading and studying about those crazy airplanes. She and Ma Trost put their heads together. Theirs was a silent understanding. Tney would tame this meadow lark, and cage him.

They did not say to each other: We will tame him. We will sprinkle crumbs on the (*Continued on page 163*)

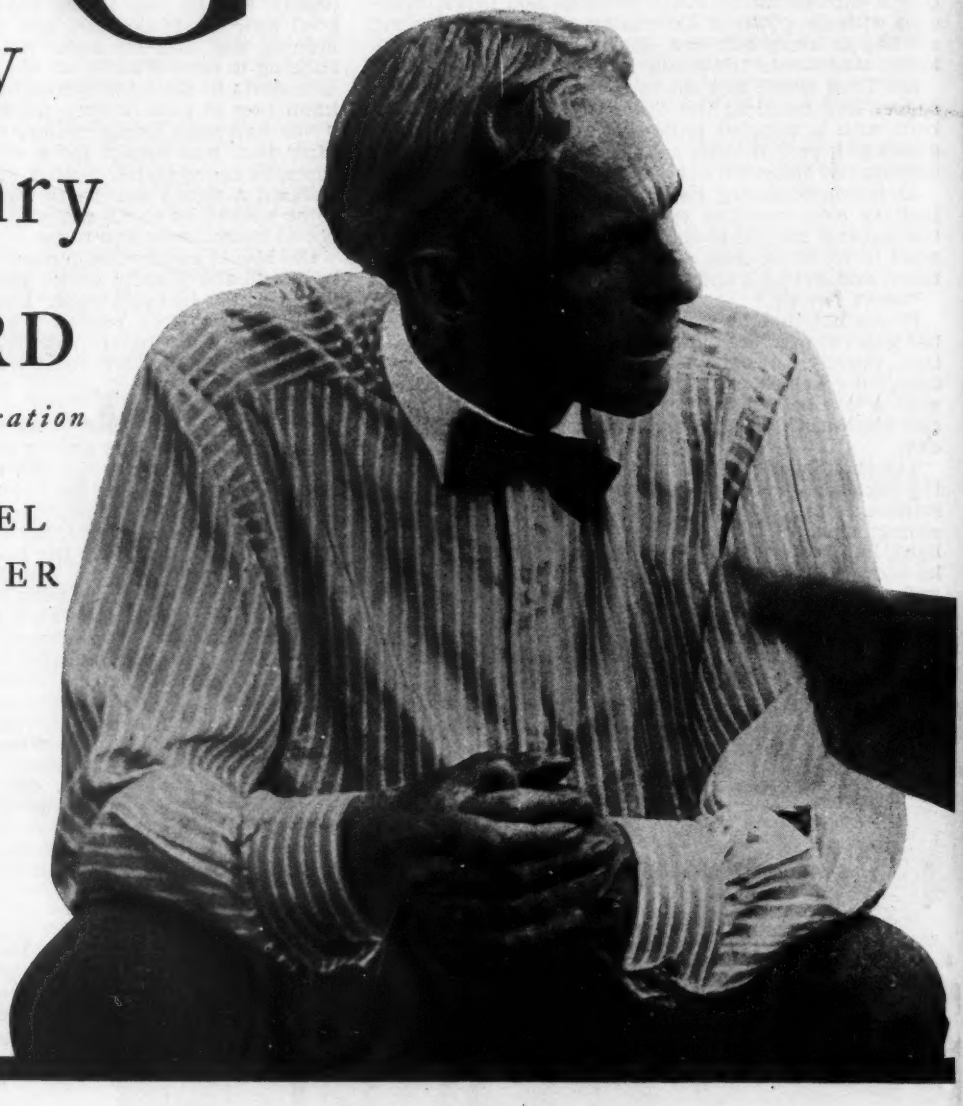
¶ *"You try to go up in one of them things again I break every bone in your body," said Pa Trost. Theo picked up a hammer. "You touch it and I'll break your head!" Then he brought the hammer down on the wings.*

The Greatest

by Henry Ford

in Collaboration with

Samuel Crowther



International News Photos

I first met Mr. Thomas A. Edison on the eleventh of August, 1896. That date means much to me. I think that I first saw him a year before. I had become chief engineer of the Detroit Edison Company. He was returning from his father's funeral at Port Huron and he walked past the plant, which was next door to the Hotel Cadillac where he had spent the night. I saw him with a group of men—at least, someone told me that Mr. Edison was in the group, but they passed so quickly that I am by no means sure that I saw the right man.

Our first actual meeting was at a dinner at the old Manhattan Beach Hotel at Manhattan Beach, which is just a few miles from Coney Island. We were holding an Edison Convention—an annual event to which came the chief engineers and managers of the various Edison plants in order to exchange experiences. I went with Mr. Alexander Dow, the president of the Detroit Edison Company.

The dinner table was oval, with Mr. Edison at the head. At his right sat Charles Edgar, president of the Boston Edison Company, and I sat next to him. On the other side of the table were Samuel Insull, who has since become great in the electrical industry; J. W. Lieb, Jr., president of the New York Edison Company; John Van Vleeck, the chief engineer of the New York Company; John I. Beggs, and a number of others of whom my recollection is not so certain.

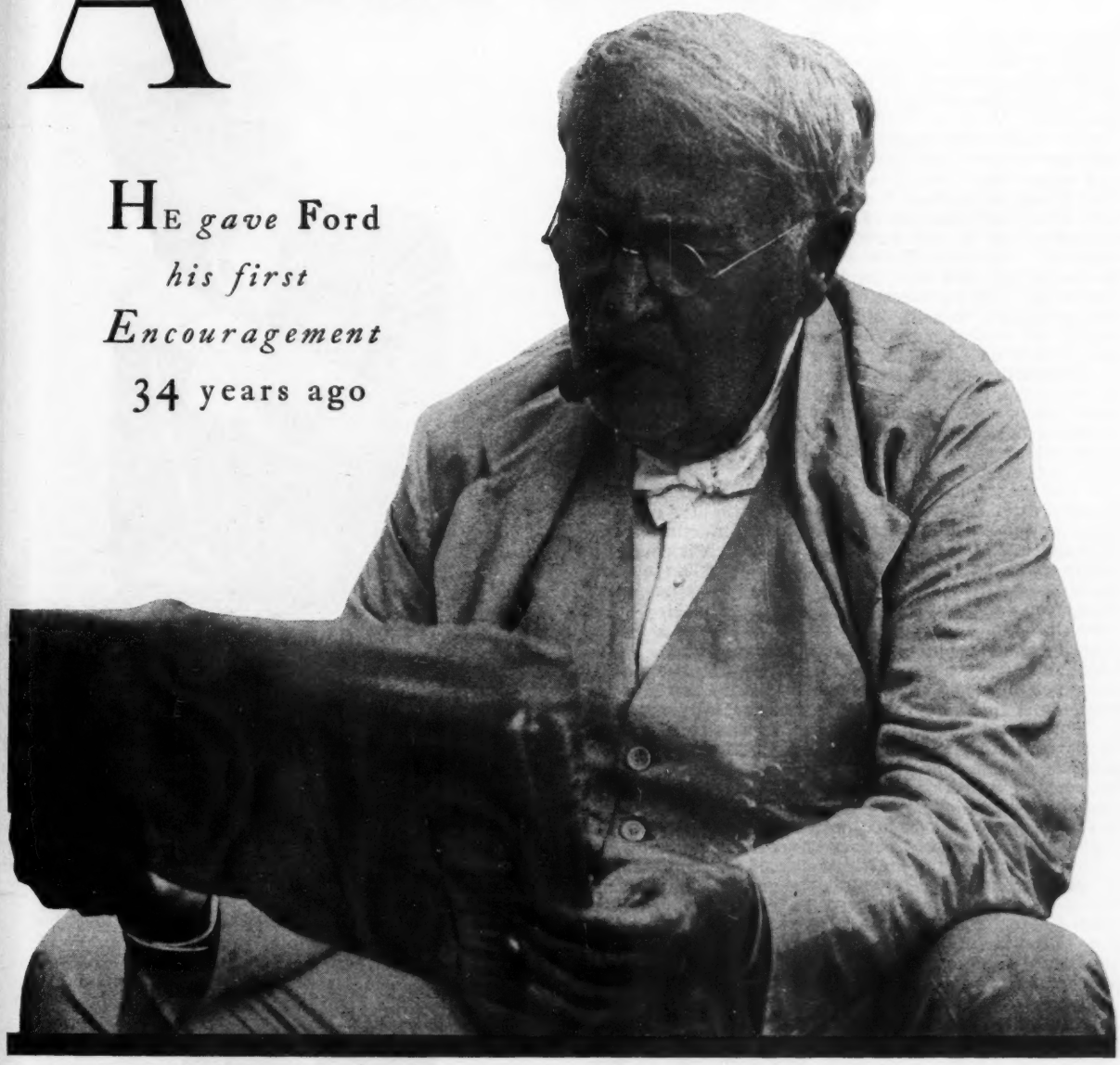
During the afternoon session the convention had given itself up largely to discussing the new field that was opening for electricity in the charging of storage batteries for vehicles. The central station men saw in the electric carriage, the horseless carriage that everyone had been looking for. They predicted that the cabs and carriages would soon be on the streets by the thousands and would require much attention in the way of recharged batteries and the like, and of course that meant enormous revenues. At dinner the talk continued until Alexander Dow, pointing across the table to me, said:

"There's a young fellow who has made a gas car."

Then he went on to tell how he had heard something going pop, pop, pop below his office window and had

American

He *gave* Ford *his first Encouragement* 34 years ago



looked out and seen a small carriage without any horses, and my wife and little boy sitting in it; that then I came out of the plant, got into the seat, and the thing moved off—pop, pop, popping all the way, while everyone stopped to look.

Someone at the table asked me how I had made my carriage go and I started to tell, speaking fairly loudly so that those across the table could hear me, for they all stopped talking to listen. Mr. Edison caught some of it and put his hand to his ear to hear better, for even then he was decidedly deaf.

Mr. Lieb saw Mr. Edison trying to hear and motioned to me to pull up a chair from another table and sit beside Mr. Edison and speak up so that all of them could hear. I got up but just then Mr. Edgar offered to change places with me, putting me next to Mr. Edison. He began to ask me questions which showed that he had already made a study of the gas engine.

"Is it a four-cycle engine?" he asked. I told him that it was, and he nodded approval. Then he wanted to know if I exploded the gas in the cylinder by electricity and whether I did it by a contact or by a spark—for that was before spark plugs had been invented.

I told him that it was a make-and-break contact that was bumped apart by the piston, and I drew a diagram for him of the whole contact arrangement which I had on my first car—the one that Mr. Dow had seen. But I said that on the second car, on which I was then working, I had made what we today would call a spark plug—it was really an insulating plug with a make-and-break mechanism—using washers of mica. I drew that too.

He said that a spark would give a much surer ignition and a contact. He asked me no end of details and I sketched everything for him, for I have always found that I could convey an idea quicker by sketching than by just describing it. When I had finished, he brought his fist down on the table with a bang and said:

"Young man, that's the thing; you have it. Keep at it. Electric cars must keep near to power stations. The

storage battery is too heavy. Steam cars won't do either, for they have to have a boiler and fire. Your car is self-contained—carries its own power plant—no fire, no boiler, no smoke and no steam. You have the thing. Keep at it."

That bang on the table was worth worlds to me. No man up to then had given me any encouragement. I had hoped that I was headed right, sometimes I knew that I was, sometimes I only wondered if I was, but here all at once and out of a clear sky the greatest inventive genius in the world had given me a complete approval. The man who knew most about electricity in the world had said that for the purpose my gas motor was better than any electric motor could be—it could go long distances, he said, and there would be stations to supply the cars with hydro-carbon. That was the first time I ever heard this term for liquid fuel. And this at a time when all the electrical engineers took it as an established fact that there could be nothing new and worth while that did not run by electricity! It was to be the universal power. Of course their expectation could not be fully realized because electricity is not a prime mover.

It was wholly characteristic of Mr. Edison to have the broader vision and to know that, while the uses of electrical power could be extended almost indefinitely in some directions, there were others in which it could be at the best only a makeshift. Not the least among the many remarkable qualities of the Edison mind is its ability constantly to maintain a perspective. He never has any blind enthusiasms.

An inventor frequently wastes his time and his money trying to extend his invention to uses for which it is not at all suitable. Edison has never done this. He rides no hobbies. He views each problem that comes up as a thing of itself, to be solved in exactly the right way. His approach is no more that of an electrician than that of a chemist. His knowledge is so nearly universal that he cannot be classed as an electrician or a chemist—in fact, Mr. Edison cannot be classified. He knows instinctively what things can be used for and what they cannot be used for.

The dinner was on the third day of the convention. Edison was already, to my mind, the greatest man in the world, and of course I wanted to talk more with him about my motor, but equally of course I could not go to him. However, Edison had not forgotten our conversation, and one of his friends or associates named W. E. Gilmore said to me:

"Come on; Edison wants to talk with you. He used to live in Michigan not far from Detroit."

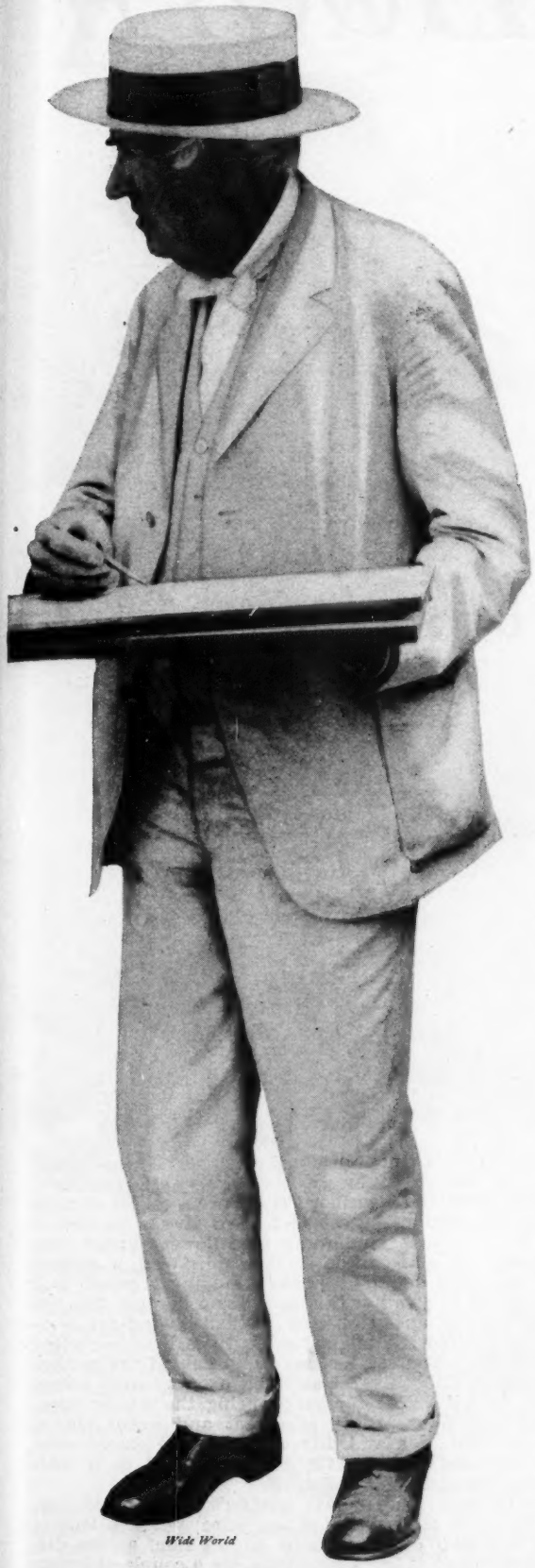
We talked that day when the convention broke up, and he had me ride up to New York with him. There was an open car on the train and Edison made for it. He always likes to ride in the open, and on our automobile trips invariably rides in an open car in the front seat beside the chauffeur.

I thought he would continue his conversation about the gas motor. But he did not. My impression is that we had a little discussion as to the relative merits of gears and of a chain for transmitting the power from the motor to the wheels.

On my first car I had used a chain, but on the second I was trying out a gear. Bicycles were then going through the same stage of experimenting and at least one had been brought out with a gear instead of a chain.

We talked mostly of the difficulties of obtaining the right kind of materials and supplies in the working-out of new inventions. For instance, I told him that for my first car I could find no suitable tires and had to use bicycle tires, and he told me something of the trouble which he had met in finding suitable bulbs for the incandescent light and how he had to have them blown himself—but of this later.

Man, *but the* Most Extraordinary Thing is that the You can apply *to* your Own Life *and* your Own Work



Wide World

The pioneers in every art may plan perfectly but always their first products must be compromises, for they can never obtain the right materials. The electrical industries and the automobile industries have each created a long line of special materials which are now so taken for granted that few realize what it meant to start these industries with the means and the workmanship available.

What Mr. Edison preferred to talk about that third day was Michigan and his early life there. His inventions seemed of secondary interest to him. It so happened that Pingree, the picturesque mayor of Detroit and later governor of Michigan, was then talking about abolishing capital and so on, in the general fashion of that period, and was, on account of his position and solid character, making a good deal of a stir. Mr. Edison lives in a world of his own but he knows exactly what is going on in the rest of the world. This anti-capital talk irritated him.

"How do they expect to get anything without capital?" he remarked. It seemed to me a sensible remark. Capital is not everything but still you cannot start anything without capital.

Mr. Edison a few years before this had passed through a difficult experience when he was in the midst of extending his electric-light system throughout the country, and he saw plainly that footless agitation against capital could only delay progress.

For without capital the plants could not be built and hence the benefits of the distribution of electricity, both for lighting and for power, would be delayed and thus people, while they might grow poorer, could not grow more prosperous.

It is impossible to say now, after so many years, whether Mr. Edison then gave me his views on capital, but he has since frequently talked to me on the subject. He knows full well the evils that can attend private capital, but, whatever the evils of private capital, he considers them vastly less than the evils which follow the misuse of public capital.

Often he has said, in effect, that, although with private capital a few may benefit unduly, yet the whole public benefits, for at least something gets done and, since the enterprise must stand on its own feet, the public eventually has to be served. But with public capital nothing much necessarily has to be done and as a rule nothing much is done; a few insiders may benefit, but the public gets no benefit at all.

He takes the strictly practical view—which he has carried through all his work—that results and results alone count. He has often declared to me that it was a great mistake ever to have even the postal service run by the Government and that any first-class private corporation could give better service at lower rates and still turn a comfortable profit, while the Government, try as it will, has usually incurred a heavy deficit.

Mr. Edison is not in the least what is called a "stand-patter," but also he is not a reformer in the obstructive sense of that word. He is always trying for perfection, but he does not believe that, while waiting for perfection, one should do nothing at all. He knows entirely too much about the impossibility of achieving absolute mechanical perfection to sit around waiting for the coming of absolute human perfection.

However, I do not know how much of this he then told me and how much he has told me in later years when we have so often discussed these and a thousand other subjects. I was in a hurry to get home and go ahead with the work on my second automobile. The first thing I did when I reached Detroit was to tell my wife what Mr. Edison had said, and I wound up by saying:

"You are not going to see (*Continued on page 187*)

The First *of* Several Stories *by* BOOTH

HOUR *of* *Peril*

During the winter my friend Mr. Massey of Logansville, Illinois, had bought the large summer cottage that he and his family had occupied as tenants through several previous seasons at Mary's Neck, a salt-washed promontory of the New England coast. My own habitation is at Cobble Reef only a few miles distant, and I expected a call from him early in the season, as I am a native of his own part of the country and on that account he has the habit of talking over with me matters concerned with life upon these shores so far from the familiar Midlands. He did not come to see me, however, until an afternoon well along in July; he explained that he had been kept busy by some alterations of his cottage, and also by a new sport in which he had begun to indulge himself, and he added, with some ruefulness, that this new expression of middle-aged liveliness might nearly have been the death of him. Upon that, I settled myself to listen, and thereafter said nothing more until he had finished.

A man's family of only a wife and two daughters (he said) probably strikes you as a fairly small one; but the minute Mrs. Massey and Clarissa and Enid found we actually owned this property at Mary's Neck they began to seem pretty numerous to me, their ideas for enlargements and changes being on what you might call the grand scale. Well, I won't go into it except to say that there's been considerable argument and a good deal of carpentering, both kind of wearing on a man that likes a peaceful summer.

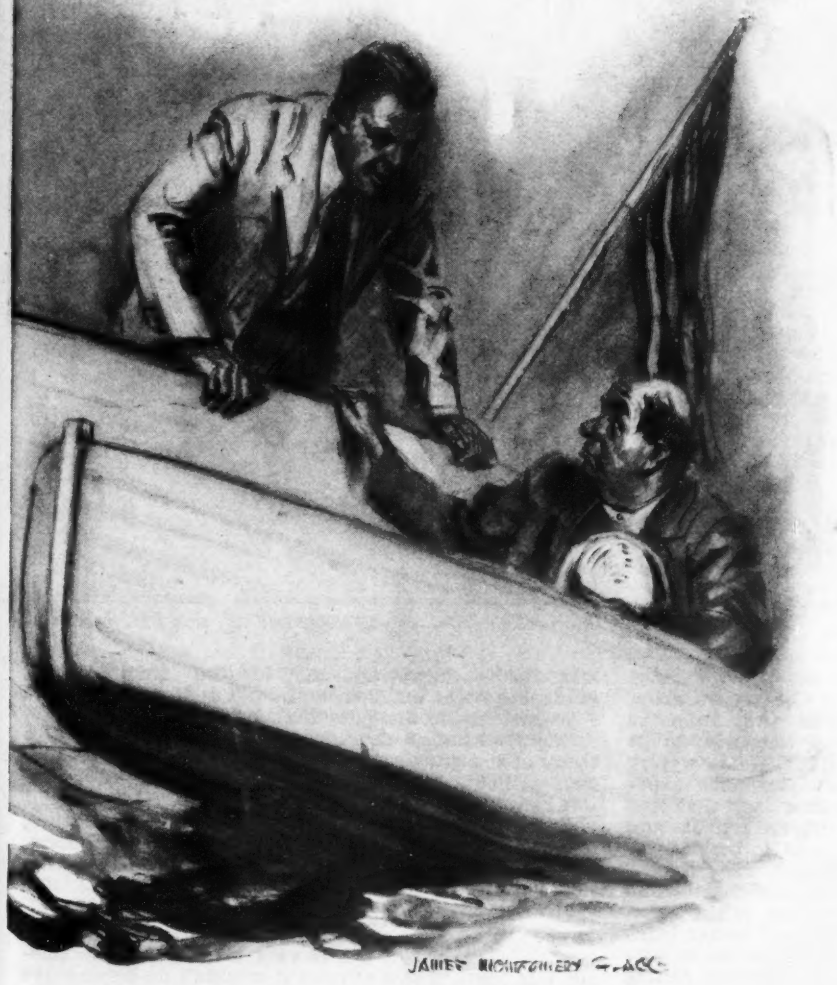
Naturally Mrs. Massey's ideas were more moderate than Clarissa's and Enid's; all she wanted were larger pantries, an extension of the kitchen, an enclosed laundry yard and a garden. There are a couple of acres of ground behind the cottage; she'd always wanted to use some of that land for a nice flower garden, and now she was going to do it, she said. Well, it seemed fair, so I told her to go ahead, thinking it would look well in me to give her this permission because she was already going ahead anyhow without asking for it.

I anticipated she might have a little trouble finding a gardener. You see, as long as we rented the cottage we always had this Zebias Flick as a general handy man; he went with the place, being the winter caretaker, and he kept the grass cut and weeds out of the graveled walk and driveway—to some extent—and was supposed to look after the ashes and do a little window washing and so forth.

I was pretty sure Zebias wouldn't care to add gardening to his other duties at any price; but Mrs. Massey said it wouldn't do any harm to ask him, so she did. He just looked at her a long time, ate a couple of spears

TARKINGTON

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



The heroics of young Bicksit and Clarissa were lost on Ananias Prinsh Sweetmus, child of nature and Mary's Neck, when in his 'pinion the Wanda was going to the bottom

of grass and said he'd been thinking of laying off work entirely for the summer in order to rest himself.

Zebias doesn't talk much—at least not where a summer person can hear him—and it nearly always takes him a long time to get ready to say anything at all. He's like most of the other original inhabitants of Mary's Neck in this; eternal vigilance seems to be their watchword in their intercourse with the summer people, and when you find an exception it startles you.

Well, as it happens, the only exception I've encountered so far is the gardener Zebias found for Mrs. Massey—she didn't know where to look for one herself, so after quite a little pressure on her part Zebias said he wasn't sure that he didn't know somebody who'd be willing to give the position a try, and a few mornings later the person he'd induced to consent to make the trial began work in the back yard under Mrs. Massey's direction.

She'd had about half an acre plowed up and fertilized by a farmer Zebias had hired for her, and also she had on hand two or three truckloads of young plants from greenhouses over at Lodgeport, besides a gallon or so of seeds from mail-order houses. You see, she was going at the thing in earnest, and from where I was sitting by an open window in my own room upstairs, I could hear how brisk and interested her voice was sounding in the yard.

I could hear another voice, too, a high-pitched one that struck me as about the nasalest and twangiest I'd ever heard in my life, and it seemed to be going on most of the time and usually in a surprised way.

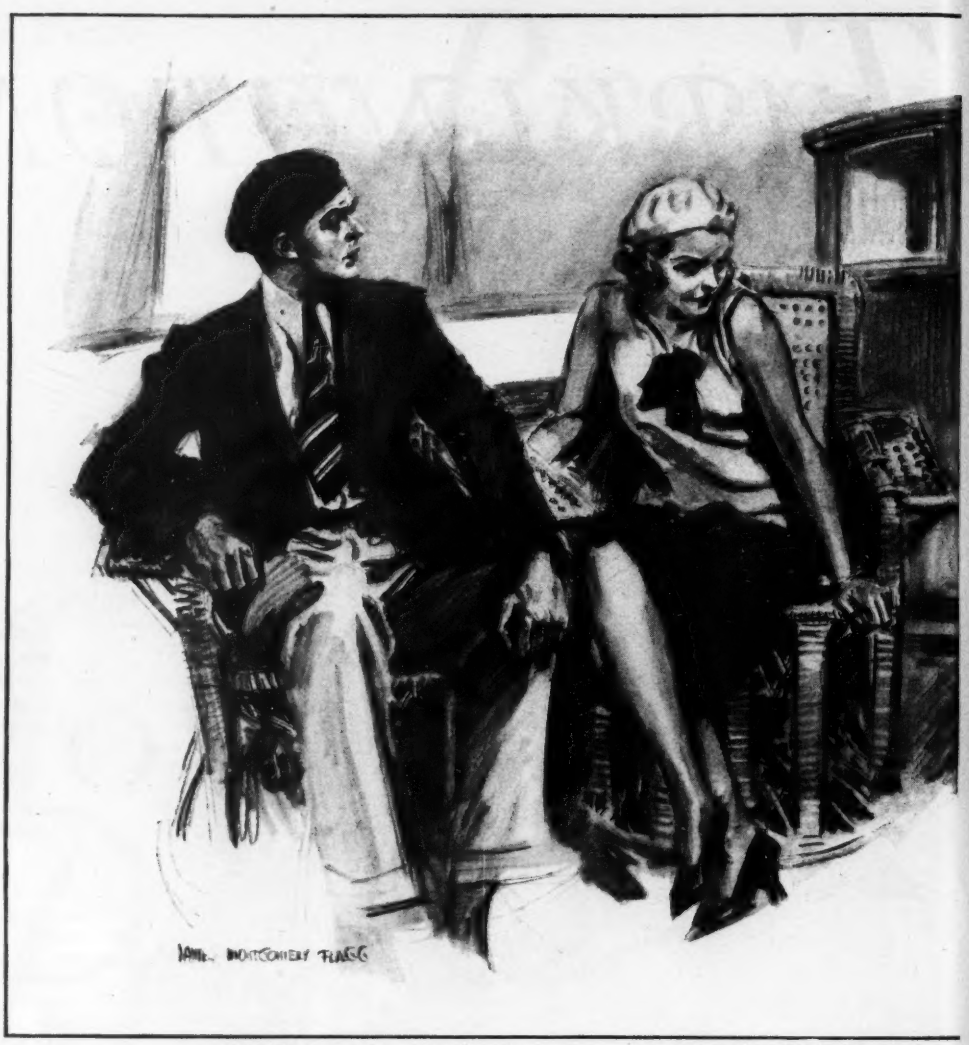
"Hee-uh?" it would say, and I've heard that expression often enough in these parts to know it's meant for the word "here." "Hee-uh? You mean you want them little bushes lugged right hee-uh? Well, if 'twas me I wouldn't do it," I could hear this funny, twangy voice saying. "Hee-uh? You want them seeds stuck in hee-uh? Well, if they was mine I wouldn't do it. What I'd do with this gaddin if 'twas mine, I'd plant me 'bout eight nice, good rows o' potatoes and the rest I'd put into nice, good tunnips and cabbages, somethin' you'd git pleasure out of later on. Course, though, it's yours and you know what you want. 'Tain't my responsibil'ty, so I'll take and do what you say. If you tell me to I'll do it; but if 'twas me I wouldn't. You mean

you want 'em heeuh?"

I could hear Mrs. Massey telling him she did, and sometimes she seemed to be calling the new gardener by name; but it struck me she said it in a lowered voice as if there were something peculiar about it or she didn't like to come right out with it, so to speak. Our daughters must have been listening, too, because they referred to this critically at luncheon, which was rather an open-air meal, as you might say, on account of the carpenters' having torn off the bay window of the dining room that morning without putting anything in its place.

Mrs. Massey didn't mind that; she was flushed and warm with her gardening in the sunshine, and appeared to be pleased with the way things were going though the girls' criticism embarrassed her slightly.

"What on earth were you calling that man, Mother?" Clarissa asked her. "It sounded too silly!"



¶ *"Better position for the view, as you might call it," said Mr. Sweetmus,*

"Why, no," Mrs. Massey said. "It was just his name. It's an odd name, just as many of the names about here are, especially in the countryside, away from the village. He comes from a little settlement two or three miles from Mary's Neck and he seems a very good man indeed, though he hasn't had much experience with flowers, I'm afraid. Zebias says that he's the best to be had and that he's entirely reliable and honest, and I get that impression myself; besides, it's pleasant to find a 'native' who's talkative and affable."

"Altogether perfectly equipped as a gardener!" Enid remarked, with a touch of sarcasm, you might infer. "We were speaking of his name and we'd better learn what it is since we may have occasion to use it ourselves sometime. Just what was it you were calling him, Mother?"

"Prinsh," Mrs. Massey told her, and looked disturbed. "When he told me his full name I thought that was the best thing to call him. It's his middle name."

"It sounded perfectly horrible!" Clarissa said, and she took a severe tone with her mother. "I heard you calling him that, and I couldn't believe my ears! I heard you saying, 'Where's the rake, Prinsh?' and calling, 'Oh, Prinsh!' when he was in the tool house, and 'Prinsh' this and 'Prinsh' that, and I did hope the carpenters weren't listening because it sounded as though his name were 'Prince' and you were tight and couldn't speak distinctly. It won't do, Mother!"

"Well, it's better than anything else," Mrs. Massey said, getting redder, and naturally both girls demanded to know what she meant by that. "I mean better than his other names," she explained. "When he came this morning the first thing he said was that he was the man Zebias Flick had hired for the summer to do gardening here, and then he said, 'I'm Mr. Sweetmus.'"

"What!" both the girls exclaimed together.

"Mr. Sweetmus," their mother told them. "I didn't think of it right away; but the first time I called him that without the 'Mister'——"

"I heard you!" Clarissa interrupted. "I'd have thought you were looking for one of us, or even for Father, except that it was so unlike your ordinary vocabulary. How often did you call this man 'Sweetmus' and who heard you?"

"**Never mind,**" Mrs. Massey told her. "I saw at once it wouldn't do because it's so difficult to distinguish between the sounds of 'M' and 'N' at a little distance. So I asked him what the rest of his name was, and he said he didn't like to be called by his first name, though it was a Bible name. There are two Ananiases in the Bible and when his family named him they meant the other one; but strangers never understood that and it had been a burden to him at times. I thought he was right, too; it would be unjust to call him by a name he objected to, and then he told me that his middle name was Prinsh, which was his mother's family name. So I thought the simplest thing to do was to call him that, though after I'd done so a few times I—ah—ah——"

"Rather!" Clarissa said. "There's only one thing to do and that's to go back to the way he introduced himself, which is certainly what he wanted. I've noticed that the most tactful summer people and those the natives like the best use the word 'Mister' frequently in

moving alongside Clarissa and young Mr. Bicksit.

addressing the original Mary's Neckers in their employ. He called himself 'Mr. Sweetmus'; as you say, you can't possibly call him 'Ananias,' and unless you want the neighbors to think you've been drinking you can't go all over the place shouting, 'Oh, Prinsh!' any more. If we put in the 'Mister,' there isn't much danger of people's thinking we've gone crazy enough to call a person who looks like your new gardener 'sweetness'! I do wish, though, that one or two of Father's middle-aged men friends here could have heard him calling him that just once!"

"Never mind," I told her. "We'll call him 'Mr. Sweetmus,' of course; it's settled."

"I hope so," Enid said, getting up. "He's certainly a sight!"

This word of description interested me, for I hadn't been able to get a clear view of Mr. Sweetmus from my window, so, after luncheon, I went out to look him over. He was a fat, middle-aged man—pretty bald, because you could see a half-moon between his hair and his old straw hat—and the upper rim of his greenish old trousers didn't look as if it was going to stay much longer on the lower slopes of his gingham shirt that was bulging out above it. He had a shiny brown face, puffed cheeks and eyebrows that looked like the scatterings of a longish mustache. He seemed glad to see me.

"Guess you must be Mr. Massish," he said, stopping work at once and holding out his hand. "Pleased to make your 'quaintance."

I shook hands with him and told him that my name was Massey; but information on this point had no weight with him, then or at any other time.

"Nice place you got here, Mr. Massish," he went on. "Mrs. Massish, she seems a nice lady, too, I expect, once I git used to her, maybe. Well, breeze sou'west but looks like holdin' fair. Too early to say so now, bein' it's only June, but looks like, come September, we might git a good, nice Indian fall. What I mean by that, it's the season after summer. Guess you might 'a' heard the spression used somewuz, maybe?"

"You mean Indian summer?" I asked him.

"Yes—and no," he answered. "By that I mean if you ast me I'd haf to answer, 'Yes and no.' Seems like I'd heard the spression used somewuz one way and somewuz else another way. That's the way things are, Mr. Massish; you go one place and they'll tell you one thing, then you take and go another place and they'll tell you different. Another thing I was thinkin' 'bout 'fore you come out hee-uh, it was them mosquitoes. Right now they ain't got the gimp they git later on. Had 'em to kind o' settle on me nigh all over this mornin' wherever I'm kind of exposed. They don't take a-holt like what they do when they git gimped up more'n they be now. Right now, they bite but they don't eat. Mrs. Massish tells me she paid high fer this fertilizer; but it looks kind o' dried out to me, like most o' the goodness was gone out of it. Once the goodness gits gone out o' fertilizer, why, the best you can say fer it is it ain't hardly got no goodness left in it. Course that's only the way it looks to me; I don't say it mightn't look different to somebody else. All a man can do is jest spress his own 'pinion. That's the way things are, Mr. Massish; some'll spress one 'pinion, and then you go and take and ast somebody else and they'll spress another—it may be the same or it may be different. You can't tell till you find out. How do you feel 'bout that, Mr. Massish, yourself? You 'gree with me?"

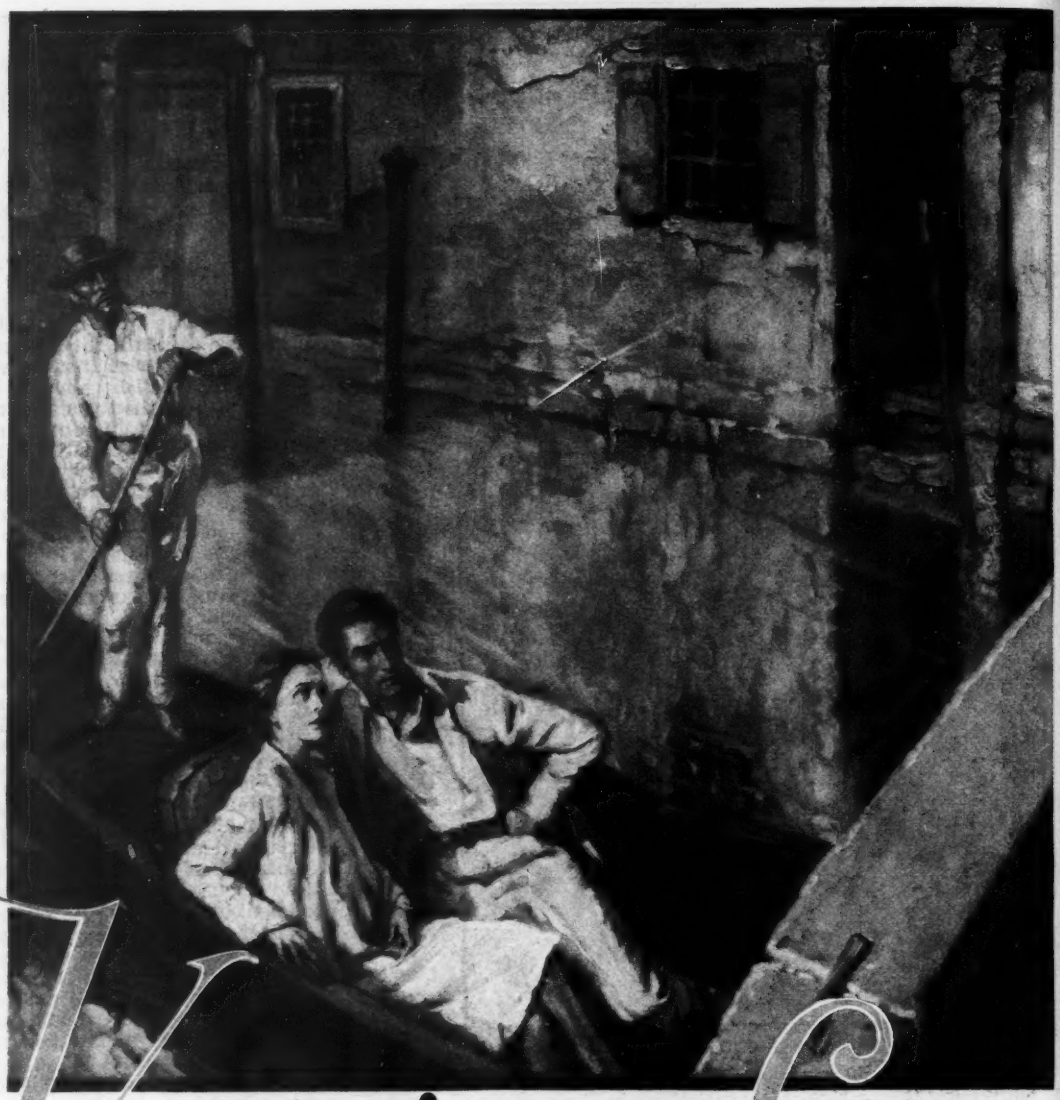
By this time he'd got me confused; I wasn't sure what he meant. "Well——" I said; but he didn't seem to hear me and began talking again before I could go on.

"It's a good deal like you say," he said. "Some people look at a matter the right way and they take and spress their 'pinions same as I would myself, or maybe the way you would yourself, Mr. Massish, if you was a mind to—or take Mrs. Massish herself and you might say the same thing 'plied to her or to your two daughters. Zebias Flick told me you had two and the woman in the kitchen, I ast her and she says they was two, so I guess Zebias must 'a' had the rights o' the matter."

Mr. Sweetmus had been leaning upon the handle of a hoe as he talked; but now he appeared to become reflective and rubbed the rounded end of the hoe handle up and down against his nose as if to polish both.

"Well, it's funny," he went on. "It's funny but childern always kind o' take to me. Animals and childern and women. Take to me soon (*Continued on page 116*)

"They're friendly little animals if you're natural with 'em," said Mr. Sweetmus.



The girls of Venice didn't seem to like Viola's Italian cousin.

A Venetian Love

The general verdict of public opinion was "The woman asked for it, didn't she?" Yes, but don't we all "ask for it" when our instincts, or our dreams, or the old temptations to play with fire, lead us into hideous scrapes from which we don't escape without secret remorse or public scandal?

Personally, I only try to understand . . .

Viola Rice Dale had come to Venice for a few weeks in advance of the man she was going to marry in the autumn—a charming man who happened to be professor of physiology at one of the smaller universities of the Middle West. Well, perhaps "charming" is the wrong word for a shy and silent man, fifteen years older than this girl of twenty-five, going a little bald as he was, and shortsighted behind his horners, but courteous, kindly and chivalrous, as all his students agreed.

She loved him very much. She had a great respect for him. She was sure that she would have a quiet and happy life—a little dull, perhaps, at times, but then all married life is like that—as this professor's wife in that small university in Iowa.

And she would be safe with him. That appealed to her. She would be safe from an emotional and restless nature which was troublesome sometimes—owing to a touch of Italian blood in her from her beautiful old grandmother—safe from a love of adventure which had caused her to be expelled from an academy for young ladies in Providence—a perfectly harmless episode, really!—and safe, or safer, from that sense of humor which made her laugh at the wrong times and at the wrong things.

Professor Hugh Morgan, her future husband, was going to bring his mother over to Europe at the end of July when his lectures would be finished. He could not understand why she should want to go without them in June, especially as her own people were spending the summer on the coast of Maine.

She had tried to explain.

"I feel a bit 'jumpy,' Hugh"—it had been difficult to

At sight of Gino, the girl threw something that flashed as it fell.

Story

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

by

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

call him "Hugh" at first. "I feel that I must get away or suffocate. And something calls me to Italy—the call of the blood, I dare say. Besides, the Newmans are going to Venice and suggest that I come along with them until you and your mother can join the party. Not a bad idea, really."

"I was looking forward to the voyage with you," he said. "Quiet talks. Moonlight nights on the deck."

She laughed at his romantic picture, and thought secretly of the moonlight shining on his bald head.

Of course he yielded. After the autumn they would be together for always. Well, he mustn't be selfish. And that was why Viola Rice Dale, who had an Italian grandmother, came to Venice three weeks in advance of the man she was going to marry.

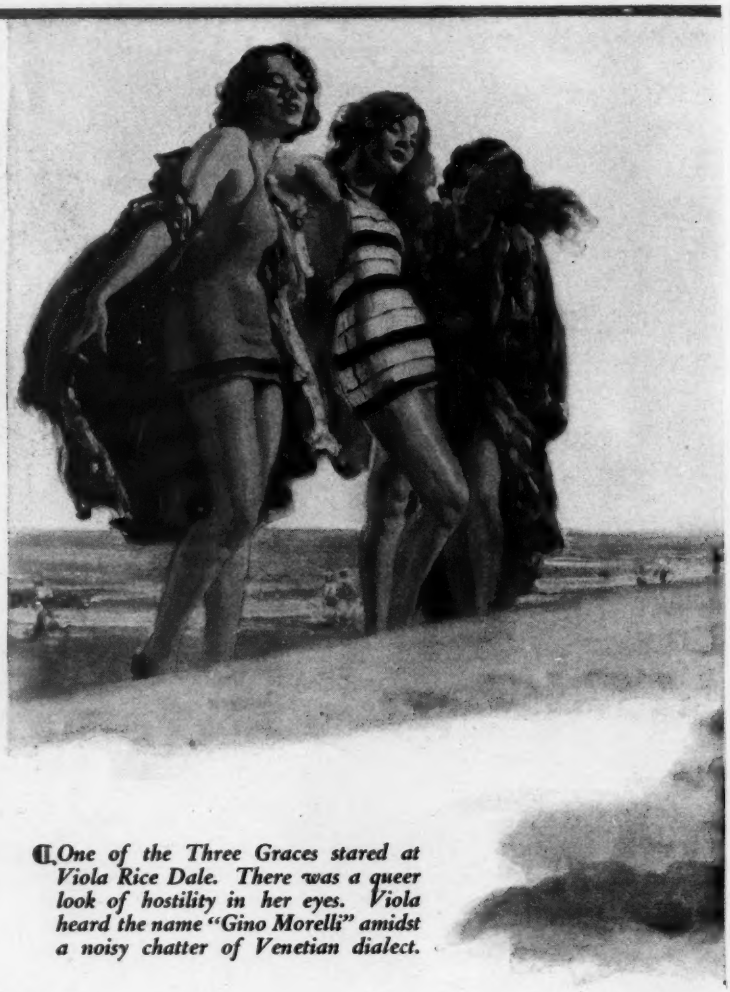
The Newmans had booked a room for her next to their own at the Danieli—that old *palazzo* belonging in former days to one of the doges—on the Grand Canal. She had a little balcony and could look out over the glinting water crowded with gondolas, motor boats and many types of craft.

Immediately opposite was the island of San Giorgio, with its tall campanile above a fort and a cluster of buildings, all rose-colored. By leaning over the balcony and looking to the right, she could see Santa Maria della Salute, with its white dome like a cloud in the blue sky. Merchant ships passed out there, on the Grand Canal, with big sails, white—except for the sunlight and shadows which passed across them—or wine-colored or patched with yellow.

Below her was the landing stage of the small passenger boats which went every half-hour to the Lido. Next to the landing stage were the *traghetti*—the parking places for gondolas—and all day long, and late into the

night, the *gondolieri* kept up a singsong of "Gondola! . . . Gondola!" so that it became a dreamlike melody in her sleep. So different from the noises of New York, where she lived with her people for two-thirds of the year.

It was her first visit to Venice, and it excited her and touched her with a kind of ecstasy. It was more beautiful than she had imagined. When she left the station with the Newmans—a young husband and wife who were kind but a little commonplace—she sat still and silent in the gondola with a flickering smile about her lips, and once because of this beauty—those ancient marble palaces so full of ghosts, the dark canals with vistas of old houses built out of the water, the merchant gondolas laden with fruit and vegetables, the innumerable bridges across which there passed Venetian girls in black shawls and all the types of Venetian life—a rush of tears came to her eyes.



¶ One of the Three Graces stared at Viola Rice Dale. There was a queer look of hostility in her eyes. Viola heard the name "Gino Morelli" amidst a noisy chatter of Venetian dialect.

She had the blood of these people in her veins. This beauty belonged to her, in a way. The warning cries of the gondolas as they turned sharp corners with one sweep of their finlike oars, the lap-lap of the water against the grim old walls, were like a melody which she had heard before in some previous life. It was a race memory, perhaps—some rhythm in her spirit.

Ernest Newman and his wife were chatting in their usual way, dragging romance down to the commonplace.

"Very unsanitary, I should say," remarked Mr. Newman. "It's a marvel they don't get plague-stricken. Don't you go drinking the water, Emily!"

"Wine is good enough for me, old dear," said Emily. "Isn't this funny? Fancy doing one's morning shopping in a boat! Up Fifth Avenue, for instance!"

They passed under the Bridge of Sighs, and Viola Rice Dale knew it at once, even before the gondolier leaned over his oar and said, *"Il Ponte dei Sospiri."*

"It still leads to a prison, I believe," said Ernest Newman, who had been studying his guidebook. "But I want my lunch. Where's this Danieli?"

It was just around the corner, facing the Grand Canal, and Viola felt a quick leap of her heart as she gave her hand to a young man in a white uniform who helped her out of the gondola. Venice for three weeks! Perhaps she could escape now and then from the Newmans. Sometimes she would walk alone in this dream city.

"I'll look after the bags," said Ernest Newman. "You girls go along and powder your noses. Don't keep lunch waiting or I'll lose my sense of humor!"

Viola stood with Emily Newman in the great hall of the Danieli. There was a wonderfully carved mantelpiece and the walls were tapestried in crimson silk between marble pillars which supported balconies above, with pointed archways, from which in the old days Italian ladies looked down upon the Mercutios and Bassanios and Orlandos and Antonios of Renaissance Italy.

Surely, they were there now, looking down! Viola could almost see them, those lovely, laughing ghost-ladies, in this palace which was unchanged after many centuries, crowded with their furniture and pictures. American girls were drinking cocktails before luncheon in some of those carved chairs, and Viola resented them, though she was a good American and a college girl.

"You look tired, Viola," said Emily Newman. "Didn't you get any sleep last night?"

"It's like a dream," said Viola. "It's too perfect."

Mrs. Newman laughed. "You're a sentimentalist! But I'm glad you like it. Don't you keep Ernest waiting for his lunch."

She kept him waiting for his luncheon because of that balcony and the view she had out of the window. There was a humpbacked bridge below her to the left, and it was crowded by a panorama of Venetian life: girls in shawls, Italian officers, sailors in snow-white uniforms, young mothers carrying their babies, old women with bent backs, young men with crimped hair, *gondolieri*, policemen in cocked hats, beggars, barefooted boys, priests, nuns and black-shirted Fascisti.

From the *traghetti* came the chorus of the *gondolieri* sitting in the shade of a flame-red umbrella. "Gondola! . . . Gondola!"

It was a long way from that town in the Middle West where Viola Rice Dale was to be the wife of a professor of physiology.

The Newmans were good-natured, but unromantic. They liked the luxury of hotels rather than the life of the people they had come to see. They liked meeting other Americans and discussing Europe from the American viewpoint.

Emily Newman was amused by the narrow streets of Venice, by the shawl shops in the Merceria, and by the pigeons in St. Mark's Square. St. Mark's itself—that jeweled shrine—disappointed her, because it was smaller than she had expected, and anyhow, she confessed, churches tired her. She preferred the terrace of the Excelsior Hotel at the Lido—ten minutes or so from

the Danieli by a private motor boat—where she could sit in the shade of the big umbrellas watching smart people, mostly Americans and English, parading about in bathing wraps or pajamas, or lying on the sand below, tanning themselves to the color of chocolate. Now and then some foreign beauty or a moving-picture star would pass in a daring costume, giving her a thrill of amusement or scandalized surprise.

Viola Rice Dale had not come to Venice to sit on the terrace of the Excelsior and watch the smart set. She wanted to see Venetian life, to hear Italian, which she spoke quite well, to get inside some of those old *palazzi* on the Grand Canal, to be alone in St. Mark's, to spend hours in a gondola exploring the little canals, so dark and quiet and lovely with their balconies and sculptured door fronts, and if possible to talk with some of the people who lived in this city in the sea.

Above all, she wanted to get away from American tourists, not because she disliked her own people, but because they spoiled the picture, she thought. Secretly she wanted to get away from the Newmans now and then.

It wasn't easy to get away from them. They wanted to give her a good time. And they were so kind and good-natured and anxious to please her that she could not bear to hurt their feelings.

But on one pretext or another she managed to give them the slip now and then—a plea of letters to write gave her a free morning when they went off to the Excelsior again, and she spent it in a gondola among the *piccoli canali* with a gondolier who was surprised and delighted because she understood his tales of the great people who had lived in the *palazzi*. They became good friends and he bowed low as though she were a princess when he handed her out of his gondola at the steps of the Danieli, even before she paid him with a generous tip.

"**If the** Signorina wishes to buy a Venetian shawl," he said, "I have a daughter who sells them in the Merceria. The shop where she serves is next to the Ristorante dei Gondolieri. Her name is Lucia. She is the prettiest girl in Venice. I have the honor to be her father . . . *A rivederla, signorina. Mille grazie!*"

It had been good to speak Italian and to be rowed through the little canals and then round by the Grand Canal, with the golden sun shimmering above the water and glowing wine-red on the sails of merchant ships, and gleaming on the marble columns of the old palaces. Then the excuse of a headache (*Continued on page 122*)

Beginning

Letters of

By

that writing Son-of-a-gun

Jack Donahue

I had a drunk sitting alongside of me and he kept falling asleep. How is Father?

Manchester, New Hamp.
April 21, 1910.

Stopping at the Un-ca-noo-nuc Hotel—Rate	.75
Fare from Boston to Manchester	1.07
Two Pullmans	1.50
Tips (20c to porter; 10c to bell hop)	.30

Dear Mud:

Well, here I am in Manchester, New Hampshire; it's the biggest city in the state. They make all kinds of machinery up here from a sewing machine to a fire engine. It would be a great place for Dad; big elm trees growing right on the streets where a guy could lay down and take a nap.

A funny thing happened on the train coming up. A little girl got on with a dog and the conductor got fresh and wanted to put her off at the first stop. You know how crazy I am about dogs, Mud, and you can imagine how I burned up but I couldn't start nothing on account of opening tonight. So I told him in a nice way who I was and invited him over to see the show and what do you think, Mud, with that the little girl looks over to me and says, "What a co-incidence! I'm playing on the same bill with you."

Her name is Adrienne La Tour and the dog works with her. Well, when the conductor sees who he's fooling with he cools down a little and says, "Well, miss, I'm sorry but you should know you can't bring a dog in the day coach." So I had him fix us up with a couple of parlor chairs and he must have felt like an awful sap. We had a nice serious conversation about what a small world it is after all, etc.

The dog's name is Zaza and I imagine he is very clever too, but he got a little sick a couple of times on the way up and it was a good thing I was around to help her with him. A young girl like that shouldn't be running around with a dog but she tells me she's used to it, having been on the stage from the time she was five years old.

I'm sending you one of the towels that they put on the backs of the chairs. Keep it as a souvenir of my first tour. It has Pullman written across it in red letters. I would have sent two but the dog slept on the other one.

I'm getting $20.00 clear money here for the three days; of course that is less 10% commission. You don't get that kind of money in the Navy Yard and I guess you and Dad must realize I got some brains after all.

Adrienne picked this hotel out and it's a good one with a tub and shower on every floor. You'd better not lose this address cause the place has a funny name and you'll never remember it, the Un-ca-noo-nuc Hotel; it's an Indian name but I haven't found out what it means. It's a regular dollar room but they gave me a quarter off on account of me being an actor but I can see right now I've got to get myself a trunk.

My baggage looks pretty tough, Mud, to be checking in a swell place like this. It's funny the way everyone stares at me in the street; I guess they don't often get a chance to see a real performer up here but I don't go for that kind of stuff; I'm going to be democratic and not let anything give me a swelled nut.

I picked up a nice cane in a little store here with a dog-head handle and two rubies for eyes. It was only a buck and I think everyone should have one for protection from stray dogs, etc.

The name of the theater is the Bijou; Adrienne told me she speaks French as good as she does English.

The other acts on the bill are Danny and Molly Mann and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lancaster. They are all nice homy folks and I hope they haven't any hoofing in their acts cause I wouldn't like to show them up with my big buck number.

Well, I've got to close now. I'm going to take Zaza out for a little airing.

Your loving son,
Jack

X—a kiss.

Charlestown, Mass.,
April 22, 1910.

Dear Son:

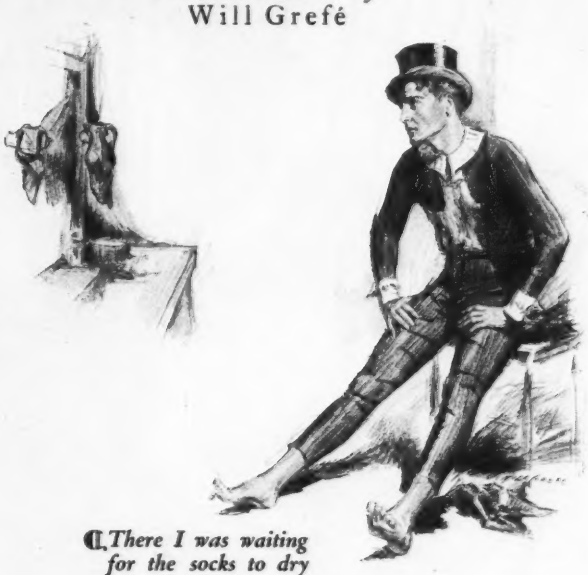
I got your letter but cannot understand several things. The way you are spending money you seem to forget you've been out of work for two years. Couldn't you find yourself a nice furnished room instead of that Indian hotel? You could at least go to places that are run by your own kind and not by foreigners. I had a terrible time getting that name right.

Your father says for you to get rid of that cane before you come home. He'd never hear the end of it at the Navy Yard. You ask that La Tour woman you picked up on the train if she didn't used to do an act around Boston years ago only with trained mice instead of a dog. Adrienne La Tour, a fancy name that, and although I was only a girl at the time I wouldn't be likely to forget it.

The thing that hurts me most, son, is to think that a boy of mine would

a hoofer to his Ma

Illustrations by
Will Grefé



¶ *There I was waiting for the socks to dry when I heard my cue.*

do such a cheap trick as to steal a towel from the railroad company. Your father has often told me that kind of things about you but I never believed him.

If you don't mend your ways I don't know what's going to become of you. If your father would stand for you around the house, at least I could keep an eye on you but I'm afraid to think what will happen to you now.

There's nothing the matter with your bags. They're made of straw and they're nice and light for the summer. Another thing I don't understand is what that ten percent commission is for and who gets it.

¶ *Of course Adrienne's act got over okay; the dog is very clever.*

I forgot to tell you before you left not to take off your heavy underwear until the middle of June but I suppose by that time you'll be back on our hands anyway. And take my advice and stay away from that La Tour woman or she'll have you doing more funny things than she has the dog doing.

Love,
Mother

P.S. How did you send that towel? It hasn't got here yet.

Manchester,
New Hamp.,
April 23, 1910.

BIJOU THEATER

1. Danny and Molly Mann — Rube Act (All right for Manchester)
2. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lancaster..... (Good performers, but need new material)
3. Jack Donahue..... (Stood out on this bill)
4. Adrienne La Tour and Zaza..... (Great act on any bill)

Chere Mama:

Comment vous portez-vous aujourd'hui? That means in French, how are you today. I went out this morning and got a French book. Adrienne tells me my hoofing should be a sensation in Paris but they say if you don't speak their lingo over there they put the gyp on you.

It's a wonder I ever got your letter the way you spelt the name of this hotel. It's a good thing everybody knows who I am on account of me being a headline act at the theater. This place ain't run by Indians, Mud; a man by the name of Storm owns it.

You're wrong about Mlle. La Tour; she did used to do an act with trained mice but it can't be the same one; she's just a kid. You should see her from the front, Mud; she looks like seven hundred bucks.

I got off to a great start on the opening show; they couldn't seem to get enough of me and my gags left them limp. This is a tough town too; everyone here works in the knitting mills and I guess their hands get pretty tired from sewing so they can't applaud much.

I felt sorry for the other acts on the bill but it's their own fault for not bringing their stuff up to date. That old hokum don't go any more, not even in Manchester. I figured sure one of them would get canceled after the first show but he's keeping us all.

Danny Mann pulls one fair gag and I think I'll try it on the next date; the way I'll tell it, it should get a "belly," where he only gets a snicker. Of course Adrienne's act got over okay; the dog is very clever.

I was up early this morning and happened to take a walk past the theater; I thought maybe they'd feature me on the bill after the way I went last night but they didn't. The manager, a guy by the name of Gallagher, has got his sweetheart working in the box office and because I'm polite to her he figures I'm making a play for his broad. It's always one of your own kind who gives you the knife in the back.

What do you think of that rat agent of mine? He wired me collect for his commission before I even opened. Everybody in show-business pays commission, Mud; I don't know just what the reason for it is.

My bags are light, all right, but I've got a lot of stuff in them and they're going to bust open any day. There's no use, I've got to get a trunk. I gave Adrienne my iron and I'm sending my stuff to the laundry. There's no use kidding yourself that you can do the same kind of work.

About my finding a furnished room, I'm surprised at you. A guy in my position has got to keep up the big front all the time. How would it look if some dame from the newspaper came to interview me and I had to see her downstairs in the parlor?

Don't worry about me coming home broke. I'm going to start socking it away just as soon as I get a few things I need. And don't be (*Continued on page 168*)

This is How PRISON

¶ *News from home in Sing Sing.*

¶ *6:30 marks the close of the day in the most famous prison in the world.*

Forty percent of all prisoners in American penal institutions today should be paroled at once and sent home as soon as jobs can be found for them.

Thirty percent should remain another two years at the most and then be paroled.

Of the remaining thirty percent the majority are incorrigible and should be kept in for life and segregated from the "chance" criminals.

Sentences should be entirely under the control of a Parole Board which should study every convicted man as an individual—classify him, return him to his home under parole or segregate him in an institution that will make him a better man.

For these new first offenders the same general proportions hold good: forty percent should be paroled; thirty percent should be sent up for short terms; and possibly fifteen or twenty percent for life. Any man who isn't fit to leave prison at the end of ten years' incarceration should be given a life sentence.

Judges and courts should decide *only* on the guilt or innocence of an accused; the length and severity of his sentence should be entirely in the hands of a non-political board of experts who will consider the individual and will not judge the crime. Two-thirds of the men sentenced by our judges today are given too severe sentences, while the remaining third should be more severely sentenced.

It is the individual and not the crime that should be judged and sentenced.

Hope should be put back into the hearts of convicted men; hope that they can have another chance to go straight. Definite and inelastic sentences have destroyed all hope—and it has been lack of hope, and not bad beans or sour hash or overcrowding, that has been the primary cause of riots over America.

For almost a year this terrible epidemic of prison riots has spread over our country—culminating in the starting of the fire that burned to death more than three hundred men in the state prison at Columbus, Ohio.

Whose fault is it? Who is to blame? What can we do about it?

A quarter of a century of active work in penal institutions has pointed out the answer to this last and all-important question: treat the convicted man as an individual, apply the Golden Rule to him and put hope back in his

by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing

I would Stop RIOTS

¶ *Lewis E. Lawes, for over ten years Sing Sing's Humanitarian Warden.*

heart—and treat him as a "continuing social unit." Slowly I have seen the public turn first towards humanism, and then in a violent reaction swing towards hard and excessive punishment—culminating in the Baumes Laws in New York State, whereby a man or a woman, regardless of social background or personal make-up, is sentenced to life imprisonment on his or her fourth conviction. These laws look to the crime rather than to the criminal in determining the punishment.

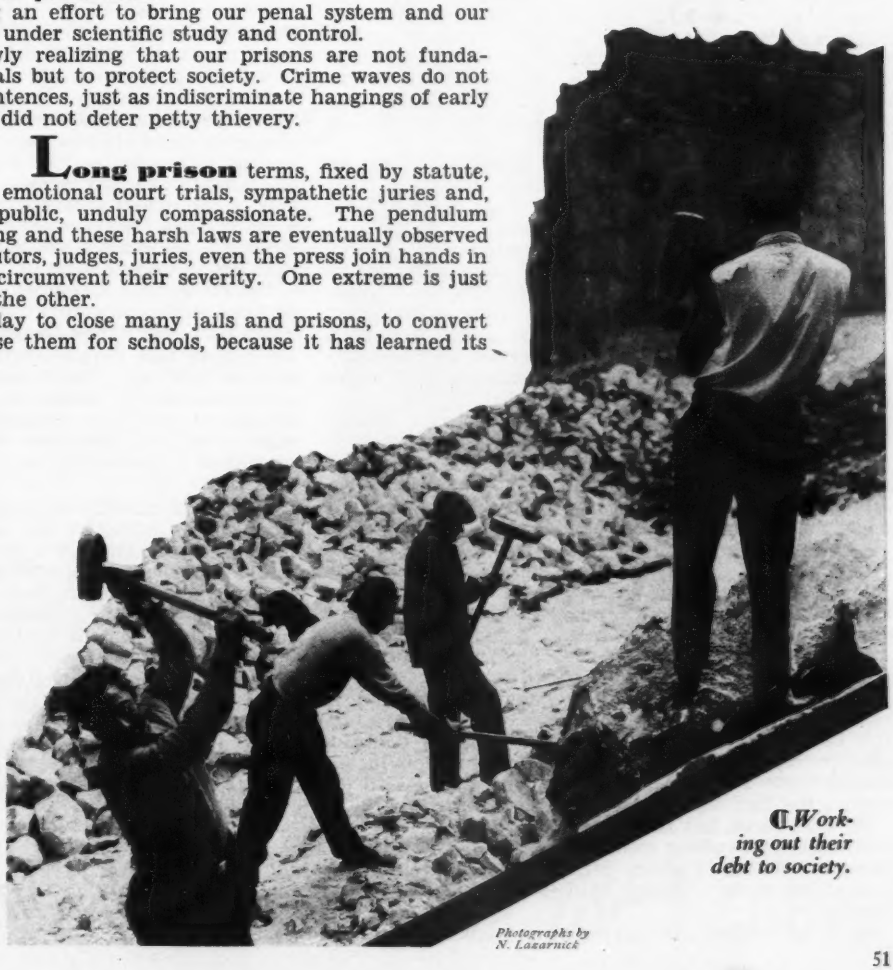
But today we are facing an effort to bring our penal system and our whole conception of crime under scientific study and control.

Our lawmakers are slowly realizing that our prisons are not fundamentally to punish criminals but to protect society. Crime waves do not recede because of severe sentences, just as indiscriminate hangings of early Colonial and English days did not deter petty thievery.

Long prison terms, fixed by statute, invite bargaining in pleas, emotional court trials, sympathetic juries and, ultimately, a sentimental public, unduly compassionate. The pendulum starts on the backward swing and these harsh laws are eventually observed only in the breach. Prosecutors, judges, juries, even the press join hands in finding means to avoid or circumvent their severity. One extreme is just as wrong and harmful as the other.

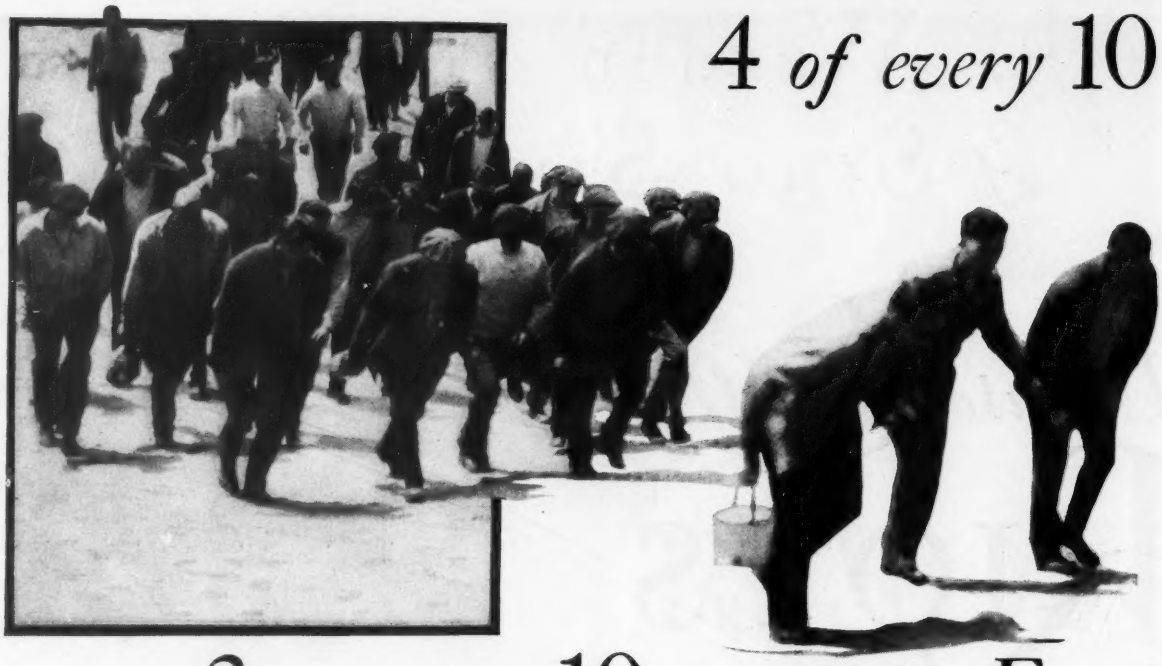
Great Britain is able today to close many jails and prisons, to convert their sites into parks or use them for schools, because it has learned its lesson in penology. It has centralized its prison system, broadened the powers of its parole system, developed its probationary control and adopted an elastic rule of suspended sentence for first offenders.

All its prisons are under non-political wardens, under a central governmental authority, with promotion entirely on merit. Its judges are non-political and appointed for life. The judges often suspend sentences and place a considerable majority of first offenders under probation. In short, their idea is to keep as many men as possible *out of prison:* in America we try to put as many men as possible *in* prison.



¶ *Working out their debt to society.*

Photographs by N. Lazarnick



4 *of every* 10

3 *of every* 10 *should be Freed*

Long ago England learned that excessive punishment does not decrease crime. It has to be approached from the other end. Instead of making a confirmed convict out of a minor criminal, make a good citizen out of him.

Whatever we think of Russia's politics or economic experiment, we cannot fail to do full justice to her criminal code. Capital punishment is abolished except for offenses against the state. The maximum prison term is ten years, with provision for earlier release through good behavior. The prisoner is trained for vocational responsibility.

Russia aims to humanize her prisons by being humane to her prisoners. She even allows them vacations. One of our own southern states tried that recently—for crop-gathering purposes—with success.

A rational penal code would not countenance the same sentences to the "accidental" or "chance" offender as to the confirmed "antisocial" criminal. Two boys committed a robbery. One, an old hand, induced the other, a novice, to join him. Both received severe sentences. The experienced crook probably deserved life imprisonment. For the novice, a suspended sentence under strict parole supervision would have sufficed.

The law, however, imprisoned this boy for twenty years—twenty hopeless years. No provision had been made to train him. He was released a middle-aged man, without friends or funds or trade. The lines of least resistance led him into vicious circles. Actual want impelled him to gamble his liberty for ready cash.

He is now the confirmed criminal—a menace to the society that is reaping the whirlwind. Had this boy been paroled at the start, or at most kept one or two years in prison, the result would have been different.

What happened to the incorrigible? His term expired. The Parole Board was familiar with his record. The Board interviewed him and was frankly doubtful about releasing him. But it had no discretion in the matter. His sentence was ended and he had to go, despite the fact that he was definitely antisocial.

He went forth, but he is back. This time in the condemned cells awaiting execution after a conviction for murder. Within a short period after his release he committed three heinous crimes—rape, robbery and murder.

As a matter of fact the men, or women, sentenced for long years or for life are generally poor saps—unsuccessful petty crooks. The real ones escape punishment. The records prove it. Take, for example, the men sent to Sing Sing prison for life under the so-called "fourth offender" law. Between July first, 1926, and December fifteenth, 1929, one hundred and eight lifers were received. None came in endowed with worldly means of appreciable value.

Of these one hundred and eight, twenty profited nothing from their latest crime; seventeen succeeded in obtaining amounts less than one hundred dollars each. In one instance the loot was twenty cents. Twenty-one men, in as many crimes, profited in money or property to the extent of $5,255 or an average of about $250 a man. In all other cases the property was recovered. Evidently we did not get the big fellows. But harsher laws will not bring them in.

I could quote a thousand examples of the unfairness of fixed sentences and the cruelty of taking real power away from the Parole Board.

I believe this Parole Board should be scientific and non-political. It should have the right to determine all sentences. It should shorten many and lengthen others. It should be a Board of *Hope*. Every convicted man or woman should be considered individually and examined. Each should be studied, tested and the case reviewed.

As I have already written, I believe that in no less than forty percent of all cases the individual should *never* see the inside of a prison but should be paroled under strict but sympathetic supervision. Of the remaining sixty percent, half should serve from one to two years—and the remainder eight or ten years, or life. Both sentiment and cruel bitterness should be eliminated.

Sentiment and cruel bitterness—magnified and exaggerated by the theatricals of prosecutor and defense attorney—that is why I am against capital punishment. These are human factors that pervade every trial where a life is at stake. There can be no even justice where emotion, either of hate or sympathy, prevails.

Each state should have a general clearing prison—as

The Remaining 3

Prisoners should be FREED at once

¶ *Hope should be put back into the hearts of convicted men. Inelastic sentences have destroyed all hope —and it has been lack of hope, and not bad beans or overcrowding, that has been the primary cause of riots.*

in Two Years

we are making Sing Sing for New York State. The incorrigible, the subnormal, the social misfits should be segregated from the rest. A man should be taught some useful trade —and paid a wage that will either help to keep his family or give him a nest egg for the day when the doors swing outward and he steps again into society.

One of the judges of our highest state court recently recommended that instead of the death penalty, the murderer should be put to work and the proceeds paid to the family of his victim. Such a plan could be expanded to include all cases of larceny and robbery—with the view of restitution. It may be difficult to accomplish, but far-sighted leaders will find a way.

As to the immediate problem with the present psychology of revolt and riot loose in the land—Hope should be put back into the prisoner's soul. And the only hope he is interested in is the Hope of Freedom—of Liberty.

Give our Parole Boards some real authority. The Parole Board in New York State can only decrease the maximum sentence; they cannot touch the minimum years of an indefinite sentence. And they have no authority over the time of a second or third offender. Let them suspend sentences and reduce time and find jobs for the "hard-luck" and the "chance" criminal.

Forty percent of all the men in Sing Sing should be sent home tomorrow. Half of those remaining should be released in one or two years and most of the others kept as long as ten years—or imprisoned for life. I can't repeat too often that our prisons are filled with men who should be home and at work. They are no more *real* criminals than most of us. Only we have had the breaks; the hard luck has not turned on us.

Of the 2,200 men under my immediate charge at Sing Sing—and we are accredited with many of the toughest and hardest criminals in the world—many are fine, kindly, gentle men; plain human beings. Some have earned my lasting gratitude.

In October, 1920, two prisoners overcame the officer at the gate of (*Continued on page 198*)

¶ *Being locked in his cell for the night — the period which prisoners dread.*

should be Kept in Prison for LIFE

By Royal Brown — The Count

In June, 1929, Jimmy Foote came to New York. He was just out of Yale and he had something less than two hundred dollars in his pocket when he landed in the Grand Central. But he planned to get a job and he hoped to make a lot of money. Also, being just twenty-two, he hoped to meet a lot of pretty girls but he did not plan to marry any of them.

In August, however, Jimmy met not just one more pretty girl but Hildegarde Wrenn. Hilda was five feet two with blue eyes, a tiptilted nose and—well, everybody will now guess the rest.

Or will they?

In September, 1929, Jimmy had run his two hundred dollars up to twenty-five thousand dollars. New York? Why, in less than three months Jimmy, as he told Hilda, had New York eating out of his hand.

But Hilda couldn't see it. Or him, either.

"Yes, I know," she retorted. "And I also know a man who once had a tiger eating out of *his* hand. He showed me a snapshot of it doing just that—a genuine Asiatic tiger." Hilda had a short upper lip. It quirked and her blue eyes crinkled as she glanced up at Jimmy. "And that man," she added confidentially, "can do anything with one arm now that he once could do with two. He can even play the violin."

"Meaning," suggested Jimmy, "that *I*——"

"Bright boy!" applauded Hilda.

In September, in other words, Jimmy had a lot of money but he didn't have Hilda. Oh, she let him kiss her now and then, and often they held hands. Or at least she didn't stage a second World War when Jimmy held hers.

Also he had her picture, silver-framed. "Won't you write something on it, please?" he had pleaded.

"A personally autographed portrait of myself?" she had mocked. "What do you want me to write?"

"You might write something encouraging," he had ventured. "Something like, 'Yours until——'"

"*That's* an idea," Hilda assured him.

And what she wrote was:

> Yours—until the stock bubble bursts—
> Sincerely,
> Hilda Wrenn

And then they had another argument. The sort they had been having almost continuously since they had met in August. One of Jimmy's numerous friends had been throwing a party the night that occurred.

Jimmy had a host of friends in New York. One of them, in June, had promised him an introduction to the head of a construction company. Construction was what Jimmy had been trained for. But:

"All the money in the world seems to be in the stock market at the moment," Jimmy was informed during his interview. "If we build anything we must finance it ourselves. That cramps our style and I'm hard put to keep my present staff busy. Perhaps later——"

As things turned out Jimmy was darn glad he hadn't landed that job, for the next friend he'd got in touch with had asked him how he'd like a shot at a brokerage office. "The job itself may not seem much, but a bright lad can do well by himself in Wall Street these days," he had assured Jimmy.

And that was how Jimmy landed in Wall Street—landed soft.

Everybody was making money. In the beginning Jimmy made some effort to understand what it was all about. He read all the market reports published—and made the arresting discovery that no two experts ever agreed.

In other words, it seemed to be a guessing contest. If so, why shouldn't his guess be as good as anybody else's? He tried that—and it worked.

Now and then the market got nervous. The seasoned expert Jimmy had so soon become never worried about that, however. "Just sit tight," he advised his friends and clients. "You'll see higher prices before you see lower."

That was his hunch. And he was right—in August, 1929. He was at least one of Dame Fortune's favorite nephews then. He made money for himself and those who took his advice. Hence, his twenty-five thousand. It sounds incredible, but 1929 was at least seventy-five percent incredible.

"Hi!" his host had vociferated, as Jimmy had blown in to the party where he was to meet Hilda. "Ladies and gentlemen, the Boy Napoleon of Wall Street."

Jimmy merely grinned, taking the party in. He'd come late to see what, if anything, of human interest might be discovered there. It was Hilda he discovered. That she should focus his roving glance was a tribute, perhaps. Or perhaps it was just fate.

Even he would have admitted she wasn't the prettiest girl there. In fact, there were present two who had been voted the Miss This or That of their respective home towns and who had repaid the homage of their

The Miss This or That of their respective home towns had repaid the homage by moving on to New York.

# of Nine

A Love Story Pure *and* Simple

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

fellow townsmen by promptly packing and moving on to New York where a pretty girl can be properly glorified.

Nevertheless, it was Hilda who interested him; toward her he gravitated.

"As a friend—please, let's be friends—will you tell me what the legal speed is here?" he asked.

Her eyes met his, cool and direct. She was blond, yet she did not lack color. The severe black evening frock she wore became her marvelously. A woman could have appraised it almost to the fifty cents plus twenty-nine dollars it had cost—and most of them had.

Nevertheless, to Jimmy she looked—well, perhaps not like a million then, but at least like a couple of hundred thousand. It was not what she wore, anyway, so much as something in her direct, alive eyes.

"Legal speed?" she repeated.

"It's so hard to tell," he elaborated. "I step into a party like this, ready to do about my normal thirty-five an hour, and discover that the rest are going seventy—and I seem to be blocking the traffic. Then I move on to another party, all primed for seventy—and find I'm exceeding the speed limit."

Hilda looked amused. It was one of the things she did well.

"But it's really serious," he protested. "I'm just a country lad from New Haven and I find it embarrassing. It's getting on my nerves."

"You might try staying at home and reading a good book," she suggested.

Jimmy grinned. It was one of the things *he* did well.

"But then you'd never have met me!" he protested.

"And wouldn't that have been awful!" she agreed, in the same key. "But *why* didn't you come earlier? You're just in time to say good night to me."

"You mean I'm just in time to see you home," he corrected. "May I?"

¶ *Jimmy had not forgotten that a rejected suitor is supposed to take the decision like a man.*

"Now I know you're just a country lad from New Haven," retorted Hilda. "A seasoned New Yorker would ask first, 'Where do you live?'"

"Very well—where do you live?" asked Jimmy.

"On Fifth Avenue—but don't let *that* mislead you. There's a lot more to Fifth Avenue than most people dream. It actually goes right on past Central Park into the Bad Lands and——"

"If we hurry," interrupted Jimmy, "we'll escape that dark man who looks like a pirate. The one standing by the piano. I have an awful feeling he means us no good; he looks to me as if he were about to sing. Let's go."

Hilda shrugged a trim shoulder. "Well, I've warned you," she said. "And incidentally, I prefer the subway to a taxi, always."

Nevertheless, they didn't take the subway. Emerging into the August night, he piloted her to a car that was parked at the curb.

"Perhaps this will prove less tedious than the subway—and present none of the drawbacks of a taxi," he suggested.

The car was a roadster—the sort of car to make its well-tailored young owner feel that he was cleaning up, becoming somebody.

As a car Hilda approved it. But as a symbol she discounted it.

"I think you'd better let me drive," she announced. "I know every bump in the road and I may save you a broken spring."

This Jimmy took to be humor. Fifth Avenue, when they swung into it, was smoothly paved, certainly, if a tangle of traffic. But through that Hilda made her way expertly.

"Father has always had a car," she told Jimmy when he spoke of her driving. "And *what* a car!"

They talked as she drove. Or Jimmy did, anyway. The same old stuff. A lot more about himself than he realized. It is strange that so few women go into law. They are born cross-examiners, adept at extracting information indirectly, insidiously.

Before they reached the park Hilda knew something of Jimmy's past, a lot about his present and had glimpsed his idea of his future.

For instance, she knew that Jimmy's parents were only moderately well off; that probably his father had never made more than five or ten thousand a year at the most.

"What does he think of you—and New York?" she asked.

"Oh, that I'm shot with luck, and that New York will get me yet," grinned Jimmy.

To that Hilda made no reply. She herself was two months older than Jimmy, as it happened. She knew New York. She had been born there, gone to school there and now had a job there. She was one of those super-stenogs usually referred to as private secretaries by their chiefs.

"It's supposed to be a sop to feminine vanity but I

don't see it that way," Hilda told Jimmy that night. "Imagine any man who wants to make a good impression speaking about the stenographer who takes his dictation! It's simply *got* to be a private secretary."

In brief, Hilda was not easy to impress; certainly not in the way Jimmy would have preferred to impress her. She granted him his full share of masculine charm, but beyond that:

"He's about as naïve as Little Red Riding Hood," was her private conclusion to what he told her that first night. "He can't realize that New York is just the same old wolf."

But there was no reason why she should tell him that—then.

They came to One Hundred and Tenth Street, but instead of swinging with the rest of the traffic, Hilda continued straight ahead.

"We are still on Fifth Avenue, but hold everything!" she warned.

Here the avenue, going into an abrupt decline, gave point to her remark about knowing the bumps. At first it was flanked by automobile repair shops. Beyond these were shadowy buildings festooned with fire escapes and these burgeoned with humanity, seeking air. Even in the semi-murk it was a depressing section.

Through it Jimmy's car, sounding outraged, proceeded north. He glimpsed a cliff, topped by trees.

"Mount Morris Park," announced Hilda, busy with the wheel. "It ought to be one of the most-sought-after residential sections in the city, only it isn't. Ask Dad —he knows."

Jimmy wondered what she meant; her tone suggested satire. But before he could speak the car struck another hollow and he almost bit his tongue.

"Bear up, we are almost home and the worst is past," comforted Hilda.

Fifth Avenue was picking up a bit. The country cousin of its urban namesake. There were trees here, and even single houses. Before one of these the car drew up to the curbing. Hilda turned to him.

"Here we are. It was good of you to come. I hope you get back safely."

"I hope so—and *if* so, when do I see you again?" he asked.

"Have you decided you want to?"

Jimmy had. He so assured her. She interested him, if only because he never knew what she would say next. She proved that by remarking:

"I suppose it might do you good to be reminded now and then how the other half lives." And added, without coquetry, "Call me up sometime."

"And the number?"

"Is in the book under 'Nels Wrenn, Taxidermist.'"

"Taxidermist?" he echoed. He had heard about men who stuffed owls and things like that but he had never expected to meet one, or even the daughter of one—at least not in New York.

Hilda smiled. "Anything from your pet dog to an animal group for the Smithsonian," she said. "I'd like to have you meet Father sometime; you have so much in common." She slipped from behind the wheel, stood slim and supple. "Good night," she added. "And—God speed you."

Well, New York was like that. You went to a party and discovered that they weren't all alike. Just as you became convinced that the feminine population of New York was largely composed of girls who were going to be glorified by Ziegfeld (if Ziggy knew his business) or who were studying art or voice or writing free verse, you met something different.

For instance, a girl with direct blue eyes who talked like a lineal descendant of the Delphic sibyl, whose father was a taxidermist and who lived on Fifth Avenue and——

"And how!" murmured Jimmy, navigating his way back toward civilization.

His bus, he thought, must be surprised in more ways than one. Such feminine freight as it usually conveyed home not only lived in more accessible places but were themselves more accessible. The sort who would be insulted if they *weren't* kissed good night.

"It wouldn't be so bad if they'd standardize lipsticks," Jimmy informed one of his contemporaries—masculine. "The ones I'd like to see done away with are those whose flavor lasts."

He had not even considered kissing Hilda. She wouldn't be insulted. But: "She'd make you feel like a third-rate movie actor, somehow," was the way he summed up that.

He was not in love—not yet. Just interested. It was all of a week before he found time to call her. New York is like that. No man just out of Yale, reasonably

¶ *Leaving the office earlier than just passing. Or rather, where*

usual, Hilda all but plunged into the arms of a man his arms should be. She had seen him—or it—before.

personable, unmarried and making money, can escape the invitation hounds, even in August.

Nevertheless, he did not forget her. Instead, after pleading previous engagements, work to be done, and when these were hooted at, offering dandruff, B O and athlete's foot as alternatives, he managed to achieve a free evening. He then consulted one of those young libraries that compose the New York telephone directory and, selecting the proper volume, searched out the name:

Wrenn Nels taxidermist

"On a bet it was originally Wendstron or something like that," he deduced, waiting for the connection to be effected. Then, as a man's voice came over the wire, he asked, "May I speak to Miss Wrenn, please?"

"We've got no bird like that here," the voice assured him. "Who you calling? This is the Achilles Garage."

The next time he had better luck. Hilda herself answered.

"Oh, yes—the boy Napoleon. Are you still solvent?"

"I see you do not follow the daily quotations. I am more so than ever . . . Are you free this evening?"

"Still solvent, but looking for something free!" Hilda mocked. "But if you are asking if I'm 'at home' this evening, I am. It's too hot to stir, don't you think?"

Jimmy didn't. He drove out Fifth Avenue again.

"I feel so flattered to be remembered," was Hilda's greeting. Inside, the house (*Continued on page 152*)

The Beauty-mask

A Mystery that only a *Woman* could Solve

The Story So Far:

Gwynn Leith, attractive sister of Hanaford's mayor, Andrew Barbour, arrives in that small city on the eve of its appearance in the headlines of papers all over the country. For it was the celebrated "Beauty-mask Murder" that put Hanaford on the map. But if it hadn't been for Gwynn's agile mind, which followed its "hunches" with extraordinary persistence, that murder might have been put among the great unsolved crimes of our century . . .

Gwynn arrived at Andrew's bachelor home early one morning while her brother and his guest, Colin Keats, were still at breakfast. Keats had just recovered from a breakdown after a disastrous love affair and had returned from a trip around the world to sell his household effects, gratefully accepting Andrew's hospitality while his place was being disposed of.

The murder that was to throw Hanaford into the limelight occurred the morning after Gwynn's arrival, and her interest in it grew out of the fact that the murdered woman, Maxine Ainslee, was Muriel Prescott's aunt. Muriel was the widow of Alan Prescott, who had been the only surviving member of Hanaford's first family and had brought Muriel from Baltimore as his bride. She had been well liked and received into Hanaford's narrowest social set. Not so Maxine Ainslee, who visited Muriel soon after her marriage. Somehow, she seemed not to belong.

Later, Maxine moved into an apartment of her own and after Alan's death a grandfather left Muriel and her aunt a small mail-order business in Baltimore which brought them a comfortable living. Maxine moved to a bungalow and Muriel built a fine Tudor house as the business grew. The two were often together, though Muriel no longer tried to force her aunt on Hanaford society.

As soon as Andrew heard of the tragedy from Muriel, who had collapsed at the phone when she learned of her aunt's violent death, he hurried to Maxine's with Gwynn and Colin. Captain Joe Shelby was in charge of the investigation at the bungalow when they arrived.

The body of the murdered woman was still on the sofa in front of the fireplace in the living room—a ghastly sight, for the murderer had cut the victim's throat, almost severing the head from the body. The face was covered with a hideous clay "beauty mask" beneath a towel wrapped turban-fashion about it. Blood stained the pillows and her garment—a soiled kimono—and bits of blood-soaked white paper were strewn over all. About the murdered woman's finger was a cotton handkerchief and on the floor lay a blood-caked pair of shears.

¶Suspicious circumstances pointed to a man as the murderer of Maxine, but Gwynn reminded Andrew of the time his wallet was found by a husband on his wife's dressing table. Andrew was innocent but there was the deuce to pay—

Doctor Marblehead, from the coroner's office, examined the body and made a terse statement: "She was dead when the throat was slit." He discovered, too, that Maxine had been a drug addict, and then he found a tiny puncture on the third finger of her left hand, which was swollen and discolored. "I can't say offhand," he remarked, "but it looks as though a quantity of virulent poison had been injected into the hand a short time before death took place."

"What time would you say she died?" asked the captain.

"If you want me to guess, I'd say between ten-thirty and eleven-thirty last night."

"Good!" said Shelby. That fitted in with the story Marzi Barna, Maxine's servant, had told him. At about that time the night before the man had heard a crash,

MURDER

by VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

and in the bedroom the detectives had found an iron box that had cut a nick in the floor. It had evidently been dropped by the murderer, who had taken it out of the closet.

Moreover, the police had found a man's woolen scarf in the living room and on the dressing table in the bedroom a black silk cigaret case and a platinum chain to which a watch with the monogram "B. W." and a collapsible comb were attached. Inquiries had been made in the neighborhood, but nobody had heard or seen anything except a Swedish servant girl who had noticed a woman carrying a bunch of balloons and a small suitcase. She was positive the woman had turned in at the bungalow.

Gwynn suggested that there was a stationery and toy shop near by where the woman might have bought the balloons, and that they might remember her there. Shelby did not seem to attach much importance to this clue, but he reluctantly sent a man to the store to find out what he could about the woman.

And then Gwynn made a discovery of her own. In the fireplace were some ashes, where a pipe had been knocked out against the logs, and from the number of burned matches she had also found, Gwynn reasoned that a man smoking a pipe—not cigarets—had visited Maxine Ainslee the night before. Deducing her facts from certain clues unnoticed by the police, Gwynn gave Shelby a description of the owner of the watch: a tall, blond man, well dressed, young, with unruly hair.

Barna, the servant, in a measure corroborated her findings. He had been at home the previous day with a toothache, although it was his day out. He had seen no one except a man with whom Miss Ainslee had left the house. He testified that the charwoman, Mrs. Crocus, had been in the house the previous day to clean the place. It had been undisturbed since. His mistress had not known he was at home.

Barna said that he had locked and bolted the side door and the only other way of entering the bungalow was through the front entrance. That morning he had tried to open the door into the living room, but had found it locked. He had gone out the side door to get the paper.

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

—so, reasoned Gwynn, it was quite possible that the man last seen with Maxine might not have been inside her house for hours before she was murdered.

Then, wondering about the locked door, he had peeked in at the living-room window—and called the police.

His story seemed frank enough, but Gwynn asked him three questions that obviously terrified him: "Were you in love with Miss Ainslee?" "Were there any sharp weapons in the house besides the shears?" and "Did Miss Ainslee have any callers in the afternoon?"

Gwynn, Andrew and Colin left the bungalow puzzled by the fantastic crime, for the murdered woman apparently had been killed in three ways: by an overdose of morphine, by a sharp weapon cutting the throat and by a dose of poison.

It was through Gwynn's description of the man who had visited Maxine Ainslee, the man whose belongings had been found in the bungalow, that Andrew was able to track down Barry Weston, the "B. W." of the monogram. He was elated at his successful sleuthing and intended to turn the young man over to the police immediately, convinced that he had unearthed the murderer, until Gwynn startled him by crying:

"I have to let you in on a secret. No man murdered Maxine Ainslee."

Andrew looked incredulous. "An act of God? I suppose one of those freak lightnings dosed her with morphine—jabbed a shot of poison into her and slit her throat!"

"I suppose"—Gwynn mimicked his manner—"you never heard of a mythical sect known as women?"

Andrew sat up. "Oh, you've had one of your divine messages that a woman murdered Maxine Ainslee!" Gwynn nodded. "But Gwynn, I have certain facts which prove that a young man killed Maxine Ainslee!

"In the first place, we have evidence that he and Maxine were quarreling the day before she was killed. Not incontrovertible, I admit, but important when linked with the watch he wore and the cigaret case and bill fold—don't forget the automobile check with Wednesday's date on it!—which were found on Maxine's dressing table, placing him on the scene of the crime on the night it was committed."

"Wait a minute," pleaded Gwynn. "Last night I gave Colin my vanity to hold and he forgot to return it to me until this morning. All night my vanity was in his bedroom. Therefore——" She put her hand before her face. "Oh, my dear, what a scandal!"

I laughed. But Andrew was in no mood for trifling.

"I suppose," he growled, "it means nothing to you that a man's valuables were found in the morning on the dressing table of the lady he had out to dinner?"

"I get your innuendo, but what does it prove?"

"Your well-dressed young man wouldn't carry an open silk cigaret case except in the evening. As he didn't, therefore, carry these objects in the afternoon and since he couldn't have dropped in that evening without Marzi knowing it, how did the cigaret case happen to be there the next morning, unless he was at the house late that night?"

Gwynn shrugged. "Maybe the murderer put the things there, to start the police on a false scent; or maybe the young man owed Maxine money and left her his valuables as collateral; or maybe he turned them over to her for safekeeping, in the same way that my vanity reposed all night in Colin's room. I seem to recall an occasion when your wallet was found on a lady's boudoir table."

Andrew reddened and looked at me. He doubtless felt some explanation was necessary.

"I once took a lady to the casino—in Havana. I had lost heavily the night before, and I was afraid if I got started they'd clean me out. So I took out the money I was willing to lose and turned over my wallet to the lady.

"But instead of losing I won, and later we joined a party convivially inclined . . . They took me home in a somewhat unvolsteady condition. The husband came home unexpectedly the next morning and found my wallet on her dressing table. There was the deuce to pay!"

He laughed ruefully, then added, "But that was an extraordinary circumstance."

"I'm glad you admit that there are such things as extraordinary circumstances," remarked Gwynn.

"I suppose," said Andrew, "he also gave Maxine his scarf as collateral?"

"I **hardly** think so," replied Gwynn. "Our well-dressed young man who wouldn't carry an open silk cigaret case in the afternoon, wouldn't wear a striped wool scarf in the evening! Nor would he have carried a pipe when taking a lady out to dinner.

"Therefore I don't believe that the scarf and the pipe tobacco were left at the house at the same time that the watch and things found their way there."

Andrew fairly pounced on that. "Even poor old Shelby had brains enough to find out from Marzi that the cleaning woman left the place immaculate late Tuesday afternoon, and Maxine had no visitors Tuesday night—or Wednesday either."

"Tricky race, you men!" sighed Gwynn. "And is that all the evidence you have against the young man?"

"We know that Maxine dined with this man at the Rose Garden Inn, a road house outside South Glen.

Barry Weston brought Maxine home at 10:30 P. M. The murder was committed at 11. He was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself between 10:30 and 11:45, yet he could have got home in his car in 10 minutes.

They left at about nine-forty-five in his yellow car, which would have brought them back to her house before ten-thirty. The murder was committed at eleven.

"Furthermore, the young man did not return to his own home until twelve! And he was without his wallet, because he stopped at Denny's garage on Hill Street at a quarter to twelve for gas and found he didn't have enough money to pay for it—was confused when Denny asked where he could have lost it.

"Denny trusted him with a can of gas, and the next morning he drove out and paid him and Denny noticed the yellow car. And last but not least, his hair is the color of the hair that we found sticking to the back of the armchair in Maxine Ainslee's room!"

I enjoyed Andrew's use of the plural pronoun.

"Also," Andrew went on triumphantly, "my man went to work on his private life. A couple of years ago he had a desperate love affair, about which he was very cagy. His father sent him abroad to break it up. He's recently become engaged to Sidonie Constance Saunders, whose father owns the Saunders Nurseries.

"His mother is Doctor Edna Weston, a physician engaged in research work at the Institute, and divorced from his father. On the afternoon of the murder, after lunching with Sidonie Saunders at the nurseries, Barry Weston visited his mother.

"Now if Maxine Ainslee was poisoned by a shot of something, you can see where Barry Weston might have procured both poison and a hypodermic needle! Not to mention all the morphine he needed. *And,*" he went on, "if the murder was not committed with the shears found beside the body, there are plenty of pruning shears at the Saunders Nurseries.

"What's more, Barry Weston called on his mother early the next morning before going to the office—a slight thing, but unusual and possibly the occasion for returning the hypodermic. So, my dear Gwynn, you may have your intuitions, but we have a case. First, the motive." He counted the points on his fingers. "A man recently engaged wishes to remove the lady who has played a prominent part in his past. Second—opportunity; her home late at night, when he had every reason to believe they were alone. And means—I imagine even you wouldn't undertake to clear Barry Weston before a jury?"

"Why not?" Gwynn lifted disdainful eyebrows. "Even a male lawyer could do it. You've jumped to conclusions from certain facts and appearances, and being a man you've jumped wrong. I've got a hunch about this case. I'm certain that no man murdered Maxine Ainslee.

"Andrew, *please* don't turn Barry Weston over to the police—for your own sake as well as his. You can't afford to meddle and bungle—you really can't, Andrew dear!"

Andrew sighed, "You've certainly got me scared," but his mockery was only a cover for the real doubt she had raised in his mind.

"By the way, Andy, when are you going to question Mr. Weston?" asked Gwynn.

"Soon, I hope. In fact, I expect he is on his way over here now."

"Would you have any objections if Colin and I were to sit quietly in a corner while you interviewed him?" Before Andrew could reply she added, "Unless, of course, you'd rather interview him in private and tell us afterwards how you came off with flying colors?"

"Not at all! If you'll just wait in March's office, I'll send for you when young Weston arrives."

We went into the office of John March, Andrew's secretary, to await this summons.

John March was eager to make himself pleasant to the mayor's sister. Even Gwynn's sallies were hardly bright enough to warrant the uproarious laughter with which John March greeted them.

I was glad enough when a man asked to see Andrew, and March started in to announce him.

"Who is that man?" Gwynn asked in an undertone.

"Magovern—from the district attorney's office—doing some special work for His Honor on the Ainslee case."

Without more ado, Gwynn marched me into Andrew's office behind the plain-clothes man. I felt ill at ease and I suppose I showed it.

"Come in," said Andrew reassuringly. "You two have less on your minds than I have, and you might catch something that escapes me."

I believe he was glad to have Gwynn's advice, because, of course, I had not contributed a thing.

"Well, Your Honor," beamed Magovern, "I thought I'd better report to you. While I was hanging around the Weston Iron Works, I saw a woman drive up and I got a slant at the initials on the car—'E. W.' I realized it was Doctor Weston, and I wondered what she was doing at the works—her and the old man not being on good terms.

"She hung around the entrance and in a minute down comes young Weston. They had a talk, and finally she come out looking nervous and she kept her hand in her pocket.

"Instead of getting into her car she walked to the corner of Seventh Street where there's a public waste receptacle, and threw something into it. But just then a policeman passed. She stooped to tie her shoe, and after he was around the corner, she went back to the receptacle and put something back in her pocket. Then she drove home."

Andrew removed his cigar thoughtfully. "What was it—have you any idea?"

The man shook his head. "It looked like an oblong package. I also found a girl at the works that Weston was sweet on some years ago. It seems he used to take her out, and then suddenly he began to cool off. Some woman kept calling him up at the office, and he'd drop everything and chase out to meet her. The girl says she got curious—I guess she means jealous—and one day she followed him to this Ainslee woman's house.

"It finally wound up in the old man kicking him out of the works. He's only been back a couple of months —on probation. Thought that might interest Your Honor."

Andrew assured him that it did and Magovern, still beaming, bowed himself out as John March appeared at the door to announce that the district attorney's office had sent over another man.

"Good," said Andrew. "Let him come in."

March ushered in a thickset man named Bartlett.

"**Bartlett,**" said Andrew, "There's a lady named Fraser—Peggy Ann Fraser—who lives in East Benton and whose husband is George Fraser, a banker. Locate her, and ask her to come in to see me tomorrow, if possible. March will give her an appointment."

After Bartlett had written down the name and left the room, Andrew picked up the interoffice phone and told March that Barry Weston was to be shown in as soon as he appeared. I heard March's voice reply that Captain Shelby wanted to see His Honor. Andrew asked him to send in the captain.

"I'm so interested in this case, His Honor can't get rid of me," Gwynn explained to Shelby, who seemed surprised at finding us there.

"Have you found out anything else?" he asked her good-naturedly.

"You'd be surprised!" she (*Continued on page 140*)

Marzi, Maxine's butler, insisted that his mistress was alone when she dressed to go to dinner but lied when he said she was alone on the afternoon before the murder. Why did he try to shield Barry Weston?

The Better things of LIFE!

It was my mother who suggested that if New York or Chicago didn't appreciate my philosophy of Be Good, Do Good, Think Good, Act Good, perhaps Hollywood was the place for me. It *was!* I soon became Hollywood's favorite philosopher (you may have heard of Elmer Bliss), and then I set about telling the world the real truth about Hollywood—for instance, that there were thousands of homes in Hollywood where murder had never even been contemplated.

However, an unfortunate affair cropped up in which a man named Cal Barco murdered seven women, and in trying to gloss over the sordid affair I developed an enemy, a writer for a San Francisco newspaper who failed to share my enthusiasm for optimistic Hollywood. His name was Lansing Marshall. A bitter battle started between us when I began fighting for the Better Things of Life.

Now, during the week that followed Lansing Marshall's bitter attack on southern California, Hollywood and me, I had become deeply involved in an important project for the betterment of our city. In fact, this project had developed into quite a little war of opposing elements, and things had gotten rather fast and furious, for my enemies went so far as to suggest that my assumption that Hollywood *could* be bettered, practically laid me open to the accusation of being a pessimist—a word I frankly dislike.

Now, this project in which I had enlisted my energies and the full force of my pen was a civic plan for changing the name of Hollywood Boulevard during the coming Yuletide season to Santa Claus Lane.

Naturally, there were violent arguments over so radical a procedure and bitter discussions for and against. In the first place, it necessitated the changing of all the street signs, the expense of outfits for ever-so-many Santas, and the purchase of imitation snow and icicles, for naturally these dread symbols of the eastern winter exist *here* only in the form of glass, paper and tinsel.

Now, my absorbing work as leader of the pro-Santa Claus element, which necessitated my rushing here, there and everywhere to make Hollywood shine forth at the gladsome holiday season as a glittering symbol of "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men," had caused me to overlook, for the nonce, the fact that Lansing Marshall was continuing his scurrilous articles on the seven brutal murders of the man Barco, to the detriment of our civic reputation.

Other citizens of Hollywood, however, were keeping an eye on Marshall's rascally activities, and one morning I received a telephone call asking me to meet with a committee of public-spirited souls, who had banded themselves together to see if something could not be done to crush him. Naturally I accepted.

It was a meeting I shall never forget—one of those events that change the course of a whole lifetime—big, potent, full of meaning, and headed by my old friend and admirer, Mr. C. C. Cahoon. For whenever trouble appears on the horizon, C. C. Cahoon has always one suggestion to offer, and only one: "Send for Elmer Bliss!"

Alert, as ever, and, as ever, on the *qui vive*, I appeared at the meeting, and the committee explained

Illustrations by Walter Van Arsdale

Searching for new thrills, the Barcos dropped into the spiritual home of a beautiful female divine.

The Progress of a Pure-minded Pilgrim in HOLLYWOOD

by Anita Loos

who wrote

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

¶ *Among the Philosophists, Romance still followed Jessie. Barco's intentions, aside from murder, were strictly honorable.*

what had been done before I was called in. Here is the matter, in a nutshell:

It seems that the meeting had first been called when it was realized that the murderer Barco could never have murdered seven women without having a certain variety in his victims, and that this would naturally involve in the case a large number of widely scattered civic elements. And as the case drew nearer and nearer to the day set for the opening of the trial, it began to look as if citizens from nearly every walk of life in our fair community were going to be dragged into it.

Now, this would be matter enough for civic discomfort under the mildest of circumstances. But with this scoundrel Marshall writing up the case, seizing upon the bare mention of names of the most innocent bystanders, to go into their private lives, or into the affairs of their most sacred institutions, it made the whole thing not-to-be-thought-of.

For instance, two of the members of Mr. Cahoon's committee were from the Hollywood Boulevard Association. Now, to the members of this association, Hollywood Boulevard is as sacred as the Rue de la Paix is to the fiery Frenchman or Bond Street to the stanch British patriot. And, unluckily, it had been the practice of the fiend, Cal Barco, to make the acquaintance of his victims by accosting them on Hollywood Boulevard.

Now, this fact would give Marshall an opportunity to hint that Hollywood Boulevard is a street on which women can be "picked up"—for other and worse purposes than murder, perhaps. *And that would never do!*

Also, there were present at the committee meeting, several representatives of a number of the unique religious sects in which southern California so richly abounds. For it seems that the third one of Barco's victims, Jessie Wisben, had been of such a devout nature that she had joined a number of these sects, one after the other, and the representatives of these sects on the committee were worried over what attitude Marshall might take, if *they* should be dragged into the Barco case.

It seems that Jessie Wisben had begun her devotional life in Los Angeles, with the "Holy Rollers," who express their Faith by rolling around on the floor of a cellar down on Main Street. Here, she had got into rather close contact with several men, and some sort of romantic affair had developed.

However, it had not turned out for the best, and after a stormy love-life among the Holy Rollers, she finally renounced the creed. Now, this was as far as the Holy Rollers figured in the Barco case, but it was far enough to give Lansing Marshall an opening to comment on the mere physical aspect of holy rolling and overlook its spiritual significance.

After leaving the Holy Rollers, Jessie Wisben had been drawn into the bosom of an outdoor colony of "Philosophists," who live up one of our more secluded gullies and, in their broad-minded desire to get the largest possible surface contact with Mother Nature, wear a minimum of clothing. How Marshall would love to make crude witticisms on this fact, concerning which we healthy-minded Hollywooders have never an obscene thought!

¶ *C. C. Cahoon has always one suggestion: "Send for Elmer Bliss!"*

Among the Philosophists, Romance

(*Cont. on page 148*)

RANSOM

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

If it was incredibly gallant, it was no less incredibly foolish of the Atrevida to have meddled with the Arabella, considering the Spaniard's inferior armament and the orders under which she sailed.

The Arabella, going westward in haste to overtake her consorts, which were a full day ahead, was looking neither to right nor to left when the Atrevida espied her, turned aside to steer across her course and opened the attack by a shot athwart her hawse.

The Spaniard's commander, Don Vicente de Casanegra, was actuated by a belief in himself that was tempered by no consciousness of his limitations.

The result was precisely what might have been expected. The Arabella went promptly about on a southern tack which presently brought her on to the Atrevida's windward quarter, thus scoring the first tactical advantage. Thence, whilst still out of range of the Spaniard's sakers, the Arabella poured in a crippling fire from her demicannons. At closer quarters she followed this up with crossbar and langrel, and so cut and slashed the Atrevida's rigging that she could no longer have fled, even had Don Vicente been disposed to do so. Finally within pistol range, the Arabella hammered her with a broadside that converted the trim Spanish frigate into an impotent hulk. When, after that, they grappled, the Spaniards avoided death by surrender, and it was to Captain Blood himself that the mortified Don Vicente delivered up his sword.

"This will teach you not to bark at me when I am passing peacefully by," said Captain Blood. "I see that you call yourself the Atrevida. But I account you more impudent than daring."

His opinion was even lower when, in the course of investigating his capture, he found among the ship's papers a letter from the Spanish Admiral, Don Miguel de Espinosa y Valdez, containing Don Vicente's sailing

A daring Exploit of that Bold Buccaneer

Captain Blood ~ by Rafael Sabatini

orders. In these he was instructed to join the Admiral's squadron with all speed at Spanish Key off Bieques, for the purpose of a raid upon the English settlement of Antigua. Don Miguel was conveniently expressive.

> Although (he wrote) his Catholic Majesty is at peace with England, yet England makes no endeavor to repress the damnable activities of the pirate Blood in Spanish waters. Therefore it becomes necessary to make reprisals and obtain compensation for all that Spain has suffered at the hands of this indemoniated filibuster.

Having stowed the disarmed Spaniards under hatches—all save the rash Don Vicente, who was taken aboard the Arabella under parole—Blood put a prize crew into the Atrevida, patched up her wounds, and set a southeasterly course for the passage between Anegada and the Virgin Islands.

He explained the changed intentions this implied at a council held that evening in the great cabin and attended by Wolverstone, his lieutenant, Pitt, his shipmaster, Ogle, who commanded on the main deck, and two representatives of the main body of his followers—one of whom, Albin, was a Frenchman. This because one-third of the buccaneers aboard the Arabella at the time were French.

He met with some opposition when he announced the intention of making for Antigua.

This opposition was epitomized by Wolverstone, who banged the table with a fist that was like a ham before delivering himself. "To the devil with King James and all who serve him! It's enough that we never make war upon English ships or English settlements. But I'll be damned if I account it our duty to protect folk whose hands are against us."

Captain Blood explained. "The impending Spanish raid is in the nature of reprisals for damage suffered by Spaniards at our hands. This seems to me to impose a duty upon us. We may not be patriots, as ye say, Wolverstone, and we may not be altruists. If we go to

¶ *From the old fort Blood surveyed Don Miguel's persuaded at last that the Spanish menace was*

warn and remain to assist, we do so as mercenaries whose services are to be paid for by a garrison which should be glad to hire them." Thus he prevailed.

At dawn, having negotiated the passage, they hove to with the southernmost point of the Virgen Gorda some four miles away on their starboard quarter. The sea being calm, Captain Blood ordered the boats of the Atrevida to be launched and her crew to depart in them, whereafter the two ships proceeded on their way to the Leeward Islands.

Going south of Saba with gentle breezes, they were off the west coast of Antigua on the morning of the next day, and with the Union Jack at the masthead they came to cast anchor in ten fathoms on the north side of the shoal that divides the entrance to Fort Bay.

A few minutes after noon, just as Colonel Courtney, the Captain General of the Leeward Islands, whose seat of government was in Antigua, had sat down to dinner

squadron. At his elbow stood the captain general, a reality. Within a half-hour battle was joined.

with Mrs. Courtney and Captain Macartney, he was astounded by the announcement that Captain Blood had landed at St. John and desired to wait upon him.

Colonel Courtney, a tall, dried-up man of forty-five, sandy and freckled, stared with pale red-rimmed eyes at Mr. Ives, his young secretary, who had brought the message. "Captain Blood, did you say? Captain Blood? What Captain Blood? Surely not the cursed pirate of that name, the gallows bird from Barbados?"

Mr. Ives permitted himself to smile upon His Excellency's excitement. "The same, sir."

Colonel Courtney flung his napkin amid the dishes on the spread table, and rose, still incredulous. "And he's here? Here? Is he mad? Has the sun touched him? Stab me, I'll have him in irons for his impudence before I dine, and on his way to England before——" He broke off. "Egad!" he cried, and swung to his second in command. "We'd better have him in, Macartney."

Macartney's round face, as red as his coat, showed an amazement no less than Colonel Courtney's. That a rascal with a price on his head should have the impudence to pay a morning call on the captain general of an English settlement was something that left Captain Macartney almost speechless and more incapable of thought than usual.

Mr. Ives admitted into the long, cool, sparsely furnished room a tall spare gentleman, elegant in a suit of biscuit-colored taffetas. A diamond of price gleamed amid the choice lace at his throat; a diamond buckle flashed from the band of the plumed hat he carried; a long pear-shaped pearl hung from his left ear and glowed against the black curls of his periwig. He leaned upon a gold-mounted ebony cane.

So unlike a buccaneer was this modish gentleman that they stared in silence into the long lean sardonic countenance with its high-bridged nose and eyes that looked startlingly blue and cold in a face that was burnt to the color of an Indian's. More and more incredulous, the colonel brought out a question with a jerk.

"You are Captain Blood?"

The gentleman bowed. Captain Macartney gasped and desired his vitals to be stabbed. The colonel said, "Egad!" again, and his pale eyes bulged. He looked at his pallid wife, at Macartney and then again at Captain Blood. "You're a daring rogue. A daring rogue, egad!"

"I see you've heard of me."

"But not enough to credit this. Ye'll not have come to surrender?"

The buccaneer sauntered forward to the table. Instinctively Macartney rose.

"If ye'll be reading this it will save a world of explanations." And he laid before His Excellency the letter from the Spanish Admiral. "The fortune of war brought it into my hand (*Continued on page 130*)

The Woman Plays

Here was a wife giving her husband about the most handicap that can be invented. And Henry never realized how ridiculous he was.

I'm standing on number one tee when the Quiet Foursome comes yelling up the eighteenth fairway. When they've each played five on the par-four hole and are still several shots away from the trapped green, I hear them kidding Henry Smith, who is the worst golfer of the crowd.

Macklin Roberts, who is a bank president and cold as a fish when there's any business to be transacted, is laughing out loud as Mr. Smith takes his stance and begins to waggle his club.

"Better make this good, old-timer," he advises. "Your game has got to improve—or else."

Talked right on Mr. Smith's shot, he did, and the feller dubbed the ball into a sandtrap. But Henry didn't get mad. You could tell he was enjoying being kidded and didn't care how much more than a hundred his score was.

Well, they struggled up to the green and putted around for a while and then they began squabbling over their card and who won the most five-cent skates, and to hear them quarrel you would of thought that thirty or forty cents made an awful lot of difference, when as a matter of fact they was four of the richest men in town and liberal, too. But this foursome, which played three times a week regular, was a religion with them and they would rather win in that than make a hundred thousand on the stock market.

Finally they make way for a twosome which is coming up the fairway and three of these fellers go to the clubhouse to play the nineteenth hole while Henry Smith waddles into my shop. He looks like he wants to chat with me—kind of busting out with information—and so I follow him.

He's a swell guy, this Smith. It's due to him and the other members of the Quiet Foursome that I'm pro at the club, because when Dougald left they wanted to import a guy from Scotland, but these four fellers who are punk golfers but control the board of directors worked it so they promoted me from club-maker to pro, and of course I'm grateful to them as well as being fond.

Mr. Smith hoists himself on the counter and sits there grinning at me like a schoolboy who has done something he is proud of and wants an audience to tell it to.

"Shoot good today, Mr. Smith?" I ask.

"Oh, pretty fair. Hundred and six. I kind of messed up that last hole."

"Yeah, I noticed that. One of these days you'll keep your eye on the ball, and——"

"I'll never be a good golfer, Pete." Then his eyes crinkle at the corners. "But I believe I am the finest and most consistent slicer in the world. Pete," he says, "I've got that slice of mine lashed to the mast. It's marvelous the way I can control it, except on number fourteen I always straighten out my shot and the ball goes out of bounds."

He lights a cigaret and commences saying nothing. I follow suit, and begin thinking what a fine feller he is.

Henry Smith is only thirty-one years old. He has got all kinds of money and family and position, and he's everything in the world except what he would like to be—which is a real golfer.

Him and the other three members of the Quiet Foursome are the sort that keep golf pros happy. They take lots of lessons, which never do them any good; they're always buying new clubs, hoping to improve their game; and you can sell them any crazy gadget that is invented. None of that foursome ever broke 98 in tournament play and any time they get below 102, they boast about it.

The other members of the Quiet Foursome are the same, only different. Macklin Roberts is president of

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustration by
Charles R. Chickering

the biggest bank in the state. He is forty-three years old, tall, severe-looking and thin, and he's got a weakness for using a mashie when he ought to be swinging a midiron. Norris Walters is thirty-six years of age, good-looking and about medium size. George Mabry, who says he ain't yet forty, is a broker; tall and heavy-set, but nice. Always cracking jokes against himself. You know the type.

Everybody in the club likes and respects them, and the caddies are all crazy about carrying their bags because they tip fine and—well, I guess just because they are regular fellers who when they play golf together forget everything in the world but golf and what a good time they are having. Things have gone on like this ever since I first come to the club.

Suddenly Mr. Smith looks at me, kind of peculiar, and asks a question.

"Pete," he asks, "did you ever hear of Doris March?"

That's a laugh, of course. Doris March has been three times Women's National champion and only lost last year because on the last hole of the finals the gallery crowded the fairway too close and her drive hurt somebody, and she was nervous after that and couldn't putt.

"Yes," I says, "and I've also heard of Bobby Jones."

"Have you ever met her, Pete?"

"Sure. I met her year before last when she won the southern tournament on this course."

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"She's a good scout, Mr. Smith, and pretty as a picture, and as a golfer she's a sweetheart."

Henry Smith sighs and smiles. "Pete," he says, "Doris and I are getting married next week!"

Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather. It ain't that Henry Smith wasn't her type in every way when it come to money and society trimmings, but somehow I couldn't imagine a duffer like him marrying one of the greatest women golfers who ever lived—a classy girl who didn't think nothing of breaking eighty about every fourth round.

I'm all flustered by the announcement and I reckon I show it. Mr. Smith's eyes crinkle good-naturedly at the corners.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Sure . . . "

"Seems queer, doesn't it?"

"No, sir. It ain't that. Only——"

"Only she's such a swell golfer you can't imagine her marrying a duffer like me, eh?"

I grinned. "Something like that, sir. But gosh! won't it be a swell thing for this town when she moves here? We ain't ever had a national champion—or anybody who even come close to being one." I laughed. "I'll bet Sandy Pearson will be plenty sorry to lose her." Sandy was the lad who taught Miss March what she knew, and he's a plenty fine pro.

"His loss is my gain," says Mr. Smith happily. Then his face gets serious. "Listen, Pete, don't you think it's bound to improve my game if I play around with my wife a lot?"

"Maybe so, Mr. Smith. Of course you've got a heap of bad golfing habits——"

"But she'll straighten me out. Boy! wouldn't it be great if I could whittle my game down to the low nineties?"

"Uh-huh. I guess it would. But you're counting on love to get real miraculous, ain't you?"

He jumps down from the counter, pounds me on the back and says he'll show me. Then he goes off whistling, and I'm happy because he is.

And then, just before he passes into the clubhouse, I get a thought that brings me up standing.

If he's going to marry Doris March and start golfing with her exclusive, what is going to become of the Quiet Foursome?

Well, anyway, they get married and the newspapers are full of it—not only on the society pages, but also in the sports sections where the golf writers boast about now the city will have a real champion, and they sketch her tournament record which shows three national titles, five southern championships and several victories in other major tournaments.

Well, there ain't any special use going into detail about what happened when they come back from their honeymoon. I'll say right off (*Continued on page 136*)

How a QUEEN *Acts*

© *Exclusive photographs by P & A*

when She thinks No one is Looking

¶ They made a Queen laugh. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, British comedians, in the farce, "A Night Like This."

This is probably the first time in history that anyone has photographed a Queen in such intimate fashion. In these pictures you see Queen Mary of England off dignity—as few of her own subjects or her American admirers ever see her—enjoying, with her daughter, Princess Mary, a matinée performance of a current British farce at the Aldwych. Not only are the photographs unusual, but the taking of them in the darkened auditorium of a theater is more so. A telescopic lens, especially designed for making photographs in the dark, was used and the pictures snapped by "Cyclops" with the "Candid Camera."

You see Her Majesty, unconscious of the fact that she is being photographed, surveying the audience, studying her program, engrossed in the action on the stage and showing her enjoyment of the antics of the comedians.

by Louis Bromfield

Rosie and Tony

who were linked together by unbreakable bonds. Rosie feared Tony but she loved him, even if he'd come to kill her. And Tony knew there wasn't another woman in the world like Rosie. But—there wasn't any Rosie now.

Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

Shattered Glass

The Story So Far:

The hours rolled swiftly by, packed with drama for the men and women Hector Champion had invited to dinner one wintry evening to satisfy his insatiable curiosity. During dinner Old Hector discovered that the rumored intrigue between Jim Towner's wife Fanny and David Melbourn was indeed a fact, for Fanny betrayed her love for Melbourn and her jealousy of Ruby Wintringham.

But when all the guests had left Old Hector picked up a note Melbourn had written to Mrs. Wintringham. "Wait for me at home," it read. "I'll come no matter how late. I must talk to you." And the old man knew that though Melbourn was taking Fanny Towner home, already she had lost him to that other woman.

Fanny's husband Jim had left Old Hector's party early to go to Rosa Dugan, the night-club singer who made up to him for all he had missed in his marriage. Jim knew of his wife's affair with Melbourn and it troubled him, particularly on account of their children, but he was afraid to ask Fanny to give it up for fear he would lose Rosa, too. He stopped at a speak-easy on his way to the night club, and as he entered he saw bloodstains near the door. While waiting for his drink, he heard voices from a back room.

"Poor Sam . . . Who done it?" asked one.

"Dago Tony," another answered.

Feeling a little sick, Towner left the place and plodded on through the snow, thinking of Rosa. At the club, where he was known as "Mr. Wilson," he heard her warm husky voice through the plush curtains, and he went at once into the crowded room.

Rosa had been born Rosie Healy. She was a sister of Pat Healy, the doorman at Old Hector's apartment. She had had a child when she was seventeen; its father was a gunman, Tony Bruzzi, whom Rosie had loved as she never could love any other man. When her father had discovered that Rosie was going to have a child he had forced Tony to marry her. But the baby had died and Tony had been sent to Sing Sing soon after their marriage. Rosie had not seen him for years—not until she had become famous as Rosa Dugan and was singing at Franconi's night club—"Rosa's Place." Then, one night, Tony had appeared again and for two weeks they had a wild renewal of their honeymoon. But Tony was a dope fiend and a killer and one morning Rosa awoke to find him standing over her with a pair of scissors in his hand, ready to stab her.

When he had come to himself again she had told him that she was finished with him for good, and she had not heard from him again until this night when Jim came to the club from Old Hector's. Rosa was called into the little reception room. She knew it was Tony who wanted to see her and she was afraid he would kill her. But when she saw him he didn't appear to have a gun. He looked haggard and dirty, and he said:

"You gotta take me back. You gotta."

Rosa only answered slowly: "I'm not gonna take you back, and I'd be thankful if you'd give me back my keys."

He didn't look at her. "I can't give 'em back. I ain't got 'em. I lost 'em."

But when she insisted, fearing that Tony might come into her apartment that night and kill Jim Towner, he allowed her to search him. Rosa didn't find the keys, but she did find a pistol scarcely larger than the palm of her hand. She took it from him, called an attendant and had Tony thrown out, screaming and cursing.

Jim was asleep when she returned to her table and she could not arouse him. There was nothing to do but take him home with her, though she was still afraid that Tony might come back . . .

Following almost in Jim Towner's footsteps, Philip Dantry, Old Hector's nephew, hurried to the theater where Janie Fagan had just opened in a new play. Philip was in love with Janie, but he felt that he had

nothing to offer her that would compare with the glamour of her life on the stage. She seemed to him all that was pure and wonderful, and he was dazed with his good fortune when she asked him to have supper with her that night in her apartment. It was the first time he had been alone with her there and after supper he asked her to marry him, though he could not believe she would ever love him enough to give up her career.

But Janie knew that if she married Philip she would be both rich and fashionable. She saw her pictures in all the papers and headlines: "Prominent young clubman weds popular actress." And, too, she was touched by his shy love-making, so different from her memories of other lovers. So when he said huskily: "I want you to marry me," she answered, with a smile: "I meant to marry you all along, if you ever gave me the chance."

Later, afraid that someone might tell him things against her and that she might lose him, she said: "Don't go away, darling. Don't ever leave me again. Don't go—even tonight. We'll be married tomorrow. Let this be our wedding night" . . .

Ruby Wintringham had driven home with Savina Jerrold. Once, years before, Savina had wanted to marry Hector, but he had refused her and now she was the one person in the world he could count on. Savina never failed him. She hadn't tonight when Hector had told her of the radiogram he had received at dinner, the shock of which had caused him to break one of his precious crystal goblets. It was from his sister Nancy, who a quarter of a century before had created a scandal by eloping with Patrick Dantry, the husband of her dead sister Mary.

Philip was Patrick's and Mary's son and after the death of his father, soon after the elopement, Hector had taken the child to live with him. Now Nancy was coming home. Savina asked him to bring her to tea the next day in Savina's old house in Murray Hill, and she asked Ruby Wintringham to join them.

When Ruby left Savina's old-fashioned car she went up to the penthouse where she lived with her son, the child of her first husband Fred Saunders, to wait for Melbourn. Fred Saunders had died when they had been married only two months, and then Ruby had married Charlie Wintringham for his money, and had taken money from him even after their divorce in order to get on in the world into which she had been thrown with a child to support, and without money or experience. Now Melbourn, she knew, wanted to marry her and he would give her all the things she craved, but she was afraid . . .

Ruby Wintringham, staring into the fire and thinking back over all that had happened to her, was roused by the sound of a clock somewhere among the distant towers striking the hour of two. She had not thought of the time because she had been so lost in the romantic, sentimental lingering over her past, and when she heard the clock strike she was angry at Melbourn for having kept her up to such an hour, even though he was coming to ask her to be his wife.

She thought, "Perhaps he's not coming at all. Perhaps Mrs. Towner has got the better of him and won't let him come." And then she thought that poor Fanny Towner could not stop Melbourn from doing what he meant to do, and she fetched whisky and soda and ice and cigars so that when he came he would be comfortable.

As she put the whisky on the little table by the fire, she thought that Melbourn, coming in so late, might be hungry, and she went to the kitchen and made sandwiches.

She put them on the table with the whisky and soda and placed a bowl of daffodils beside them.

The bell of the telephone rang gently and she went to answer it quickly before its sound wakened Ralph. She went to the door and opened it. Then she returned and stood leaning against the mantelpiece in the flame-colored tea gown, waiting for him.

A man of reserve and mystery, David Melbourn, who found in Ruby Wintringham a woman who understood him fully

When Melbourn stepped out of the elevator, he found the door of the penthouse open, and he went in and left his coat and hat on the chest in the hall. It wasn't any longer a strange hall, for he had come to know it well since that autumn night when he met Ruby at dinner on Long Island and motored her home.

He saw now that the ride back to town had marked the beginning of the end of his affair with Fanny, because Ruby had made Fanny seem cheap and silly. Tonight he saw clearly that Ruby was the real thing and that Fanny was only a fraud and an imitation.

As he entered the house he wasn't thinking of Ruby's beauty or of her desirability as a woman, but of her poise and common sense and charm and all the qualities which could be of use to him. He was thinking of her, coldly, as he might have considered a man whom he chose as a partner, so when he saw her in the crimson gown, all his calculations were blown to pieces by the impact of her beauty.

It seemed to him that he saw her for the first time and for the first time he saw that he was not old and tired and that his affair with Fanny had not failed because he was an old man. He knew that he was really in love as he had once been many years before. But at the same time he knew that he must keep his head and not make a fool of himself.

She said, "Hello," and smiled, holding out her hand and waiting for him to cross the room toward her, and he wanted to smile because he saw at once that she meant him to make all the advances. He thought, "She is clever. She knows the game." And then, "How unlike Fanny!"

But he hesitated before speaking and then said awkwardly, "I apologize for making you wait so long. I hadn't thought what I was asking you to do."

"I don't mind. I usually read until late, anyway."

"I shouldn't have asked you at all except that it was important."

Then he noticed the sandwiches and the whisky and cigars laid out on the table beside the bowl of daffodils he had sent and he thought again, "How charming!" and, "How unlike Fanny!"

Ruby offered him the whisky and sandwiches and he was aware of a stiffness and restraint which he never experienced. Somehow she had made him feel awkward without losing her own poise.

"Thanks," he said and waited for her to pour the whisky.

As she put down the bottle he saw again what he had noticed on that first evening months ago—that she had what he had described to himself as "the gift of intimacy." She had a way of brushing aside all coquetry and pretense and taking you at once into the closed garden that was kept for old friends.

But because he had for too long lived without friends and without intimacy he felt now that he could not enter the garden. He had forgotten how it was done. He could enter it only by demolishing the long-accumulated barriers that shut him in. And because so many years had passed since he had been really in love, he did not know how to proceed.

So he said helplessly, "They are excellent sandwiches. Did you send out for them?"

"I made them myself."

"Oh." And again the thought of Fanny returned to him. He could not picture Fanny making anything.

She laughed and said, "I *can* cook. I hate it, but I can if I have to."

He sought refuge in a banal compliment. "You're a clever woman. I think you could do anything."

He sat down, wanting to say directly why he had come, but he could not utter the words, so he observed that Hector's dinner had been a terrible affair and while they talked about that and about Savina and Philip (but never once about Fanny) another part of his brain was occupied with the question of how he was to begin. At last he plunged desperately.

"I suppose you guessed why I came tonight."

But she did not help him. "How should I guess?"

"You might have had a suspicion by now."

"Perhaps."

It occurred to him then that she did know but meant not to give away her hand. He fancied that perhaps she thought he had come to ask her to be his mistress and that in her heart she meant to have him only as a husband. So he said bluntly: "I want you to marry me." She tried to speak but he stopped her. "I don't want your answer yet. I don't want it until you've heard a great many things I have to tell you. They're things you ought to know. I think it's the only fair way to arrange it."

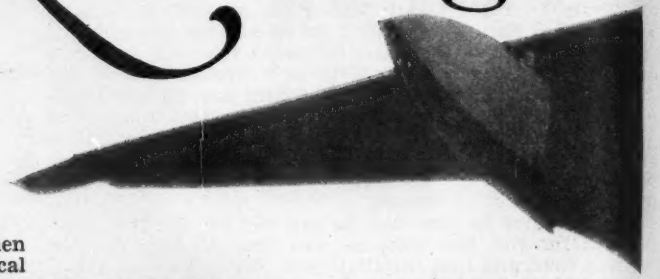
"If it's about——"

"No, it's not about other women. Not altogether." He looked at her sharply. "I don't suppose you're a prig."

"No."

"It's more than that, and it (*Continued on page 103*)

Mrs. Lindbergh



Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh met flying in the same quiet way in which she meets whatever life brings to her. She is an extremely feminine, gentle person, essentially modest, totally lacking mannerisms, pretenses, superiorities.

Small of stature, she yet has a charming dignity when surrounded by people. Most notable of her physical features are her large blue eyes which look out from long lashes, often with a quizzical gleam, directly and frankly at everyone—except perhaps news photographers! Her bobbed brown hair is combed back in a natural wave from a wide, intelligent forehead. Her skin is fair and clear. About her mouth a smile always seems to lurk.

Her dress is simple, like her direct manners. As pilot or passenger, she shuns affectations. Ordinary street or sport clothes suffice, except when she plans to fly in an open cockpit when frigid temperatures make flying suits essential. Then, her diminutive figure engulfed in ungainly togs, as her five-feet-something patters along beside her six-feet-several husband, she looks for all the world like a tiny Teddy bear.

Mrs. Lindbergh soloed at the Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, Long Island, last summer. Of her accomplishment she makes little. I think she feels any young woman capable of passing the physical requirements of the Department of Commerce could do the same, even without the tutelage of so distinguished an instructor as her husband.

P. & A.

Mrs. Lindbergh has never allowed herself to be "interviewed." No statement uttered by her about anything whatsoever has been printed with her sanction. She holds, in effect, that she herself is not sufficiently expert in things aeronautical for her opinions to have any worth; and that her personal views and activities are private matters and must be respected as such.

"What kind of an individual is Mrs. Lindbergh, anyway?" a reporter asked me. "What does she do? What does she say? You know to the world she is a woman of mystery."

Under the circumstances I could tell him nothing. But there are no secrets about her—just natural reticences. Mrs. Lindbergh is an unusual person but not mysterious. She does what she wishes. She reads, and writes letters. She drives her own car. She slips out of the house when she pleases and goes where she pleases.

This article, then, is no "interview." Perhaps there never will be one. I told Mrs. Lindbergh and the colonel I hoped to write something about them.

"Do you really like to fly?"

"What actually are the sensations of flying?"

Those two questions are most often asked Mrs. Lindbergh—mostly by other women. That second query, indeed, is invariably asked of all who are associated with aviation in any capacity.

As to the first, I think it will surprise many to know that even before she met Colonel Lindbergh, the then Anne Morrow was enough interested in flying to have decided she would herself learn to handle an airplane sometime.

Mrs. Lindbergh said substantially this to me in California a short time ago. She was quiet, sincere, simply making a statement to another woman who, like herself, travels mostly by air.

"Do you not find," I asked, "that most individuals hesitate to travel by air because they anticipate some unpleasant sensation rather than because they are really afraid of flying?"

As I expected, Mrs. Lindbergh agreed. Pooling our experiences, we decided that dread of dizziness or air-sickness or what everyone knows as the "elevator feeling" seems to be a greater deterrent to a non-flyer than possible risk of his neck.

I think the hesitancy which sometimes seems to hold back Mrs. Lindbergh's expressions of opinion is due to no lack of ideas and knowledge, but rather to a

W. W.

Keystone

Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh ready to hop off for parts unknown.

By

Amelia Earhart

Keystone

¶ *The glider in which Mrs. Lindbergh won her glider pilot's license.*

desire to find exactly the right words with which to express her meaning. In speaking of her own flying, she was careful to make her attitude clear. It was not to be her business. In spite of that, she felt that any woman who took it up unprofessionally could find in it the greatest interest and enjoyment.

She went on to outline what one might call "the philosophy of flying" of one who is undoubtedly today America's best-known woman flyee—she will not permit herself to be called "pilot" until she has flown alone enough to qualify for a license. It is simply this, that aviation is one of the most progress-bringing occupations today.

Of course, she considers it only as transportation, and as such, feels it an important part of living. It does not lie so close to humanity's primal needs as food-getting or shelter requirements, but it means a great deal in satisfaction and comfort and in the distribution of much that is desirable.

Considering the extent and importance of transportation, I believe many will agree with this opinion. For after all nothing is more fundamental to civilization than the movement of man and (*Continued on page 196*)

The Dark Horse

By Irvin S. Cobb

A Story of Judge Priest

Illustrations by Walter Biggs

In parts of the rural South, where it is known as the "Affikin Telegraph," it is believed still to be in use, being a primitive method of communicating news across considerable distances. It is a thing regarding which there always has been some mystery and various conflicting theories.

For convenience in their signaling back and forth in the old days out West, the Indians frequently had heights of land. But as practiced by the black people who often are dwellers in flatlands and marshy lands and wooded lands, there is more of a mystery about it.

Whatever it is, its inner secrets are denied to white people. It would appear that those details are the exclusive property of a race which is closer to savagery than the possessors of our so-called civilization are.

In any event, it is reasonable to assume that this system operated to the advantage of one Marshall Pitman, colored. Else how could he, living at the farther side of Buzzard-Tail Swamp miles off the main track of travel, have learned so promptly that a certain young gentleman, a grandson of his owner in the slavery time, was due from training camp with an officer's commission in his pocket?

Nobody thought to send word to this Marshall Pitman. How then he so expeditiously got the word was never revealed. Merely the fact remained that somehow or other and most expeditiously he did get it, and having got it acted upon it according to his private lights.

The name of the young man was Randall Pitman or, giving him the title which now he wore, Captain Randall Pitman, United States Army. On the heels of the breaking-off of relations with the Central Powers and the President's call to the nation, a telegram from him came to Judge Priest, who was his great-uncle and his surviving closest-of-kin in those Kentucky parts, saying that having been given two weeks' leave before departing for duty, he meant to spend at least one week of it visiting his kinsman.

Possibly at the back of his mind the young man had the pleasant notion of showing off the new uniform and the shiny bars on his tunic straps before the friends of his boyhood in the old home town, which same would be a natural and an excusable vanity. Uniforms were less common than they would be later on; the very sight was calculated to set maidenly hearts to fluttering.

Moreover, Captain Randall Pitman was returning to the place of his birth after several years of absence. Since he was seventeen he had been living in Denver; and in the interval had grown from a gangling sapling into a straight and personable figure of a man.

His wire reached Judge Priest on a Monday forenoon, less than five hours before the southbound from Louisville brought the sender. Judge Priest met him at the station and Jeff Poindexter drove them to the house.

For supper there was a succession of dishes which had always been favorites of the captain, and after supper there was much talk about wars—the war which the younger man was about to enter, the war in which the old man had served for nearly four years. And now it was next morning and the two of them sat late over their breakfast, a tailor-made cigaret and a homemade cob pipe going.

While they sat, a Negro man mounted on a rather good-looking nag was riding at a brisk clip through Clay Street. The rider sat erect in the saddle and showed some suppleness as his bony long body swayed to the cantering gait, but the thatching of woolly hair which shone forth below the line of his broad-brimmed slouch hat was snow-white; and viewed at close range, his eyes would have revealed to you that yellowish stain and the skin over his cheek bones that brownish-blue overcast which among people of his color mean a ripened age.

He was neatly and carefully dressed—a decent dark suit, a clean blue cotton shirt, trouser-legs folded down inside the tops of high hunting boots. These boots evidently had been newly and most thoroughly greased; they gleamed with a dull oily polish; there was no mud stain on either of them, but the mare's legs were muddy and wet to her knees.

The horseman's left hand held the bridle reins and his right supported a battered repeating rifle, its muzzle pointing up, its stock resting against the bearer's thigh.

By these signs you might have said to yourself that here was an old-timy-looking old darky starting on a deer drive while oddly wearing his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. By other signs you might have deduced that he had taken due precaution against being caught by night out in the deep woods somewhere, since he had brought along with him a pair of well-stuffed saddlebags and had tied on behind his saddle a sizable bed roll of gay-colored rag quilts.

It was a puzzle to figure out just what he could be about anyhow—dressed and equipped and armed like that, and yet jogging across town.

With the air of a man soberly intent on pressing business, he rode up Clay Street until he came to Judge Priest's house. In front of it he halted and dismounted—he betrayed some stiffness so doing—and he tethered the mare to a gnawed hitching post which still stood at the curb edge as a sort of monument to the memory of

"Whut kind o' war is it whar a bran'-new young cap'n can't take his bodygyard 'long wid him?" asked Uncle Marsh. Captain Randall appealed to Judge Priest. "You tell him, please, Uncle Billy."

the late Mittie May, she that once and for long had been Judge Priest's buggy-mare.

Mittie May was in the bone yard and the venerable side-bar buggy, which in her prime she had drawn so many hundreds of miles, was vanished where most buggies vanished after automobiles came in. But, perhaps for sentimental reasons, the judge never did give the order for the uprooting of that ancient relic.

To the day of his death it stayed right there, an incongruous and a useless antique, a thing unbeautifully symbolic of remembered yesterdays. Probably the oncoming generation would have difficulty in remembering them at all. But the judge and others of his age would remember.

Still holding fast to his rifle, the new arrival opened the gate and clunked up the narrow gravel walk and was making the turn which would carry him around the house to the kitchen wing when the host and his guest, dressed as if for a stroll, emerged from the front door.

"Why, it's Marshall!" called out Judge Priest in tones of pleased surprise. "Hello there, Marshall! Come on up here and git acquainted all over ag'in with your little boss of the old days. Only, he's not so little any more, eh?"

"He shore to Gawd ain't!" exulted the black man. He removed his hat and, mounting the steps, shook hands first with the older man and then with the nephew. But even while he was greeting the judge his approving

eyes scarcely left that slim soldierly shape waiting alongside; and next he was holding fast to young Pitman's hand and squeezing it hard and saying, "Mist' Ranny, suh, at yo' service, suh." Then, with a sort of simple dignity: "I welcomes you home, suh; I'se proud to welcome you home, suh."

"By grannies, but I'm glad to see you, too, Uncle Marsh," said the captain. "Isn't it lucky now, you happening along on my very first morning in town?"

"Hit didn't happen, suh, 'twuz done a-puppose."

"**But looky** here, Marsh, how'd it come you got the news so prompt, livin' 'way out yonder on the back aidge of those miry slashes?" asked Judge Priest.

"Huh!" grunted the Negro. "Think ary w'ite Pitman kin fly into dis county widout a black Pitman knowin' 'bout it befo' he's lit?"

"And you came all the way in just to say howdy to me and wish me well?" exclaimed young Pitman. "I appreciate it, Uncle Marsh, I do so! I don't know of anybody I'd rather see today than you."

"Yassuh," said the old Negro. "I come fur dat. But dat ain't all whut fetch me."

Now he did what seemed to the youngster a curious thing. He stepped back a pace, let his rifle butt down on the planks with a smart thump, returned his hat to his head, brought his right hand up to the brim of the hat with a gesture which was awkwardly suggestive of a military salute and said:

"Mist' Ranny — 'scuse me, suh, I should say Cap'n Ranny—Cap'n Ranny, I'se ready!"

"Ready?" The captain's voice was puzzled. "Ready for what, Uncle Marsh?"

But Judge Priest, standing behind him, was no longer puzzled. A quick filminess obscured the judge's vision, and softly, in the manner of one reverently moved, the judge slowly said: "Well, I wish't I might be dam'!"

"Repo'tin' myse'f ready fur service, suh," explained the Negro, still stiffly at attention.

"Service? I'm afraid I don't quite understand. Service where?"

"Service wharever you goes frum now on, da's wharever." He unbent slightly. "Cap'n Ranny, I'se come wid my weepon an' my 'quipments. Des soon ez I got de word 'bout you, I made ready so's I could git started fur yere at sunup. Yere's my weepon by my side. Yonder's my campin' plunder tied onto dat mare yonder.

"She's a good traveler, dat mare is. She kin keep up no matter how fast or how fur dey marches us. I guarantees de mare. Myse'f, I mebbe ain't so young no mo' but I'se still survigrous. I guarantees myse'f. Cap'n Ranny, I'se ready right dis minute to ride off wid you to dat fur-off war—set an' ready."

"Good Lord!" Under his breath the youngster uttered it, and now all at once his voice was getting shaky. "But Uncle Marsh, you can't go with me. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. I'm—I'm kind of overcome," he confessed. "But Uncle Marsh, you can't go."

"Whut's de reason I can't?"

"Well, to begin with, it's not that kind of war."

"Whut kind o' war is it whar a bran'-new young cap'n can't take his own bodygyard 'long wid him, 'specially one w'ich know de ropes lak I does?"

"You tell him, please, Uncle Billy." The captain was appealing to the judge. "I'll be back in a minute—I forgot something." Blinking hard, he went indoors.

"Marshall," said Judge Priest, and snorted, trying, vainly though, to clear his throat of a persisting huskiness, "jest how old are you, anyhow?"

"Seems lak I mus' be goin' on sixty-five or somethin' lak that," admitted the black man. "But 'tain't de yeahs whut counts; hit's de stren'th you got lef' in yore limbs."

"Let's see about that sixty-five business now. When that other war—Our War—broke out and you went along to look after that boy's grandfather—and I mout add that you looked after him, too—you couldn't have been more than eighteen years old then, could you?"

"Not nary day more'n dat," declared Marshall triumphantly. "I 'members lak hit wuz yistiddy."

"And that wuz over in the summer of eighteen-sixty-five, and this is the spring of nineteen-seventeen and so"—the judge was doing some rapid mental arithmetic —"and so that would make you—why, looky here, Marshall, you're not a minute less than seventy-four and probably you're seventy-five."

"Jedge, shorely time ain't flew past fast ez dat?"

"It has. You can't be more'n three or four years younger than I am—at the most, five. It's true, I've got fat and short-winded and you've stayed thin and limber, but you wouldn't expect me to go traipsin' off to a war, would you?"

"Naw, suh, I wouldn't. Dey needs you yere fur to keep on doin' de jedgin' at de big co'tehouse. But wid me hit's diffe'nt. Jedge, leavin' out age an' all, whut's de reason I can't go 'long wid dat boy same ez I done wid his gran'paw?"

"First let me ask you a question: Whut put the idea into your head?"

"'Twouldn't be but one thing put hit dere an' you knows hit, jedge. Come along dat big war of our'n, didn't I go 'long an' tek good care of my young marster an' wait on him an' fix his vittles, lak you jest sez? Come 'long dat lil trashy war wid dem Cubians yere some fifteen or mebbe 'twuz twenty yeahs back, wuzn't I ready to go wid w'ichever one of our stock went, only dat lil Cubian mess wuz over almost 'fo' it got started an' dey wuzn't nary one of us Pitmans, w'ite nur black, had time to git in?

"Den yere lately, 'long come dis yere war w'ich hit look lak frum whut dey tells me, she mout wuk herse'f up into de makin's of quite a war—course not no sich a war ez you an' me went through wid, jedge, but still an' all, quite a sizable war. So w'en I heahs las' night 'bout dusk how dis boy of our'n is done got hisse'f elected a cap'n an' is fixin' to go fight dem crazy Germans, I sez to myse'f dat w'en a war comes up, us Pitmans sticks together. We goes together an' we comes back together—dat's de rule fur de Pitmans.

"Effen dat triflin' gran'son of mine, William McKinley Pitman, hadn't rambled hisse'f off somewhares, I mout 'a' sent him in my place to tek care of Cap'n Ranny, else I'd 'a' broke ever' bone in his carcuss. But den I sez to myse'f dat mebbe hit's better de way hit's done turn' out. 'Ca'se dat William McKinley is shore flighty-haided an' prone to ramble—or wuz de las' time I seed him, some yeahs back—an' I'se stiddy in my habits, an' 'sides, I'se had plenty 'sperience soldierin', ez you well knows yourse'f, jedge."

"Ez I well know," assented the judge. "And I say it to your credit, Marshall."

"Thanky, suh." His air grew (*Continued on page 158*)

"Let's *Play* King"

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By

Sinclair Lewis

beginning in

August COSMOPOLITAN

Second Choice

by JOHN LEBAR

Mr. Matthew Tupper and his bride sat on the davenport before their first grate fire. Mr. Tupper was a bald-headed man of fifty-three; his bride, tragically widowed two years before, was one of those youthfully preserved brunettes of forty-three. Just now she sat affectionately by her new husband, eying a pipe which he absently filled.

"Ah," he sighed, "this is bliss, just bliss; there's no other word for it. Only think: all my life I've been a middle-aged old bachelor; no home, no one to care for, no one to care for me. And now—now, by some miracle, I find myself with a dark-eyed angel from heaven, before an open fire, with my pipe and my—my slippers." At the word "slippers" Mr. Tupper's voice broke slightly. "An angel from heaven," he repeated.

His bride cooed and rubbed her palm on Mr. Tupper's bald head. "Don't light that nasty old pipe, Matthew. Poor George"—she paused—"poor George smoked a pipe and the sight of one gives me such painful memories. You understand, dear?"

Mr. Tupper put his pipe away hastily, the first time in fifteen years that he had returned it to his pocket cold. "My sweet Mable, how thoughtless of me!"

Yet for a moment Mr. Tupper's smooth expanse of brow clouded ever so slightly. This was not the first time poor George had been mentioned. Only last night Mr. Tupper had brought out his cribbage board, an anticipatory twinkle in his eye at the thought of long evenings to come. Cribbage, Mable, pipe, slippers . . .

But then, as now, it appeared that painful memories were on the point of being aroused. Poor George had cared greatly for cribbage.

But Mr. Tupper's brow soon regained composure, and nestling close to his bride, he relaxed dreamily. What a fool he had been not to marry before, years before! But then, he had never found anyone like Mable. She was so self-contained; so sure of the way she wanted things. She was no silly flapper.

He still chuckled at the way she had dominated the salesman when they were buying the new car yesterday. In buying the car Mr. Tupper had been mildly surprised at the expense. But he had plenty of money; money for a new car, an elegant trousseau, and from a word Mable let drop, he felt he would be buying a large house in an exclusive part of the city before long.

Mable was filled with social grace and enjoyed entertaining. And it would be a fine new experience for her; George, it appeared, had not been very well off.

A day or so after settling in their apartment, Mable's trunk came from her mother's home. When he was helping his wife unpack the trunk, Mr. Tupper saw, as he lifted a coat, the sad countenance of poor George looking at him from an eight-by-twelve gilt frame.

Mable uttered a hurt little cry and fell to sobbing. Mr. Tupper comforted her tenderly; he had no jealousy of the dead. So deeply did he sympathize that he did not grudge George an obscure corner of the mantel—the man meant a great deal to Mable and nothing to Mr. Tupper, so let him remain.

Now and then Mr. Tupper found himself in silent communion with Mable's first husband.

Now and then, as time wore on, Mr. Tupper found himself standing by the mantel in silent communion with poor George. He often wished that he might be able to have a quiet talk with Mable's first husband, for by this time he knew that George had been a wonderful man. And he did look like a nice chap, darkly handsome, kindly. But there was a peculiar haunted expression about the eyes—some inward bruise of soul which had finally forced him to a suicide's end.

Mr. Tupper recalled the note which poor George had left on the pier with his hat and coat. Mable had shown it to him: "This world is too harsh—George." Quite pathetic.

Somehow, as the weeks passed, the glamour of wedded life seemed to pass with them. Mr. Tupper had difficulty feeling at home in the apartment. It was as though he were visiting and must tread softly lest he scratch something or overturn a vase.

Mr. Tupper had no desire to scratch anything or to destroy valuable porcelain, and so had no proper cause for dissatisfaction, yet after all, he was hardly a child. Mable could be quite caustic. But perhaps that only showed her intelligence—he had read that sarcasm was a weapon of the intellect.

He found that a great deal of trouble was avoided if he asked permission before he went out in the car, or moved a chair to a different position in the living room. Nor did he protest when Mable decided that stray smoke from the fireplace would affect her hay fever, and ordered a gas grate installed.

After a month of married life Mr. Tupper had lost the serenity of fifty-three years of bachelorhood. He began to be startled at small sounds and carried his shoulders well drawn up. One morning he was shocked to discover in the mirror that there was a peculiar haunted look about his eyes.

He took to frequent walks by himself, and now and then wandered to the vicinity of his old apartments. Once he even went so far as to inquire of the telephone girl in the lobby if they had been rented.

On another of his wanderings he encountered his former Japanese manservant, who was now in the vegetable business with a cousin.

"Well, Fuji, old fellow, I'm glad to see you. How goes the groceries?"

"Yiss," answered Fuji, all smiles. "Go all-a-time good, yiss." His face fell. "I like mo' betta old job with you; mo' high-classy job."

Mr. Tupper was touched. "You were a good man, Fuji. Remember my teaching you cribbage? You'd have done very well with ten years more practice."

"Yiss," replied Fuji, pulling pensively at a bunch of celery. "Plenty good game. I teach him clibbage my cousin. I beat him all-a-time, but maybe so not when he und'stan' lules mo' betta."

"The deuce you do!" Mr. Tupper glanced about at the world. "Think of it, Japanese playing cribbage! Well, Fuji—well, I must be going back to Mrs. Tupper. We're playing bridge tonight. A fair game, Fuji, but exacting with some partners. Well"—he paused—"well, must be going, Fuji; married now, you know."

"Mallage make hell," observed Fuji. "I think if you go pa'ty tonight mo' betta you get pants pless."

Mr. Tupper looked down at his trousers. "Why, I believe you're right, Fuji. Yes, they do need pressing. Good fellow, Fuji. Well, good-by."

"Yiss."

A day or so later Mr. Tupper found in the morning mail an ominous letter, unsigned. It warned him that he and his wife were in danger of grave scandal and that it would be best if he met the writer that evening at six o'clock in the third right-hand booth of Jergen's Café.

Mr. Tupper suspected blackmail but decided that he owed it to himself and Mable to investigate. He said nothing to Mable. It would only worry her. Then, too, she would doubtless observe that poor George had never received any such letters and suspect something lurid in Mr. Tupper's past. She might become caustic over the incident.

Rather nervously he entered Jergen's Café on the minute. Before he had taken twenty steps he saw that the third right-hand booth was already occupied. The man sat with bowed head, lost in contemplation of his glass of water. Mr. Tupper stopped at the booth, and after a moment's hesitation, sidled into the vacant seat.

The man looked up. "You're Tupper?"

"Ah, Tupper; yes." Mr. Tupper caught his breath, feeling strangely giddy. He knew this man; he had seen that darkly handsome face before, though the eyes had completely lost their haunted look. "You—you——" sputtered Mr. Tupper.

"I'm not dead," replied George thoughtfully.

"How horrible!" gasped Mr. Tupper.

George raised his brows.

"The point is," said George, after the waiter had visited them, "that my wife, or if you prefer, our wife, is in an embarrassing situation, due to the failure of my attempt at suicide. For the past two years I have been in South America. I came back to raise money to purchase a plantation in which I am interested.

"I have not been successful, and when I learned of your marriage I thought you might be able to help me. If I can buy this plantation, I shall return to South America; and I promise you that your married happiness shall remain undisturbed forever."

Mr. Tupper felt calmer, now that the shock was over. "Mable," he said slowly, "is a wonderful woman."

"Marvelous," agreed George readily.

"I have never been a selfish man," said Mr. Tupper reminiscently. "After all, my marriage to Mable can't

be legal, and in the interests of justice and the—er—ah—sanctity of human relationships, there is only one thing for us to do."

George frowned. "And that is——?"

"Why, you must return to Mable," said Mr. Tupper brightly.

"But I can't, I tell you," expostulated George. "I've got to get back to South America."

"Just the thing, the very thing—take Mable with you! She has often spoken of her desire to travel. Think, man, of the romance of South America! The grandeur of the Andes; chasms bridged by native bridges; the exotic animals; the—the Brazil nuts." Mr. Tupper paused vaguely. "Why," he beamed, "perhaps it would be only right for me to invest in your plantation; give you and Mable a fine new start; make up for—well, for my unfortunate part in this muddle."

George's eyes took on a distant look for a moment. A slight but discernible shudder passed over him. "It would never do," he said emphatically. "South America is no place for a woman of Mable's temperament; no excitement, nothing modern or chic.

"Why, for weeks on end I've had to be content to pass most of the time in a hammock, listening to the singing of the natives and drinking an occasional high ball. The only thing in the nature of social intercourse is a cribbage tournament I've kept running among the overseers."

"Ah!" said Mr. Tupper.

For some two hours George and Mr. Tupper discussed their predicament. Toward nine o'clock they parted on a friendly basis, and Mr. Tupper went first to the home of his lawyer, where he made a new will leaving two-thirds of his money to Fuji.

Late the next afternoon George and Mr. Tupper walked briskly to the very end of Pier 13. Pier 13 was totally deserted, that being one of the reasons for its choice. The other reason was a sentimental one.

"This is the place," said George, as he led Mr. Tupper behind a hoisting windlass. "How it all comes back to me!"

Mr. Tupper removed his hat, coat and trousers. Opening his hand bag he placed the trousers inside and drew out a natty gray traveling suit, which he put on at once, together with a new Panama hat he had brought in a paper sack.

¶ As the weeks passed, the glamour of wedded life seemed to pass with them. Mr. Tupper had difficulty feeling at home in the apartment. Even his pipe was unwelcome; it reminded his wife of "poor George."

He carefully folded his old coat, placed the hat on top, and set the pathetic bundle on a large timber at the edge of the pier.

George had been watching these preparations critically. "I think," he said, "that your coat and hat are too neatly arranged. Scatter 'em about; tear out the buttonholes so as to give the idea of great haste and desperation."

"Perfect; quite perfect," agreed Mr. Tupper, as he spread a piece of writing paper on the box which housed the windlass gears. "Tend to it, will you, George, while I write the note?"

"Remember, you're writing under stress of emotion," cautioned George, "and don't forget the address."

Mr. Tupper wrote shakily: "Thus do I cast myself on the breast of Infinity, to rest—Matthew."

He blew his nose violently as he straightened from sticking the note in the hatband.

The big liner was five hours out on the way to South America. In a large honeymoon cabin sat George and Mr. Tupper. The air was thick with pipe smoke and on the small table between them reposed a black bottle, two glasses and a cribbage board. Now and then the deep-throated whistle of the steamer mingled with the comfortable swash of water against the outer wall.

"My game!" said George suddenly.

"Deuce take it!" beamed Mr. Tupper. "Now we'll have to go another rubber." He stretched back in his chair and wriggled his toes luxuriously as they nestled in their carpet slippers. "It'll be good to see Fuji when he comes on the next boat," he sighed happily.

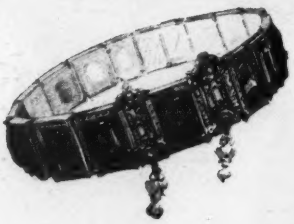
George was busy squirting water from a siphon bottle. "Oh, just you wait until you get there, Matt: I can't describe it. Everything will be just—just——"

"Bliss, George, bliss; there's no other word for it."

The Bracelet

by

ROBERT HICHENS



The Story So Far:

"What an introduction to love mine has been!" Olivia Mansfeld said to herself as she thought over her affair with Brett Arden. A young woman of exceptional character, she had loved a faithless man who combined a genius for intrigue with a mania for making women mad about him. He had involved her in insincerity with her most intimate friend, Lady Bettine Fayne, and left her without a single illusion about himself—yet she could not help loving him.

It had begun in the studio Olivia had rented to earn money for herself—for her people, Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld, were not so well off as they pretended to be. First on her list for a series of magazine portraits was the fascinating social leader who was her best friend, but when Lady Bettine came to the studio she was accompanied by a man. The man was Brett Arden, her tennis partner and Olivia's lover, which created a difficult situation for the younger woman.

Hating lies, Olivia nevertheless found herself acting her lover's lie that there was nothing between them, which was all the more humiliating in that Lady Betty, only the evening before, had been characteristically frank about her own infatuation for this man with the greyhound head and fearless nature. And from that day Olivia seemed unable to do a sincere thing. Her struggle to break with Brett ended in a renewal of love, and she had nothing to show for the effort except a jade cigaret box, which he had inscribed with his name so she could not actually show it to anyone. Moreover, her lover's gift had been given to him by the other woman in this curious triangle.

The irony of it did not escape Olivia; but in the midst of her unhappiness she found a new friend in Miss Josephine Lite, a neighbor at Credon, the Mansfeld estate in Sussex. Old Jo, a retired journalist with an understanding heart for human conflicts, knew a great deal more about Brett Arden than Olivia did, and told what she knew, though it was something Brett himself told her that finally turned her against him.

Faithless as he was, Brett had faith in Olivia, whom he really loved in his way. When his heart had been affected by tournament tennis, it was to her that he came as a sick man, nor did he misjudge her, for she offered to ruin her reputation by going abroad with him. Brett, however, did not go abroad. Instead, he went on playing tennis with Lady Betty, and when Olivia understood that he was risking his life to please her friend, her mingled fear and jealousy made her furious.

But as Old Jo had foreseen, her drama was not to end when she had broken with Brett Arden, nor was he too ill to continue his affair with her friend. Thus, on a certain day of unusual cold in London, Lady Betty went skating with Brett, afterwards visiting his apartment in Savoy Court, and when she returned to her house in Berkeley Square she was wearing a magnificent bracelet of diamonds and emeralds . . .

It was Lady Betty's intention to hide her lover's gift until the night of Lottie Solesby's party—a brilliant function to which they had both been invited. However, she had reckoned without her Breton maid, Anne Marie, who was not long in discovering the new treasure. But as usual Anne Marie said nothing, for she was an enigmatic woman. She had guessed Olivia's affair with Brett from seeing them together in the studio, yet she never had said anything to her mistress.

So matters stood when Lady Betty, who had caught a severe chill on her skating expedition, invited Olivia to dine with her in the intimacy of her bedroom. This was to have been the occasion for another of the good talks that had been the basis of their unusual friendship, but with things as they were it was inevitable that Olivia should feel uneasy, and when she returned with flowers next day her nerves were on edge with the instinctive certainty of her lover's faithlessness.

"He crawls to me for consolation," she told herself bitterly, and at that moment she couldn't help hating Betty. And though she kept her temper, the rigid way that she cut her visit short made the feverish Betty lose hers.

"You make me hate the flowers." Lady Bettine spoke with uncontrollable petulance. "Take them away! Put them—put them anywhere—on the dressing table."

But Lady Bettine had a mind like a sieve. She had forgotten what Olivia might see as she went toward the dressing table—her precious bracelet around the golden owl which had also been a gift from Brett Arden.

Lady Bettine lay back against her pillows frowning. Olivia's determination to go irritated her intensely. It was too bad. It was unfriendly. The severe look made her face cadaverous as she stared down the long room at her friend's back.

Olivia was standing in front of the dressing table. It struck Lady Bettine that she was oddly still.

"What are you doing, Olly?" she said, still petulantly.

In her self-concentration mingled with irritation Lady Bettine had forgotten that Brett's bracelet circled the golden owl. She did not remember it even now.

It seemed to Lady Bettine that Olivia started slightly, made a sudden movement as she spoke to her.

"Putting the vase down," said Olivia. Her voice had its rigid sound. She came back to the bed. "And now I must be off."

"Well, Olly, I think you've treated me shabbily this evening."

"But I have to dine."

"I know! I know! Well, if you must."

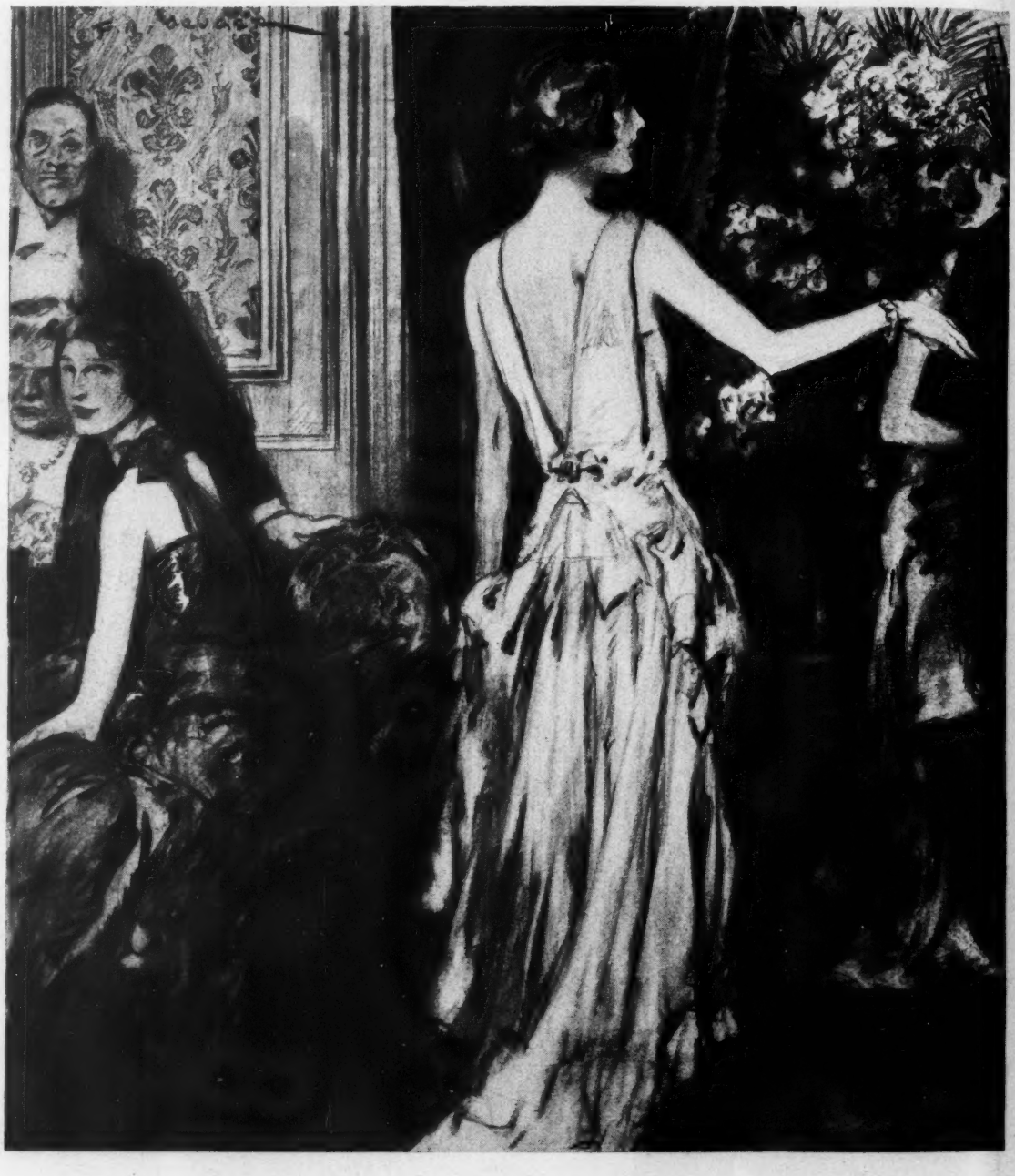
She made a movement, presented a white cheek, still looking severe. After—surely—a slight hesitation Olivia touched the cheek with her lips.

"Good-by, Betty. I hope you'll be up directly."

"I should hope so. Well, good night. Thank you ever

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

In the grave scandal involving the bracelet of her former friend, Olivia found no consolation in her parents. "I was given a diamond bracelet," she explained. "That has nothing to do with Betty Fayne's losing one." "But I don't like your accepting diamond bracelets, Olive," said Lady Mansfeld. "If she has!" exclaimed Sir Leith.



"I'm glad you are able to be out, Betty," Olivia said. and emeralds on Olivia's arm. Then she heard

so mucn for the flowers. But I'd rather have had no flowers and more of you, you theatergoing wretch!"

She made an obvious effort to be more friendly as Olivia turned to go.

"Telephone when you can come again!" she called.

"All right!" came Olivia's deep soft voice from behind the screen. The door opened and shut.

Lady Bettine looked with discontented eyes at the clock by her bedside. Nearly seven! "I suppose Marcus will look in directly," she thought.

And with the thought of her husband came another thought.

The bracelet! She had forgotten all about the bracelet. How could she have been so incredibly thoughtless? Marcus mustn't see it.

She pushed back the bedclothes, put her bare feet on the white carpet, stood up. She was just going to hurry to the dressing table when there was a knock.

"Marcus!" she thought.

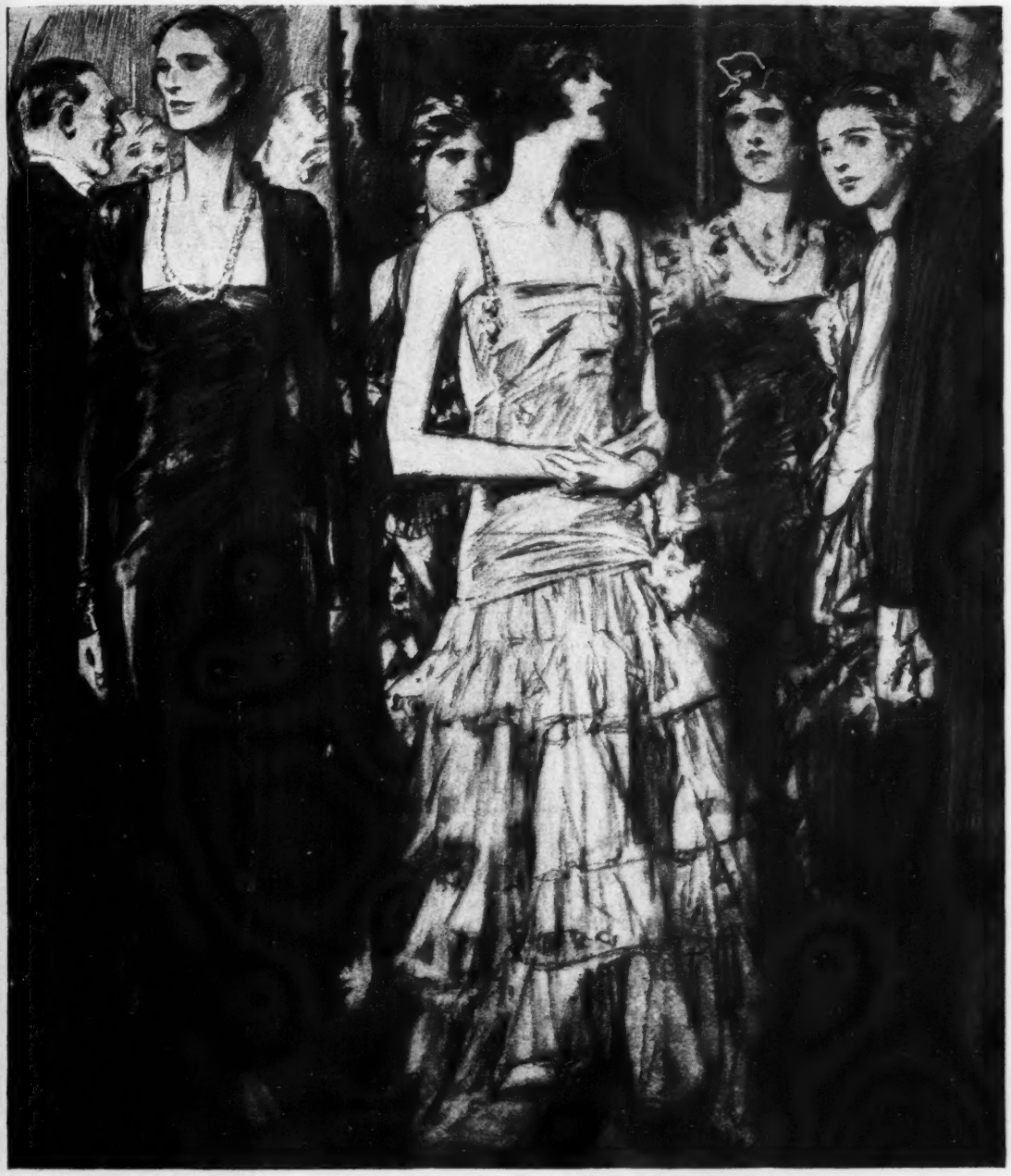
But the door opened and Anne Marie's smooth yellow head appeared. Lady Bettine was conscious of a sense of relief.

"Milady," said Anne Marie, astonished at being confronted by her mistress, "is anything the matter? Oh, milady, do get back into bed. With your cold——"

"It's all right. I will. You can go." As she spoke Lady Bettine slipped into the bed again. "Go to the dressing table. I've left——"

She looked down the room. But the owl was hidden from her by Olivia's chrysanthemums. Olivia had put the bouquet in front of the owl.

"Behind that vase I've left a diamond bracelet.



For an instant Lady Bettine stood with her eyes fastened on the diamonds Olivia whisper, coldly, defiantly: "You see! He gave me a bracelet too!"

You've never seen it. It's around the owl. Bring it to me at once! Has Colonel Fayne come in?"

"I believe he has, milady."

"Make haste, then! Bring me the bracelet at once."

Anne Marie walked swiftly down the long room, the end of which was partially in shadow, for no lights were turned on. There was only the firelight and one shaded lamp by Lady Bettine's bed. She stood in front of the dressing table with her back to her mistress.

"You see it?" said Lady Bettine from the bed.

"A diamond bracelet, you said, milady?"

"Move the vase—Miss Mansfeld's chrysanthemums. It's behind the vase, around the owl."

Lady Bettine saw Anne Marie make a movement. Evidently she was putting the vase with Olivia's flowers on one side. But then she stood still again.

"What's the matter? Why don't you bring me the bracelet?"

Anne Marie turned sideways. "Did you say it was around the owl, milady?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"But there's no bracelet here, milady!"

"There is, I tell you! I put it there myself just before Miss Mansfeld came."

"Miss Mansfeld has been here, milady?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it?"

"No, milady. I was sewing upstairs in my room."

"What are you doing?"

"Looking for the bracelet, milady."

"But I tell you——" Lady Bettine sprang out of bed. "Really, Anne Marie, you aren't generally so stupid!"

"Well, if you can see it, (*Continued on page 175*)

The Day dreams

by Frederick hazlitt Brennan

Prisoner No. 4

Looking at it, you might have thought, "Well, there's the county jail." Looking at her, seated demurely in a swing on the front porch of the jail, you might have thought, "What an odd little girl. Wonder if she's the sheriff's daughter."

Crass creature! Such surmises would have proved you an observer of small spirit, content with stupid facts. The facts were that this building was indeed the Jimplicute County Jail and this girl in very truth the sheriff's daughter, Miss Lucy Belle Hayes, aged sixteen. But facts had nothing to do with this afternoon in the springtime, or with Lucy Belle Hayes, either.

Dolores de Voisin-Perella, known in diplomatic circles of the Continent as a heartless adventuress, but really the queen of the underworld, whose merciful acts had endeared her to a thousand rogues, sat on the esplanade of her villa at Pao Obispo in the Basque country. (Lucy Belle was a mite careless about geography.) Wearied of an affair with the Duke of Argyll—all Madrid had been agog—the lady withdrew to peaceful seclusion to gain new recruits for her sorry crew of cutthroats.

They were coming up the highroad from the bay, now, gathered in every port east of Suez by loyal pirate captains who went disguised as masters of merchantmen. Dolores de Voisin-Perella sighed, a sigh arising from the fatigue of a too-active imagination on a warm afternoon. It was pretty hard work.

You see, Tannertown, Missouri, isn't anything like Pao Obispo. Lucy Belle believed Pao Obispo to be somewhere in Spain. The street past the jail leading half a block to the courthouse square used to look Spanish when it was sandy gravel and whitened in the sun, but last year they ran the hard road over it and stuck up a big sign reading "U. S. Highway 61. St. Louis 96 mi."

The old brick house which formed the first section of the jail was easier to fit into Pao Obispo except that it smelled of disinfectant from the cells in the long building behind. Lucy Belle had got accustomed to the jail smell, however, so the house did well enough.

This afternoon she was having the worst trouble with the new recruits for her sorry crew of cutthroats. They were being marched across the square en route from the Wabash station to the jail, and as the party turned into Center Street, Dolores de Voisin-Perella frowned with disappointment.

One, two, three, four—"No, heck, that's just Joe with his hat pulled down"—five. "And those behind are only Daddy and Mr. Bruenmueller." She had thought the judge would send at least a dozen. As the leader of the column approached the jail porch Dolores de Voisin-Perella said, "Darn it."

They were just the usual run of bootleggers.

Twice a year the judge in St. Louis sent an allotment of bootleggers sentenced in Federal Court to serve their sentences in the Jimplicute County Jail. The practice had given Tannertown a cosmopolitan flavor, although the only resident who appreciated it was Dolores de Voisin-Perella. Now she sat moodily surveying the latest bunch of prisoners.

They trudged in stolid silence along the sidewalk, coats under their arms, guarded by the sheriff and two deputies. The girl checked them off as they moved by.

No. 1: A fat, broad Italian, middle-aged, with a fierce mustache. No scars on him. *Basta!* What could one make of such a fellow? Well, maybe he would pass as a member of the Camorra who had thrown a bomb at Mussolini. (There had been some lovely Italians last year. One had a hook for a hand—he'd murdered four faithless mistresses with that hook—and another wore a Vandyke and could pass as a Cabinet minister.)

No. 2: Tall Swedish fellow who wore a rubber collar without a tie and had overall pants with paint stains on them. He wouldn't do, even as a vice regent of a Balkan state, or as a New York gunman. All you could possibly pass him off for was a lookout for a high-class band of bank robbers, fallen on evil days. (Lucy Belle's stock of lookouts already was large.)

No. 3: Just a bohunk still-tender, wiping his thick neck with a dirty bandanna.

But wait—what is that? Ah, he has a limp and grayed temples. A general in the Russian Army, escaped from a firing squad in disguise to the United States, leaving behind a penniless countess and five beautiful daughters.

No. 4 —— Oh, oh, oh!

Dolores de Voisin-Perella sat up so suddenly in the swing she nearly fell over backwards.

No. 4 marched by like a young Byron. His tousled shock of dark hair looked as if it had been rumpled that

# of Dolores de Voisin-Perella

[known to her family as Lucy Belle Hayes]

way by an amorous feminine hand. He had a city-bred litheness, and the supple clicking walk of one who never had stumbled after a three-horse plow in new ground. His blue trousers bore the creases of a cell bunk, and there was a package of cigarets stuffed nonchalantly in the pocket of his shirt.

He walked quite a way behind No. 3 and slowly. Perhaps he was trying to make that half block to the jail seem longer. Many before him had dawdled along that half block, watching the trees and the sky with the forlorn, hungry eyes of prisoners.

Some country folk in a small car went past and stared at him. He waved a hand. His comrades had no bravado; they were glum and sullen, but he puckered his lips for a whistle.

It never got out, for just then he came opposite the jail porch and saw Lucy Belle. He dragged a toe in a half-halt and grinned. The lash of the eyelid he let droop in a wink was long. It almost touched a smudge spot on his cheek.

"Hello!" he called.

The wink and the "Hello" threw Dolores de Voisin-Perella completely out of character. She stood up and stared.

"Get along there," said the deputy at the youth's elbow, giving him a little shove.

Her father, the sheriff, halted at the steps of the porch, took off his felt hat and mopped a ruddy forehead.

"That's a fresh kid," he said. "Don't pay no attention to him."

The girl did not answer. Her eyes followed the prisoners around the corner toward the side-street entrance to the jail. She saw the head and shoulders of No. 4, framed momentarily by a wreath of the trumpet vine at the end of the porch. He was nineteen and handsome and ten steps from a cell. Just as he passed from sight he caught a glimpse of her and she felt a grinning bitter insouciance in the spring air as he waved at her.

Prisoner No. 5 moved into view, but Dolores de Voisin-Perella failed to catalogue him. (This was a shame, for he would have passed very well as a French marquis who could, conceivably, have traveled all over Europe with the bodies of three wives in his trunks.)

"What is he in for?" she asked slowly.

Her question caught the sheriff on the doorstep. Patient in the heat, he turned and gave her answer.

"Six months for driving a truck running booze from Detroit. Second offense. Bad kid. Leave him alone."

"What's his name?"

"Smith. I reckon it's phony. They're all Smiths when they get caught."

"But what's his first name?"

Oh, oh, oh! Dolores de Voisin-Perella sat up so suddenly in the swing she nearly fell over backwards. Prisoner No. 4 marched by like a young Byron. He was nineteen and handsome and ten steps from a cell.

Illustrations by Rose O'Neill

"Harry Smith hadn't wanted to escape from jail," said Dolores de Voisin-Perella. "He just escaped to foil their dastardly plot to kidnap me."

"Lucy Belle, you heard me. Don't pay no attention to that kid."

It was too warm to argue, and the sheriff, who knew the length of Lucy Belle's arguments, stepped firmly into the house.

His daughter absently picked up a dishcloth which had fallen to the floor. It had seen service as Dolores de Voisin-Perella's mantilla, her evening scarf, the token sent her by Juan Albarez, a noted matador, and occasionally as a dishcloth. She was about to follow her father into the house and wring from him the desired information when there was another "Hello," this time directly in her right ear.

She whirled. "Oh—it's only you."

"Sure," said Herman Stoemkessel.

He said it solemnly as if being himself were a fact to be faced without getting excited. He regarded the fact with great satisfaction. He was a stout youth of twenty, son of Tannertown's leading hardware merchant, and he had tagged after Lucy Belle since they were children.

With him Dolores de Voisin-Perella had much trouble. ("That Herman Stoemkessel! His hair is too yellow and his eyes are too piggish to be even a German spy. He doesn't look like a spy. He doesn't look like anything but Herman Stoemkessel, and he's actually *glad* of it.")

"You're just in time," she informed him. "I've got something for you to do, Herman. Go around to the office and find out the first name of a prisoner named Smith who just came in. If they're all named Smith tell Joe it's the young one, the real handsome one who looks like Keats."

"What do you want to know for?" asked Herman.

"Because"—Dolores de Voisin-Perella was haughty—"I have information that this prisoner is the younger son of a Spanish grandee who has been most foully wronged and betrayed by enemies of his family."

Herman blinked. Lucy Belle Hayes had put over many fibs on him—too many.

"I bet it ain't so," he declared. "You sent me once to talk to a darky and said he was a faithful blackamoor of an Abishhian king fellow and had a big diamond mihe in Africa. I ain't forgot. He was just a darky from down Howley way who got caught stealing corn."

"**Herman!** You know it turned out I was misinformed about him. But I have this on very good authority. Now, are you going to do as I asked you?"

"Are you going to the picture show with me tonight?"

"I'll see. But I won't even think about going until you show you're gentleman enough to do this errand."

"Oh, I'll go," grumbled Herman, "but I wish you'd quit all this stuff. Especially this Spanish stuff. You ain't a bit Spanish."

"How do you know what I am?"

"I know you ain't Spanish," said Herman, flatly. "I asked your dad. You're English and Irish mixed. Besides, Spanish girls don't have rusty-colored hair like yours and turned-up noses, and you know it."

Dolores de Voisin-Perella reddened with Celtic anger and planted a hard right fist in Herman's stomach. She backed him to the porch railing with rights and lefts, as he grunted, "Hey. Quit! Hey. Lay off now. Quit it, Lucy."

"Well, don't get so smarty, then. If you don't like my nose or my hair you can go to the picture show tonight with somebody else."

"You promised," said Herman quickly. "And I'm going to find out about that Smith guy so's you'll have to stick by your word." He lumbered around the corner of the porch.

Slightly fatigued from her pommeling of Herman, Lucy Belle awaited his return, swinging herself gently with a languid toe. She thought about Prisoner No. 4 with desperate concentration.

It was getting harder and harder to be Dolores de Voisin-Perella. When she was twelve or thirteen she could be almost anything and Tannertown would change magically in the twilight to a Moorish citadel, or a village in Picardy, or no place earthly at all, but the tumbled splendors of visions seen after reading storybooks.

In those days the Jimplicute County Jail was usually a Norman castle and the prisoners were oppressed dukes or princes.

But three years had blown away the airier fancies and

Lucy Belle's imagination, long overworked, was beginning to feel the strain. She looked down her nose and saw that it *did* turn up and pulled locks of her bobbed hair around to observe that it *was* rust-colored.

And that corner across from the jail where once Napoleon had bivouacked, and young Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer, and where Galahad had lifted his white-flamed sword in salute to her, was plainly and unmistakably a filling station.

If only Prisoner No. 4 would turn out to be the son of a Spanish grandee, or even—Dolores de Voisin-Perella gulped over the compromise—even the son of an American millionaire. Unless something like that happened soon she would be able to see nothing but Tannertown. Tannertown and Herman Stoemkessel.

Here was Herman back again, fat stodgy Herman, and dimly remembered hints thrown out by her father and mother came with him . . . "Old August Stoemkessel will cut up big some day . . . Don't treat Herman so mean, Lucy Belle. He's the kind of boy a girl should get interested in . . . Your father can't afford to send you off to school and we won't think of your going to St. Louis to work—and so . . ."

"Huh!" said Herman. "You sure got a bum steer on that guy. His name's Harry Smith and his folks lived in Gary, Indiana, and he ain't even got cigaret money. I went and talked to him and he wanted me to buy his coat for fifty cents. It wasn't worth it. It's got a ripped shoulder."

Dolores de Voisin-Perella squared her skinny shoulders and bestowed upon Herman a look of frigid hauteur. "Think he'd tell *you* his real name? Gentlemen in his unfortunate predicament suffer in silence. When I talk to him——"

"You can't talk to him. Your dad doesn't allow you in the jail section."

"Don't worry, smarty. He'll be working on the road. I'll talk to him then."

"If I catch you at it I'll tell your dad."

"You're a Dutch egg," said Lucy Belle, in exasperation. "If you ever squeal on me just *once*, I'll never speak to you again."

"You think he's swell just because he's a city kid," Herman replied equably. "I may be Dutch but I ain't a bootlegger." And then, as an afterthought, "He won't be working on the road. He's a government prisoner and they ain't allowed to work."

That evening, before she went to the picture show with Herman, she took fifteen cents from her bank and made Herman buy a package of cigarets. This she handed to Joe, one of the deputies, with instructions to give it to Harry Smith.

Carefully concealed in the wrapping was a penciled note.

"Be of good chear," it read. "One who has your intrests at heart is working to clear up the mistery."

The next day, after school, old Thomas, a trusty prisoner (serving his ninth term for stealing chickens), handed her the wrapper of the cigaret package. Dolores de Voisin-Perella, thrilled to the toes, beamed upon old Thomas. He was a faithful retainer with a very sad history.

Once he had led a pirate band in the Indian Ocean and was held a captive by a Burmese renegade for sixteen years. Dolores de Voisin-Perella had saved his life by poisoning the Burmese renegade.

Harry Smith had written on the wrapper: "Thanks, kid. I like Humps best."

It was not a very gracious note and Dolores de Voisin-Perella experienced some difficulty in translating it into a tender message.

Her next gift was a two-months-old copy of a magazine of adventure. Joe, an ancient incompetent hired as turnkey, with the honorary title of deputy sheriff—a bad man in his day though, Dolores de Voisin-Perella would tell you, having shot Billy the Kid and Jesse James and Wild Bill Hickok—rebelled at taking the magazine to Harry Smith.

"That kid's no good," he said. "I heard him whisperin' with a couple of darkies and them other government prisoners, last night. I think they're a-fixin' to try a break."

"See here, Joe, you're my friend, aren't you?"

"I'm your friend, all right, Lucy, but I ain't a-goin' to get neither of us in trouble."

So Lucy sent for Herman. He too rebelled.

"You leave that kid be, or (*Continued on page 170*)

First Night

The real high light of a New York theatrical first night is encompassed out front instead of back stage. The play is no longer the thing. It is the audience. And a Broadway first-night audience is at once the best-dressed and worst-mannered to be found the world over. Also, it is perhaps the most interesting.

With no effort it attains the happy fusion of Who's Who, the Social Register, the intellectual, the racketeer, the demimondaine and gigolo. No other gathering has given such self-consciousness to the exploiters who go places not to see or hear, but to be seen and heard.

Despite advertised warnings of a prompt curtain rising, a première rarely gets under way until nine-thirty or even ten o'clock, and scarcely half the coupon holders are seated until the end of the first act. There have been initial performances that ran until three and at one memorable fling of the Follies coffee and sandwiches were served to customers at sunup.

New Yorkers like to drift in at various intervals and thereby gobble the spot. Dégagé ladies frequently arrive at their seats with cigarets still glowing. There is wholesale rudeness and studied apathy. Claques break up scenes for nobodies and greet stars with a chill of silence. But it all seems good fun and nobody minds.

There is scarcely an opening that does not have at least one group arriving with a cocktail glow and a salvo of hiccups. Indeed, in my period of first-nighting I have seen three silk-hatted men and two women in evening frocks slump to the floor during the progress of the play, to be carried out, feet up, to fresh air.

At the conspicuous first nights—such as those of Ziegfeld, George White, John Golden, Arthur Hopkins, Belasco and Brock Pemberton—the sidewalk is blocked before dusk by the curious, who clot at the entrance for a close-up peep of arriving notables.

Blinding lights splash the theater's façade and there is the constant booming of flash-light powder as the news cameras click. Police hold open a lane through the foyer. And Broadway, Fifth and Park avenues—and often Delancey Street—parade in with great pomp.

Among the "railbirds"—the standees in the back—are the ticket-scalper scouts, the costumers, the agents, the Broadway wise boys, gamblers, tip-off men and the usual White Way assortment of cutpurse and pickthank.

The earliest arrivals are members of the Death Watch—the critics. They arrive early but race out before eleven to catch their editions. Among them are George Jean Nathan, whose companion is usually the fragile Miss Lillian Gish; Burns Mantle—he of the Welsbach name who has endured a thousand and one first nights with complacence; the scholarly Gilbert Gabriel who can turn out a prose-poem review in fifteen minutes by the clock, and the smiling Buddha, Kelcey Allen of Women's Wear.

It is interesting to watch the critics, especially the ruddy-cheeked and blue-collared Percy Hammond, the dean. None of them seems to be interested in what is going on, Hammond least of all. They appear to be wholly lost in reverie, yet to a man they salvage the weak and strong points of the production as it unfolds.

There is a critical legend that when Nathan leaves at the end of the second act the production is headed for that haven of lost theatrical hopes, Cain's theatrical warehouse—a flop. It is an omen that seldom fails. Ticket agencies will not buy "when Nathan walks."

Every opening has its sprinkling of famous actors and actresses "at liberty," along with a quota of visiting motion-picture players from Hollywood. But it is the "regulars" who give the gathering its illustrious sheen—its patina of ostentation.

First-night tickets are not on general sale for the auspicious presentations. Complimentary seats are sent to the reviewers, friends of stars and principals but the rest of the house is sold to the "preferred list."

By O. O. McIntyre

Drawing by
Ralph Barton

This list varies among different producers but generally speaking it is composed of the town's outstanding celebrities. The producer likes to "dress his house" with names that mean something in the society news, dramatic gossip and columns of chitchat.

The most inveterate first-nighter, however, is not of the cognoscenti, the theater or allied arts. He is George Mayer, an elderly, kindly little man with a slight pedantically pointed imperial who is remindful of a withered marquis often seen in a box at the Paris opera.

Mr. Mayer is a corset manufacturer and, until her passing some time ago, always appeared with his venerable mother to occupy Right A1 and 2. They did not miss a first night in fifteen years. Mr. Mayer now carries on alone. He is New York's most devout and best-loved patron of the theater.

Mayor Jimmy Walker is a consistent first-nighter and usually arrives in the middle of the first act for seats down front with Paul Block. His arrival is the signal for a burst of applause that stops the show.

Upon special occasions the mayor responds to the call for a speech. He is at his best in these extemporaneous efforts and there are times when, to the chagrin of the star, he "runs away" with the performance. And there are also times, to the mayor's chagrin, when the orchestra breaks forth into his own composition: "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" It is said to be the only public gesture that still makes His Honor turn red.

Two other perpetual down-fronters are Joseph Urban, whose scheme of *décor* has become one of the theater's sacred treasures, and Jules Bache, the banker and art connoisseur, whose monocle has the fixity of a porthole.

Vincent Astor, tall and lean as a sapling and wearing a perennial Palm Beach tan, likes to sit in the middle of the house on the aisle. He frequently interrupts the stage didos with a booming laugh—especially when there is a bit of jovial horseplay that strikes his fancy.

Neysa McMein, the illustrator, usually sits in the second row middle with her husband John Baragwanath. Lee Shubert, one of the biggest figures in theatrical producing, is one of the most inconspicuous first-nighters. Mr. Shubert never leaves his seat, nor does he seem to exchange a single word with his companion for the evening.

Walter Wanger and his wife Justine Johnstone, a famous Follies beauty; Jules Glaenzer, a jeweler, and his wife, a former night-club dancer; Mrs. Julius Walsh, horsewoman, said by artists to have the most beautifully shaped head in America; Doctor Jerome Wagner, the Rialto physician, and his wife Norma Terris may be depended upon to add luster to the first five rows.

Frank V. Storrs has a standing order for seats in the third row center. Mr. Storrs' career is one of the romances of the theater. He became a millionaire, with a town house in London and a mansion on the Champs Elysées, through securing the sole rights to furnish programs to all the legitimate theaters in New York.

Scattered about among the première audiences also will be Nathan Burkan, the celebrated theatrical lawyer; Sailing Baruch, sportsman, who affects a back middle part to his hair; Joe Leblang, the cut-rate king; Tony Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles, with his giant winged collar; Moe Ducore, the Broadway theatrical druggist; Bernard Sobel, a Purdue professor who became Ziegfeld's press agent, and Aaron Reuben, the delicatessen magnate.

Too: Norman Bel-Geddes, who incorporated his wife's name, "Belle," into his own; George Gershwin, the gloomy-faced composer who put jazz into the classics; Texas Guinan and her gaudy pearl headdress; Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, with eagle eyes out for filming possibilities; Herbert Bayard Swope, who may be depended on to leap from his seat and rush to the telephone at least five times; and Doctor Leo Michel, the Broadway practitioner whose benevolence toward the ill and injured in the theater is an epic of the street.

The best-dressed lady among the chronic first-nighters is reputed to be Mrs. Edward Hutton, wife of the broker. The most carefully dressed man is said to be Otto Kahn, the banker, who frequently attends four and five openings the same evening.

There you have them—the elect of the world's theatrical capital. Hats off! Curtain is going up!

And So they

A Story *in* Pictures

When the final word is spoken and the ring is on her finger, Nancy Meller, of Flatbush, and Alan Moore, of Park Avenue, will be as one. And it all started by his calling her "Nanny" and her calling him "Early" because his initials are A.M. Well, why not? Great things have happened for less reason than that.

Elopement. Honeymoon abroad. An hour before sailing.

Judge Dibble is fortunately found at home and, putting down his treatise on "There Is No Such Thing as Time," condescendingly rushes through the ceremony.

The family away, Herb Groob, the hired man, comes in handy. To leave out Minnie Jackson,

were Married

by David Robinson

Early and Nanny start on their Great Adventure

the cook, would be equal to giving her notice. Herb is not laughing. That's his expression when things are beyond his comprehension—which makes it permanent.

Widow Jackson has a passion for funerals and weddings and these ceremonies are always followed by crying fits and several days of ginning up. She is a widow three times and is taking care of an invalid son, but nothing has affected her sentimental notion of life, love and romance. Her idea of a tragic figure is a woman who has never been married.

"Ship Shapes" is Nanny's title for our next picture. Early has been abroad before but he is seeing things for the first time through her eyes.

Illustrations by
The Author

Show Pony

I **don't** know of anything I'd rather be than a rich man's harness pony. That is exactly what I am. The life I lead is ideal: they take the best of care of me; my feed is the best that money can buy; the finest unsulphured oats, beautiful timothy hay, and a carrot now and then to tone me up, not to mention the sugar I get when the Colonel shows guests through the stable.

The only work I am made to do is exercise on a longe so as to be conditioned for the shows two or three times a year. The rest of the time I am out at pasture, in blue grass to my knees, or following the shade of the big sycamore around as the sun gets warm, or going down to drink at the cool sparkling brook that chatters down at the low corner of the field.

Sometimes when I feel almost too good to hold myself, I gallop round and round and squeal and kick my heels at the fleecy white clouds in the sky. It's good to be alive and have good teeth and be able to digest properly. It's wonderful to be sound in wind and limb, and not have a pimple on me.

I've always been handled properly. I was never allowed to develop stable vices, like the old Irish Hunter that is boxed next to me. He, poor old fellow, is a cribber, forever chewing on his stall, and while he cribs he fills himself with air and that u[illegible]ets his stomach and he won't eat; he won't even eat the lovely sweet molasses feed that they give him. I'd eat it, you can bet, and whinny for more.

But the poor old chap, his wind is broken from the strain of steeplechasing. He whistles when he is ridden too hard. He has almost reached the point where he can barely finish with the hounds. He says if he can be in on a kill once more he won't mind dropping dead under saddle.

He comes from wonderful old English stock. His great-grandsire won the Grand National and you know what that takes in a horse.

He is still the best show jumper around these parts. Safe as a rocking-chair.

I suppose more youngsters have learned on him than on any other horse I have ever heard of. He is teaching the old man's granddaughter to jump this year. She is so small that they need to strap her to the pad. She is all courage, but then she inherits her courage from a line of proper horsemen.

I look forward to the day when she can show me, with her hair in long braids down her back, in the little yellow-wheeled gig that has the rattle boxes in the hubs, with me dressed fine in the russet harness with all the brass polished bright. We would win hands down with any competition.

Granddaughter drives very well now. That is, she drives the Shetland in the basket cart. Her little hands aren't strong enough yet to handle my ribbons and keep me in time. I take a deal of driving, I do, when I go out to show.

Granddaughter's mother used to drive me at the shows before she went away. She had a lovely pair of hands. A horse always judges people by their hands. I can always tell a person's character as soon as they pick up the reins. I know all about them at once. I can feel it.

Granddaughter's mother was sentimental. That's the reason she went away with the violin player.

It's odd, the way people do. She was a beautiful woman; she came from a very aristocratic family: good blood lines all the way back.

I thought it would be a perfect mating when she came into the family that I belong to. But she never was very happy with my people. I suppose she was a throwback to some sentimental cross, early in her pedigree.

Speaking of pedigrees, everyone in our stable has a pedigree but me. There is no record of my breeding. I was foaled a bronk. My Dam was a range mare, and she told me that my Sire was a wild stallion.

If she remembered correctly, he was the head of a band that roamed the grasslands of northern Wyoming.

She said he was a handsome devil, with a yellow nose. That meant that his blood went back to the Arabian

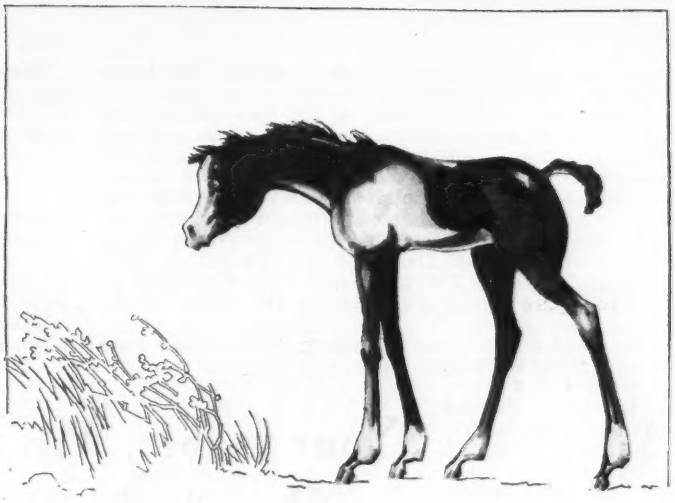
You have Enjoyed

JOHN HELD'S

Dog Stories

Now read this one about

"Man's Best Friend"



horses who were brought to this continent by the Spanish when they conquered Mexico.

I'm rather handsome myself. I am spotted white with red chestnut markings. I was called a Pinto or a Calico, marked as pretty as any pony that ever looked through a bridle. I am very showy either in harness or under saddle. That's why I am where I am, in a stable of fine show horses.

I was foaled and grew to a two-year-old on the Wyoming Range. I ran at the side of my Dam until I felt the first lariat. I well remember that day when the rope tightened around my neck. How I fought that rope until it choked off my wind, and I learned that it was useless to try and combat humans because they always have the advantage. They soon teach us that if we don't do as they wish it will hurt, but I must say the man that broke and gentled me had a sympathetic understanding of horses.

He was a wonderful cowboy. I'll always remember him. His name was "Tuscon." He was top hand at the Sweet Water Ranch. He intended to make a polo pony of me, but being out of a range mare, I never grew to the size that they demand for polo stock.

After Tuscon got through with my schooling I was shipped East to be a child's pony. That's how I happen to be here today. Being spotted and showy, they use me for a combination pony, to ride or drive, and if I do say it myself, I catch the Judge's eye every time. The russet tack with polished brass, and the gay little rig with yellow wheels; our glitter alone outshines any competition, not to mention my even markings, curried and brushed until the reflected light flickers on my shoulders and hind quarters as I prance around the show ring.

It's all dashing and gay: we show in harness, then we unhitch and go under saddle. I'm proud when we line up and the Judge's attendant pins the blue on my bridle, and hands the Colonel a bright silver plate or a cup. I went right through show season with win after win until there were no small shows left for me to conquer.

Then the Colonel thought I was ready for the National Show at Madison Square Garden, so he entered me. He has always shown gaited stock and was always in the money, because my stable companions were the best racking horses ever bred, and our tack room is lined with ribbons and shelf after shelf of cups to prove it.

I didn't take much conditioning to get ready for the Garden because I was right. Of course I'm a horse with four corners to begin with.

When the gaited stock was shipped, I went along in the Pullman palace car, in new blankets. It was a lovely car. It wasn't like the slatted cattle car that I came East in, with the shipment. The palace car was built for blue-blooded horses; even if my blood wasn't so blue, I came up in style.

¶ John Held's daughter Joan has inherited her father's love of horses.

We were stabled in the basement of Madison Square. It was very exciting. All was high tension and wild excitement, and I had trouble getting accustomed to the artificial compressed air that we had to breathe.

Our own feed was shipped with us, so that we wouldn't be upset by eating strange food. And our own stable-boys and grooms slept in the vacant stalls, so we weren't handled by strangers.

I can understand why hot horses with rattle brains go to pieces at the big shows. It's a great strain on a horse; all the strange noises and the queer air and the stiff competition, but all that didn't upset me because I was confident that there wasn't anything on hoofs could beat me, and the Colonel was confident too.

He looked over the other entries and came in and told me that it was in the bag. I'll admit I was a bit nervous when we entered the ring. We had been called early and had to

stand in the dark chute for what seemed like hours while they finished up a large jumping class.

I must have borrowed some of the nervousness from my groom; he was trembling like a leaf as he held me. When the Colonel climbed into the trap and took the reins, I knew that he had dined and wined. He had attended the show dinner and he felt very good. Then the bugle blew for us and my groom fastened my check-rein, and he, being nervous, checked me up two holes higher than usual, and that tightened the blinders so when I plunged out into the ring I had to look straight up into the glare of the big lights on the center of the ceiling.

They had me weighted so in front that I would have struck my chin with my forefeet if I hadn't been checked so high. They always put heavy shoes on front so as to make us lift our forefeet high when we are trotting.

Then the band started with a gay tune. A band always makes me want to dance.

What with all of it, being checked too high and the glare of the lights, and the band, and the Colonel having had a drop too much, I was in a lather instantly.

Then I thought about how I had to win, so I came to the conclusion that it was up to me in the face of those obstacles.

So I took a-hold of myself as best I could, and settled down to a snappy trot high, wide and handsome.

I couldn't see the crowd, but I could feel it and hear it. Of course I got all the applause. I wished that the Colonel would have attended to his driving instead of bowing to his friends in the boxes.

The applause was for me, not for him, and I had to depend on his guiding me as I couldn't see where I was going.

It was great; the tanbark felt good beneath my hoofs and the wheels of the gig rattled and cracked as round we went at a fast trot.

The light flashed on the spokes of the trap and I shone, what with being dripping wet from perspiration. And the band played a merry tune, and the entire audience clapped loudly as we flashed by.

Then at the turn at the end of the arena, I was brought up sharp. There was a terrific crash as the Colonel failed to pull me over. He hooked the rear wheel of our trap into the front wheel of one of the other entries.

There was a yell as our wheel gave way with a cracking of splintered wood. Then of course, horse-like, I became terrified. My only thought was to get clear, and what horse wouldn't.

All horses have a terrible fear of anything that they are not accustomed to, and whenever anything strange happens the first thing that they think of is escape. I couldn't see any of the mix-up, so I was in a panic and there was nothing for me to do but run away—and that I did.

When our wheel crashed, it let the back of the trap down and that threw the Colonel out. He gripped the reins as I started, and I dragged him over the tan bark halfway round the ring. It almost tore my jaw off because the reins were fastened in the last notch of the curbed driving bit.

I was so frightened that I must have been insensible to pain; otherwise, I would have stopped when I felt the weight on my bit. Then he let go and picked himself up.

He wasn't hurt—the tanbark of the arena was soft—only shaken up and sobered instantly. I was blind with terror as round and round I galloped with the reins tangling round my legs, the little yellow-wheeled gig swaying from side to side behind me, and hitting my heels as I ran.

The entire Garden was in an uproar. Attendants ran out screaming, "Whoa!" then retreating as I raced towards them.

The band stopped playing. Somehow or other, they had managed to get the other entries out of the ring, and I had a clear arena for my madness.

I don't know how many times I ran around, when I began to feel my wind give out. I don't remember everything I did. It was all so terrifying.

I only knew that I had to be free. I had to get rid of that accursed wagon that was following me, crashing and banging at my heels, and adding to my terror.

So when I felt myself tiring, I slowed up in order to kick myself clear.

There was a hush spread over the spectators as I slowed up. Then I felt a pair of arms circle my neck. Then my check was unfastened and as I lowered my head I smelled Wyoming and the open range, and I was at the side of my Dam in the bottom of a coulée.

Then a gentle, low voice said, "Behave, big fellow, behave, or I'm going to need to bite your ear like I did when I learned you!"

I looked down, and it was Tuscon, the cowboy that broke me. He had come East to see me win at the Garden, but I had messed things up and had been disqualified. Then the audience cheered as I followed him quietly out through the gate.

Your Cable, Mr. Long, Is Our Announcement

CL 66 XDX GBK 1313
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WE HAVE IN EDITH BENHAM HELM'S LETTERS DOCUMENT OF HISTORIC VALUE AND TREMENDOUS HUMAN INTEREST STOP IT TAKES AMERICANS BEHIND SCENES WHEN WORLD'S FATE WAS IN BALANCE GIVING ONLY HUMAN PICTURE OF WILSON EVER PUBLISHED STOP IT SHOWS CLEMENCEAU AND LLOYD GEORGE PRODUCING SECRET TREATIES AT EVERY TURN STOP ALL WRITTEN WITH CANDOR OF WOMAN WRITING TO MAN SHE IS TO MARRY STOP ANNOUNCE IN BIG WAY IN JULY ISSUE

RAY LONG

The letters to which Mr. Long refers were written from the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 by Miss Edith Benham to Rear-Admiral James M. Helm, U. S. N., whom she afterwards married. Miss Benham was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's social secretary. No historian could tell, as she tells, the dramatic story of Woodrow Wilson's single-handed battle against Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando.

In August COSMOPOLITAN

Shattered Glass *by Louis Bromfield*

(*Continued from page 77*)

concerns my past and my future—perhaps *our* future. You don't know anything about me, really. Not many people do." He swallowed and said, "I want to talk to you as if it were a business proposition, if you'll let me. I want to put it all up to you squarely and let you choose."

She felt less disturbed now, because she had hoped it would be like this, orderly and businesslike with no pretense at romance, because after Fred there wouldn't be any romance and trying to pretend romance could only be shocking to her. But at the same time she was thinking that he had never seemed so attractive as he was now, flushed and young-looking and confused.

Until now she had never believed that the cold armor of his self-possession might be broken down. That, she thought, was why she was afraid of him.

He seated himself with his long powerful legs thrust out toward the fire, and she was aware of a sense of delight. This was a *man* as Fred had been a man, powerful in body and in brain.

"I want to tell you the story of my life," he said abruptly. "It's the first time I've ever told it to anyone."

"I'm flattered."

"Don't laugh at me. I'm in earnest."

"I'm not laughing, only what was I to say? I want to hear it."

He did not answer but stared into the fire, as if he were alone and she were not in the room. But presently, without looking at her, he began to speak.

"I wouldn't have annoyed you by coming here so late, but I haven't had any peace of mind lately and I couldn't go on without settled things. I've been accustomed always to have my life in order, with everything moving forward as it should, and lately things haven't worked that way. Everything seems to have lost its direction. Everything seems to be slithering away. I'm not interested. I don't care about things.

"I'm going to tell you everything. I'm in love with you. That's true. But at my age, and perhaps even at yours, love isn't the most important thing in life. It's only important when you're in the twenties. I can't offer you that kind of love. But I do offer you love; maybe a better kind that won't burn itself out. And I offer you devotion and fidelity, absolute fidelity, if you love me at all."

It seemed to her that a strange thing was happening between them. The directness of his attack, instead of disconcerting her, made her feel solid and honest. She could not think of anything to say but she was aware that there was no longer that sense of uncertainty and strain which had begun to weary her. This man was solid.

He said, "You know what I can offer you in material things—everything that anyone could want and more. I've got all the wealth any man could want, and no matter what happens I shall go on growing richer and richer. Money is like that. It's something else that I want now and it's something I can't have going on alone.

"But I'm getting ahead of my story. All that really comes at the end." He looked at her and said, "You aren't tired? You aren't bored?"

"No."

"Are you ever bored?"

"No. Not really ever."

He turned away again toward the fire. "It's going to be a long story. If you fall asleep I won't blame you. You see, my name isn't really David Melbourn, or at least it is and it isn't. My whole name is David Melbourn Higginson, but I've only used the first part of it for many years. I was born in the Middle West, in a town in Ohio, and my parents were just good Americans of New England blood with a good deal that was Scotch in them.

"They were never rich but after I was born things grew worse and worse. It wasn't simple poverty but the agonizing poverty of respectable people with a certain position to keep up who had to put on a brave front and pretend they weren't so poor that sometimes there wouldn't be enough to eat in the house.

"You see, my father was a drunkard, one of the hopeless kind for whom nothing can be done. It was a disease. In times when he was sober he was an honest, dignified man but when a spell came over him he'd do anything for whisky. He was just a beast."

Watching him, she fancied that he was looking away from her because he was proud and could not bear to have her see the expression in his eyes. She understood that because she herself couldn't have looked anyone in the eye and told the whole story of her marriage to Charlie Wintringham.

Melbourn was talking again, saying, "It was a big town filled with mills and furnaces and as we got poorer and poorer we moved from one house to another, each shabbier and more run down than the last. My mother did sewing and washed fine laces but she wasn't strong and things went from bad to worse. Twice, I remember, we were put out on the street. I was only a little boy, too small to do any work. At last we found ourselves in a shabby house with a leaky roof on the edge of the quarter where the mill hands lived.

"My mother tried all the time to keep me from knowing what was the matter with my father. She pretended he was ill, which was true enough. When he came home drunk she managed to keep him out of my sight, although I remember hearing awful noises which were worse than if I'd known the truth.

"I never really knew that he was a drunkard until I was eight years old. I only knew there was something dreadful always in the house with us, frightening me and slowly killing my mother. One day when I was eight, I was coming home from the grocery with a bag of beans, because at that time we lived mostly on beans and cabbage.

"I had to cross an empty lot where people threw rubbish behind a high board fence covered with signs advertising circuses and patent medicines. I remember exactly how the fence looked and the name of the circus and the pictures of the trapeze artists and a sappy woman on a white horse. I haven't forgotten the smallest detail of that day.

"As I crossed the lot I saw a crowd of boys in one corner throwing sticks and mud at something. Out of curiosity I went over to see what the fun was.

"When I had pushed my way through the crowd I saw that they were tormenting a man who sat sprawled against the fence, covered with filth and cursing his tormentors. It was my father. That's how I found out he was a drunkard."

He paused and his face looked gray and drawn. At length he said, "I tried to fight them off but it wasn't any use, so I ran home and got my mother and she drove off the crowd of dirty children and together we got him home.

"The funny thing was that afterward my mother and I never spoke of it, and because we couldn't talk about it a strain grew up between us which made things worse. We kept trying to pretend that there wasn't anything the matter. Maybe she was right. Maybe it was the only way she could keep on living.

"I went to school in the mill part of the town because that was the law, and so I never saw boys of my own class. There were cousins in the same town who were ashamed of us and would never have anything to do with us. But I knew I didn't belong among the mill hands, and I didn't find them sympathetic or anything else that was nice.

"You see, I wasn't a good democrat even then. I spent a third of my life among them but I never felt any bond between me and them. But I had to live among them just the same and the only way I could bear it was to keep telling myself, 'Some day I'll be rich and powerful and show them all what I can do.'

"When I was fourteen an awful thing happened. An Irish bartender tried to throw my father out of a saloon by the railroad yards and my father, who was drunk, threw a bottle at him. It hit the man in the head and two days later he died. Because my father was drunk they only found him guilty of manslaughter and they sent him off to prison and he died within a year.

"I never saw him again because my mother wouldn't let me see him in prison, but it seems worse to me now because I imagined all kinds of horrible things. If I'd known the truth it would have been better.

"After that there wasn't anything to do but leave the town. So we went away to another town like it and my mother borrowed money and tried keeping a boarding house, and when I was fifteen I went to work in the mills because I wanted to get money to begin my career."

Melbourn looked at Ruby and smiled. "Do you mind awfully this long story? Because I've got to finish it now I'm started. It's the first time I've ever told it and I think it'll do me good. Telling it puts things in order and gives me a new impetus.

"You see, out of those years of work in the mills, I got an experience and a knowledge which have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to me since. I got to know the steel workers and the unions and what they thought and the kind of grievances they had. I was one of them and yet not one of them, because with most of them the mills were the end and with me they were only the beginning.

"It was a kind of experience, too, that gave me a poise and a balance beyond value. Maybe you know the same thing—that feeling of being at ease wherever you find yourself because you know about all the layers that lie deep down underneath and know all kinds of life instead of just one kind. It gives you strength and a sense of values that people like Hector Champion never have.

"And I got out of it a heroic physique so that no amount of work ever tires me." He held out one arm and contracted the biceps so that muscles strained the expensive cloth of his dinner jacket and Ruby had a swift picture of Fred Saunders doing the same thing, and she thought, "Perhaps in the beginning David Melbourn was exactly like

Fred. Perhaps they are only different because life treated them differently."

And again she thought, "Perhaps if Fred had lived he would not have stayed always a sea captain. Perhaps he would have been rich and powerful like Melbourn." And fantastically the idea occurred to her that Melbourn might be Fred Saunders returning to her.

"I got those muscles there. They aren't quite respectable muscles in Hector Champion's world because they didn't come from rowing and polo and other pretty exercises, but they're powerful muscles all the same and one of them is worth all of Jim Towner's body."

He turned back to the fire and said, "But all the time I was in the mills I was saving money and thinking about the day when I should have wealth and power, and I studied in the daytime when I was on the night shift and in the night when I was on the day shift. I went to night classes in business because it was in business and money that I saw my chance for power. It was to be a power built of mines and steel and coal and railroads.

"When I was twenty, because I had a clear head and knew figures and knew the workers and all their cussedness, I was made assistant to one of the shed superintendents and I began to make good money, of which I managed to save more than half. And that year two misfortunes happened to me. My mother died and I got married.

"I was never in love with the girl and certainly never wanted to marry her. She was pretty, with reddish hair and freckles, stupid and hysterical, and she was the daughter of a German grocer named Hostetter.

"We began to take walks in the evening and go for buggy rides in her father's buggy, and at the end of the summer her father came to me threatening me and saying his daughter was going to have a baby. If I didn't marry her, he'd shoot me or go to law about it.

"At the time it seemed the end of everything to me. I didn't want to be married to such a stupid nonentity as Verna Hostetter. And I didn't want to give up an excellent job and run away without finding another.

"I thought and thought and at last the only thing seemed to be to marry her and get rid of her later on, and maybe pay her money to keep out of the way. I should have run away, but I was young then and my good job and the chances of promotion were everything to me. So we got married and the baby was born dead and in my heart I was thankful. I wanted a better wife than Verna and better children than she could ever give me and I didn't want children until I could give them all the things I'd never had myself.

"I decided that if Verna had any more children they wouldn't be mine, and I shut myself away from her and began to work harder than ever. She was silly and extravagant and spent all the money I was earning and even some of what I'd saved.

"It went on like that for nearly three years. I was twenty-six and I began to think that if that kind of life went on I'd end up as a super mill clerk with no money and no power and only misery and unhappiness at home. And then a dreadful thing happened to me. It seemed to me that I must get rid of her somehow. And presently I began to think that perhaps I could murder her and no one would discover it and fix the guilt on me. In my mind I was a murderer. But I held back, thinking all the time how I could be certain of escaping justice, because if they shut me up in prison or hanged me, my ambition was finished forever.

"Then a wonderful thing happened. She came to me one night and said she wanted to leave me and marry a middle-aged banker in the town. They wanted to get married right away and they wanted us to be divorced as soon as possible.

"At first out of mere cussedness I pretended that I'd fight a divorce, and then she said the banker would pay me five thousand dollars to let her divorce me.

"I guessed then that she was having a baby and I knew of course that it wasn't my child; and they didn't want a scandal on account of his position. At first I pretended I couldn't consider such a thing and after a day or two they said they'd pay me ten thousand. So I said I'd think it over.

"You see, I'd heard that the franchise of a street railway was for sale in a town called Adrianville not far away and I wanted the money to buy in on the bigger part of it because I thought I could make a beginning in that way. So at last I said I'd leave town and never bother them again if they'd pay me twenty-five thousand dollars.

"That sounds awful, doesn't it? But it really wasn't—it would have been awful if I'd ever been in love with her or if any of them had been decent. But the whole lot—Verna and her lover and her parents—were mean and small-minded and had used me for reasons of their own. And they'd damaged me far more than the value of the twenty-five thousand. So I took the chance to have it all back a couple of times over.

"They paid me the twenty-five thousand and with it I bought the better part of the franchise and a bank went the rest of the way. What we did with it mightn't be considered the purest means of exploitation today, but it was all right then because everybody did such things. And it was a beginning.

"I made more money and bought in on an interurban electric line and reorganized it, and that too succeeded. Before long the banks began to see that I was a smart fellow and of use to them. It went on from that and the twenty-five thousand has become millions and millions. The war came along, my money doubled and tripled, and suddenly I found that I had all the power and wealth I'd dreamed about, only I had it years sooner than I'd ever expected.

"In the beginning I didn't have time for anything but making money and more money, but after a while there came a time when I began to think about other things and to see that money wasn't everything.

"It was a woman who got me started on things like pictures and books and music. She's dead now. She was a charming woman. I'd have married her if it had been possible but she was already married and she was a Catholic, so there wasn't anything to do.

"She took me in hand when I was hard and successful and did her best to make something decent of me. It was from her time that I began to be civilized and able to hold my own in any world. Since then I've kept it up because it interested me and I liked it.

"In my life I've had five mistresses, beginning with Verna Hostetter. Three of them were charming women. Verna was not and the last was not. You can guess who she is. I've seen you watching us. I know you must have guessed. I've been trying to end it for a long time but it only came to an end tonight. It's really been finished for a long time, almost since the beginning. It wasn't anything I wanted very much. I was bored and looking for distraction. That's what I can't go on doing.

"I've always had something to drive for and lately it's all disappeared in thin smoke. No matter how much more money I make I'll never be any richer than I am now, because wealth is really only measurable by the freedom and independence you can buy with it. The power interests me but not the money.

"I can't stop altogether and pretend to be interested in polo and things I'm not interested in. That isn't enough. Besides, I'm a young man, really. I'm only forty-seven. I'm not even tired. I'll go on working over things like this Gobi mine deal with Elsmore because that's fascinating—to feel that your money is reaching out, controlling land and wealth and even people and governments on the other side of the world.

"But even that isn't as exciting to me as those first ventures back in Ohio. I want something else now, and what I want is a part of the fantastic dreams I had as a boy.

"Sometimes I think that all our lives are determined and planned out before we're grown men and women and that, no matter how we try, the things we really want are always the things we wanted as children. I think we have to go on carrying out dreams no matter how tired we become.

"Did you ever think of that? We *are* creatures of fate, the best of us, but it isn't as blind a fate as we like to think. We do what our bodies make us do and what our pasts dictate to us and the older we grow the more everything we do is determined by what the past has made of us. We can't escape the past in our lives any more than we can in our faces."

He leaned over and took Ruby's hands in his.

"I want you to marry me not only because I'm in love with you but because I am sure you are the one person in the world to be my wife. I want you to help me build up what I want the future to be. I suspect it's the same kind of future you want yourself.

"You see, I want to have children, and when I die I want them to be fixed in the world. Some people would say that by doing that for them, I was spoiling their chances for a rich life, and maybe I am, but I've had the rich life and I don't want them to have it. I'd feel that I had really succeeded if I could pass on to them as realities all the things which were dreams to me in my childhood.

"I've never had a real friend of my own; someone with whom I could share my confidences. I've never known intimacy. I never had a chance to have friends until it was too late and I found friendship difficult, even impossible, because my world has always been changing. It's only lately that my life has begun to settle and become a solid thing. I'd have liked friends. The whole thing has been a lonely, grisly business.

"I'd like my children to know what security is and the friendships that endure forever, and the feeling of a house and perhaps land that belonged to their father, and belongs to them and will belong to their children. In a way, it would make up to me for what my father and mother and I myself suffered.

"I've got to marry someone who understands all this. I don't want a wife who doesn't understand what I've been through and who takes all the things I want for granted because she was born

Read your washday fortune in your hand...

YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman — the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than any one else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and because it does this so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

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SPECIAL OFFER —Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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with them. With a wife like that there never would be any understanding, no matter how much I loved her. We'd always be strangers, really.

"She'd never understand that to make my life complete, I'd have to have splendid houses and beautiful pictures and entertain distinguished people and perhaps have a finger in politics and know the whole world. She'd never understand that I meant to be the *founder* of a line rather than just someone who carried it on."

He turned toward Ruby again and said softly, "I don't suppose you thought before that I was quite human. Most people don't think so. It's only that the kind of life I've had has made me crush everything deep down inside myself.

"What I've said to you tonight has been a relief to me, an agony too, but at the same time a relief. I've said things I thought I never could say to anyone. I couldn't have said them to you if I'd been in love with you only in a physical way. It's much more than being in love with you. I've seen you in all sorts of circumstances and always you've seemed to me perfect.

"The more I've seen the more certain I was that I had found at last the woman I wanted to marry. I couldn't have said any of these things when I was younger but I can now. I know a little the value of things."

He grinned, a sheepish, boyish grin, and Ruby was aware again of his indefinable charm. "This was a queer kind of proposal but I didn't want it to be otherwise. You know the worst things I've done. And now I can offer you all the things I've talked of and I can offer you absolute devotion and fidelity. And I can offer you love, too, because every time I see you, you become more beautiful and more desirable."

He stood up abruptly, facing the fire. Without looking at her, he said, "I'll never speak of any of this again, not even if you married me and we lived together for a thousand years."

"But I want you to talk about it, David, whenever you feel like it."

He turned and looked at her, and seeing that what she said meant that she would be his wife, he grinned again.

She didn't speak again, but she was aware that the impulse toward shallow coquetry which had led her to stage his entrance had now disappeared completely. She was ashamed of herself and she thought, "I should be a fool to refuse him, even if I did not love him."

She suspected that perhaps she did love him and she knew that all the doubts had been melting away while she sat listening. She saw that he was not so cold as she had thought, nor so hard, and that perhaps he was even capable of great tenderness, and oddly enough, she pitied him.

Beside his life her own seemed no more than a series of chances in which she played the rôle of a cheap opportunist. But strangest of all, it seemed to her again as she watched him that there were many things about him which were like Fred Saunders.

"It's all right, David, I'll marry you, if you'll put up with me. Sometimes I'm cheap and trivial and vain, but I'll try to be decent. I'll do my best."

"You're better than you think," he said suddenly. "Most decent people are."

Then he put his arms about her and she turned, confused and dizzy and uncertain whether it was David Melbourn or Fred Saunders who embraced her and whose lips were kissing her. She thought wildly, "It's not true. My luck is too good." And she wished that her father could know how happy she was and how successful.

He kissed her again and then, shivering as if he were cold, he said, "I must go now. We have to be more careful than most. There will be a lot of people wishing us harm."

She knew what he meant and she thought of poor Fanny Towner who would hate her always and wish her evil. And there would be all the other women who had wanted him for himself and his power and his money.

She heard the clock on the mantelpiece striking three. Melbourn kissed her good night and she went with him to the elevator and stood there till he stepped in and was swept downward.

When she returned to the living room she sat for a time looking into the fire and she thought how she had changed in a brief hour, losing all her hardness and the air of sham which the city she loved had imposed upon her. She had become human again. She wasn't any longer Ruby Wintringham. She was Ruby Saunders who had loved a sailor.

And then she was afraid, thinking that perhaps she had been hypnotized and that when she wakened tomorrow she would find that she herself was unchanged, that David wouldn't be David but Melbourn, rather cold and distant and secretive. She remembered what he had said about escaping the past.

And then she remembered that something in his long story had not been completed. He had not told her what had become of Verna Hostetter. She would ask him tomorrow.

It wasn't Rosie's first experience with a drunk. Before she was twenty-two she had learned all the tricks of managing a man who was heavy with the heaviness of intoxication, and because drunkenness was a spectacle to which she was accustomed it held no terrors for her. When men got like Jim Towner, they became nuisances. Even Melbourn watching her idly, without knowing who she was, as she steered Jim across the sidewalk before the house where she lived, was filled with admiration for her skill.

It was a respectable old brownstone house built by a lawyer of the 'seventies to house his respectable family, but after his death the estate had turned it into two apartments with a shop in the basement. It was a discreet house, for there was no doorman and no janitor and the shop on the basement floor was always closed by seven. On the second floor lived a rich invalid who spent most of his time in Florida or California, and so there was no one to suspect Rosie's free-and-easy manner of living.

Propping the half-conscious Jim against the wall by the letter boxes, she managed with one hand to turn the key in the lock of the outer door and to switch on the light. When she had got him safely inside she managed to put the body before her and to push it slowly up the stairs.

At the top she again propped Jim against the wall and with one hand turned the key in the lock of the green painted door. As she opened it he fell inside on the floor of the vestibule, softly, like a man made of rubber, and lay there, insensible.

She closed and locked the door, and leaving him on the floor where he could come to no harm, she switched on the lights. They were all capped with little shades made of rose-pink silk and gave the place a queer look of tawdry gayety like the inside of a cheap night club. The vestibule was planned to open into the sitting room, but Rosie had found the bedroom too small and had reversed the rôles of the two rooms so that now one entered the bedroom from the hall.

The whole room was done in pale pink-and-blue satin and taffeta and trimmed with a great deal of gold lace. There was an enormous bed which stood on a platform with a table beside it supporting a telephone concealed by a doll clad in an elaborate costume. There was also a bottle of whisky and a siphon. The curtains at the windows which looked out over St. Bart's churchyard toward the house of Savina Jerrold were of pink taffeta.

In this room Rosie took off her mink coat. She had thought out a plan as she drove through the storm in the taxicab. She would put Jim to bed in the parlor and lock him in there, and then if Tony had lied to her and still had the keys and returned, Jim at least would be safe from him until she could scream and summon help.

Rosie's idea of elegance concentrated itself upon Italian antiques, and as she switched on the lights in the parlor there sprang from the darkness an indescribable clutter of heavy furniture carved in the overexcited Italian fashion. On the walls hung bits of brocade in which acid had played the rôle of age, and at one end there was a large religious picture. Vestments of heavily embroidered brocade adorned the backs of chairs and covered the piano.

At one end of the room there was a divan, also covered by a vestment embroidered in purple and gold, and heaped with pillows of a dozen colors and shapes. Rosie hung the priest's robe over the back of one of the medieval chairs, piled the pillows at one end of the divan and then went to fetch Jim.

She found him still lying on the floor of the vestibule. Half dragging, half lifting him, she got him into the parlor and on the divan, where he lay sprawled with one arm hanging over the side.

She took off his collar and removed the emerald studs from his shirt front, laying them on top of the piano. Then she dragged his overcoat from him and threw it over him and went to fetch from her bedroom a quilt of pink satin embroidered with pale blue flowers.

It was made for a double bed and she was able to tuck it in about him so that he would not grow cold during the night, but his feet kept sticking out, exposing grotesquely the patent-leather boots. So, taking off the boots, she covered the silk-clad feet with her mink coat.

She opened the window a little way, and stood looking out into the churchyard, where the snow blew wildly round and round. The fresh air made her feel better and she returned to the divan and looked down at the unconscious Jim, filled with a sense of pity that a man so good-looking and possessed of so fine a physique should have fallen into such a state of dissolution.

She thought that Tony, who couldn't be much younger than Jim, had a body as hard and wiry as it had been at twenty, despite all his dissipation and drug-taking; and the thought of Tony filled her with a longing and a desire for him so strong that she forgot even her fear. Tony was her sort. And then she told herself sharply that it was all finished with Tony.

With a sigh she turned, switched off the lights and went into the bedroom, where she threw herself down in a big

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chair upholstered in black satin and poured herself a drink. As she raised the glass to her lips she thought, "How tired I am! Everything's a mess. Why do I go on?" And she saw that the only thing which kept her going on was Tony and that in spite of everything she kept hoping that he would come back to her.

She wanted him now, even if he came back to kill her. She saw that if someone came and told her he was dead, she wouldn't care any longer about living, and she knew that some day someone would come and tell her that, or she would read it in the newspapers.

She thought, "Why don't I just take a big glass of veronal and call it a day?" But she couldn't do that, because if she did the old man wouldn't have any money and he'd be sent to the poorhouse and Tim wouldn't have anyone to keep him out of jail; and Pat, who was the salt of the earth, needed her because Esther was going to have a baby, and having a baby meant lots of spending and Pat didn't have any money. Pat ought to have kids. "He's the only decent one of us," she thought.

She got up and tried to take off the soiled white satin dress. It was crumpled and one seam was torn down the side from her exertions with Jim, and when she tried to pull it over her head it became caught, imprisoning both her arms. In a fit of temper she ripped it into two pieces and threw it on the floor. Slowly she took off her stockings and her combination, until at last she stood naked in the rosy glow of the lights, staring at the reflection of her body carried back and forth and multiplied many times by the mirror in the bathroom door and the mirror of the dressing table. It was a magnificent body, firm and white, marred only by the tiny pink scar on her side made by the bullet that time when she tried to kill herself.

At last she sat down again in the black satin chair and poured another glass of whisky. In the midst of the act, she halted, listening, for she fancied that she heard the sound of a closing door.

Still listening, she went to the door that led into the room where Jim was sleeping, and turning the key in the lock, she took it out and went to the dressing table, where she thrust it deep into a pot of cold cream. She turned again and listened, and this time she fancied that she heard footsteps coming up the stairs.

The sound was more distinct now and she heard the stairs creaking beneath the weight of the unknown feet.

She went to the closet and took down a peignoir of pink satin trimmed with marabou feathers and wrapped it around her and listened again. This time there was no doubt. The footsteps were outside the door. There was the sound of metal scratching against metal as someone fumbled with the key to find the lock.

The key turned. She knew then that it was Tony coming back to kill her.

But at the sound of the key the old desire returned to her body and she thought again how strange it was that she had no control over this body, which went on wanting Tony in spite of all she could do. She waited, feeling confused and sick from terror and desire.

The handle of the door turned slowly and the door opened and Tony came into the vestibule. She thought, "I've tricked him before and I can do it again. He mustn't know that Jim's here."

From somewhere he had got a shabby overcoat in the two hours since she had seen him. He wore the same stained, greasy cap with the peak pulled over his face. He closed the door behind him and stood looking at her.

Then, as if his return was the most casual thing in the world, she turned and took up her whisky glass. She said, "Well, you lied to me again, didn't you? You had the keys all the time."

She let the peignoir slip off her white shoulder, thinking that if she could transform his desire for vengeance into a desire for her body, she would be able to save herself and Jim. But she knew that when he was like this, with his nerves on edge from wanting drugs, she couldn't wheedle him in that way.

He came into the room, looking about him as if he were dazed.

She said, "I suppose you've got hold of another gat. I suppose you've come to kill me like the dirty coward you are." She tried to be brutal to him, but there was a part of her which she could not command.

He didn't take off his cap or his overcoat. He looked at her and said, "I want some money."

"Coke?"

"I want some money. I didn't come here to get you. It's him I'm after."

"He ain't here. He was so drunk I sent him home."

She could see now that his eyes were bloodshot and dilated and that he was beyond the point where she could wheedle him. It was not Tony who was staring at her but some strange animal.

With fascination she saw him go over to the door of the parlor, turn the knob and try to enter. She saw him thrust his wiry shoulder against it and saw the door hold firm. She kept thinking that if only Jim wasn't too drunk to move she could tell him to escape by the window onto the roof of the floor below. But Jim couldn't walk across the floor, let alone climb out of a window.

Tony tried the door again and then turned to her. "Where's the key?"

"I dunno. Minerva lost it."

"You're lyin' to me to save that——"

She screamed at him: "I tell you he ain't here!"

"If you don't give me that key I'll take a chair and smash down the door."

"If you touch that door, I'll open the window and scream and the cops'll put you where you won't bother me any more."

"Nobody'd hear you tonight."

She moved back and opened the window. The cold air blew in a gust of snow, and she had a strange vision of herself that was like a nightmare in which she was alone in a city filled with millions of people who could not hear her if she screamed.

"Look here, Tony. Don't our life together mean anything to you?"

She stepped toward the doll-covered telephone, thinking that if she could only knock it from the table someone would hear her screams and send help; but he was too quick for her. He seized her by both wrists.

When he had her fast, he cried out, "It's a helluva life, ain't it? I can't stand it any more."

The touch of his hands filled her again with desire. She thought, "He means to kill me and I want to live." Aloud, she said, "I tell you I don't know where the key is."

She tried again to knock over the table on which the telephone was standing, but he struck her, knocking her onto the bed. She screamed, a single terrifying scream, and then the dark wiry hands throttled the sound, sinking into the flesh of her throat.

She fought him wildly, trying to bite him and scratching his face with her long nails. But it was no good. He was tearing her throat apart and she could not breathe. His cap fell off and rolled to the floor and his black curly hair fell over his face, which was bloody and torn from her scratches.

She thought, "I'm dying. It's all over." She couldn't breathe and all at once a voice said, "Why not die? Why not let him kill you?" And she ceased fighting him.

She felt his body pressed against hers and a burning flame seemed to envelop them both, melting them into one. She knew that it was Tony she loved and that their love was wicked and accursed.

Her body arched in a spasm of terror and desire; a dark fog filled the room, blurring out the pink lights. She tried to call out to him, and the next moment was only a body which lay limp and still.

For a long time Tony went on shaking the body, and then all at once he let go of the white throat and looked down at it. Then he said softly, "Don't go on pretendin'. Gimme the key."

When the body made no answer, he shook it violently. Again he shook it and again, crying out, "Lay off pretendin'. You can't put that over on me." But there wasn't any answer and at last he remained quite still kneeling on the big bed looking down at it.

And then he was frightened and felt sick, thinking, "She ain't dead. It ain't so easy to kill a woman like Rosie." He seized the whisky bottle and tried to pour the stuff into her mouth, but it only ran out again, making a thin brown stream against the white skin.

He threw the bottle to the floor and, bending over her, said over and over again, "It's me, Rosie, Tony. It's me. Don't go on foolin' me. It's me, your Tony. You ain't dead, Rosie. Tell me you ain't dead. I didn't mean to hurt you, honest." And all the while the chill fear kept growing.

When he got no answer he began to cry hysterically and flung himself on the floor, where he knelt and prayed in a strange gibberish mixture of Italian and English. He beat his head on the floor and against the table, knocking it over and the doll and telephone with it. And then for a long time he lay face down on the floor, sobbing.

It was the sound of the telephone which roused him. It wasn't ringing but was buzzing and buzzing with the sound it made when a receiver was left off the hook, and as he became aware of the sound he was filled with cold horror.

He couldn't remember when it had been knocked to the floor and he thought that someone listening at the other end of the wire had heard Rosie scream and would send someone to arrest him. He fell back into the black satin chair and lay there watching the body, waiting, hoping that somebody would come.

After a long time the desire to escape and to live returned to him and with it the wild hunger for drugs. He knelt beside the bed and prayed for Rosa's soul. When he had finished he went to the bathroom and washed the blood from his torn face.

He was like a man hypnotized, who did these things without consciousness of action. He kept thinking, "I can't stand it. I've got to get some snow."

Then he went to the bed and laid the body flat and crossed the hands that had begun to stiffen, and wrapped the

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pink satin peignoir trimmed with marabou feathers about it. At last he covered it carefully with a blanket, as if the poor body might still feel the cold of the winter night. When he had finished he prayed again and then without looking behind him went quickly out, leaving the rosy pink lights still casting a glow over the body in marabou and pink satin, that was reflected back and forth endlessly between the two mirrors.

Outside the light had begun to turn rosy and gray and Tony ran westward toward the river front because that was the district he knew best. As he ran his nerve went back on him and he saw himself already dead, caught and cornered and trapped and dead with a current burning his body.

That cap and the telephone would trap him, and people like Tim and Jake, who knew he was living with Rosie, and people like the bouncer at Rosa's Place who knew he'd been there to see her. And when they found her they'd find her lover, too, and they'd know he couldn't have done it because he was too drunk.

He ducked in at the doorway of Jake's Place, had a drink and borrowed a cap, and as soon as he'd borrowed it he knew he'd made another link in the chain that kept wrapping itself about him.

In the street he hurried on until he came to a building of yellow brick much discolored by the smoke of the engines on Death Avenue. It had a sign on the front: "Valparaiso Hotel." He dodged into the doorway and ran up to a gray unheated room.

Without taking off his coat, he climbed into the bed and pulled the soiled blankets over his head but they couldn't keep him from seeing Rosie, lying stiff and dead in the glow of the rosy lights. He didn't even remember Lucky Sam Lipschitz whom he'd shot six hours earlier. He could only see Rosie. That was different. It made a coward of him.

He could never go back to her again. There wasn't any Rosie now. She was dead. He could never go back to her again and be taken in. There wasn't another woman in the world like Rosie. And he'd killed her.

Presently he began to rave and cry.

When Soames, the valet, had gone away leaving Old Hector alone in the hall with the note dropped by Mrs. Wintringham, he went into his bedroom where Soames had already laid out his dressing gown of purple and silver and his slippers of red morocco. There was something warm and glowing and almost feminine about the room which made Hector's absurd body seem all the more grotesque. It smelled faintly of *eau de Cologne* and lavender water.

As he waddled into the room, closing the door behind him, he noticed that he was still carrying in his hand the note Melbourn had written Mrs. Wintringham. He read it again, and in a fit of irritation tore it into bits. His soft pink finger was no longer bleeding. He removed the handkerchief from the wound and threw it on the floor.

Then he began indolently to relieve his body of the stiff clothes which he had worn all the evening with so much weariness. He stood before the warm fire, turning away from the mirror so that he would not have to see his grotesque body.

He hated it with the hatred which he felt for all ugly things. There was something white and smooth and hairless and repulsive about it, like the body of a grub found nestling in the rottenness of a damp log.

He did not turn toward the mirror until he had encased himself in pajamas of pale yellow crêpe de Chine and the purple-and-silver dressing gown. Then he risked looking at himself, but when he did look, he saw that he remained grotesque in spite of everything, a mass of gorgeous color and material from which peeped a soft, round, eunuch face with cold, pale blue eyes.

The single glance plunged him again into the depths of bitterness. Why, he asked himself, had he of all people in the world been cursed with such a body and such a face?

And another regret followed the others which had been tormenting him since dinner. It was a regret that he had not taken care of his body when he was young and built it up the way young men did nowadays so that when he was old it could not have fallen to pieces. It had never been much of a body, but it might have been kept firm and hard instead of turning into this soft and shapeless envelope of fat.

He saw again, bitterly, that he had wasted his youth collecting pictures and carpets, jades and crystals and tapestries, and he was filled with a desire to cast them out of the window, as if by doing so he could cleanse his life and begin afresh.

His bitterness was the more profound because he saw that he had never had any choice in his way of living. It had been dictated to him by his own body and its weaknesses, by the upbringing he had had and by his mother's neurotic fear that something might happen to him so that he would not grow to maturity and be able to carry on the Champion name. And because she had always protected and coddled him, he'd grown up shy and timid and afraid of all women but her and of all men, until he met Patrick Dantry.

He saw now that he had loved Patrick Dantry because he was beautiful and all that he himself had wanted to be. It was as if he had sought to live through Patrick Dantry. And then he had lost him to Mary and afterward to Nancy, because Patrick wasn't afraid of women and to him the friendship of another man was as nothing.

Old Hector felt an astonishing wave of hatred for his own mother, and for the first time he saw her as a selfish and evil woman who had ruined his life. Philip, who had never had a mother, was much happier. Philip was able to live. No one had got in his way.

"If I had had character I could have broken away from her," he thought. "I could have changed my whole life. There was a time when it could have been done if I'd only known it. And I could have changed everything if I'd married Savina when she wanted me to marry her. Savina would have carried me through. Anyone tied to Savina would be certain to live."

But when he remembered how she had frightened him that day in the orchard he knew that marriage with her would have been impossible. She would have needed stronger stuff than himself.

He lay down on the chaise longue thinking that, after all, he had been avenged on his mother, because the very reason for her treatment of him had been defeated. She had wanted him to grow to manhood, to marry and carry on the precious Champion name, and by guarding him so that nothing could ever happen to him she had robbed him of the power of carrying on that name.

He had gone through life with nothing happening to him until now it was too late. He was withered and finished, and the Champion name was dead, and the only Champion was named Dantry for a father who cared so little for the Champion name that he had dragged it through the dirt of scandal.

He saw that Nancy was right. No matter how bad her life had been, she was right. What people said did not matter in the end. Her life had been a better life than his.

For no reason at all he remembered something which had happened more than twenty years before. It was in Paris in a salon, where three people were seated. One was himself. One was a pretty woman whose name he did not remember, and the third was an old woman dressed in the old-fashioned way of the Second Empire.

She had beautiful white hair and a withered, wrinkled face and on one of her fingers were so many narrow bands of gold that they covered the first joint. They were, people said, souvenirs of her lovers. He heard her saying, *"Ma chère, lorsqu'on est vieux, ce n'est plus les choses que nous avons faites qui font nos regrets mais les choses que nous n'avons pas faites . . ."*

Old Hector remained on the chaise longue thinking about the past until he noticed that it was twenty minutes past three and Philip hadn't come in yet, and he thought with bitterness and a strange excitement, "He's not coming in at all. It wouldn't matter to him if I died tonight here alone." And it struck him that it did not matter to anyone in the world if he should die tonight, because he was finished and useless.

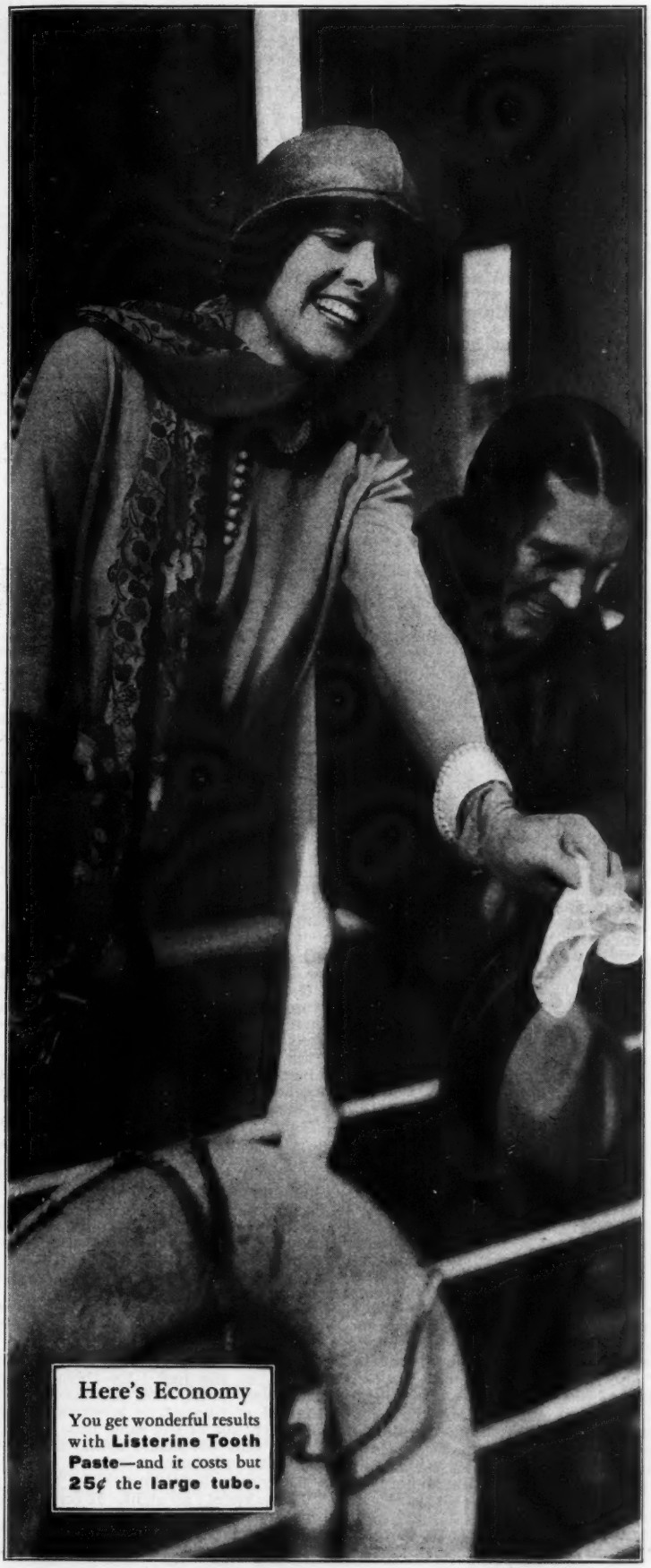
He rose and pushed aside the curtain and looked out into the storm. Through the blowing snow the lights of Fifty-ninth Street cut a straight line westward, and above Broadway there was a rosy yellow glow out of which rose one tower after another, splendid and gray-black and blurred by the snow.

It was a magnificent and beautiful sight but it had for him no reality. It was like something dreamed which was beyond the power of puny man to create, and he hated it without knowing why, because he had no part in it and because to him it was a strange city, adventurous, hostile and barbaric, in which there was no place for the old. It was a city which belonged to young men like Philip and to strong men like Melbourn.

While he stood there a motor appeared dimly out of the snow, coming westward from Fifth Avenue. It careened from side to side, pushing its way through the drifts, and then turned sharply and drew up at the curb. Through the blowing snow he could not see distinctly but it appeared to him that three men got out of the motor, dragging after them a bundle which they threw into a deep drift that filled the area way of a house opposite. Then quickly and furtively they climbed in again, and the motor drove off northward along Avenue A and lost itself in the storm.

It was nothing. It had no significance. But it filled him with a curious sense of foreboding, as if death had passed by him in a motor and driven off again into the storm.

He put out the lights and taking off the purple-and-silver dressing gown got his fat body laboriously between the scented sheets. He tried to sleep but it was impossible because he kept thinking of Philip and that actress, baffled and tormented by that feeling of frustration which had been with him always.



Look out, Europe, *here she comes!*

This is Mildred on her way to Europe—attractive, capable, the secretary of a well-known business man in Albany.

She has forgotten the sacrifices necessary to make this trip possible; the lunches she didn't eat; the little things she went without. They are all behind now. Europe and romance lie ahead.

There will be nice men on the boat who will dance with her again and again—so she thinks. *But she is mistaken. They will only dance once.*

There will be gay little bridge parties bright with badinage and the exchange of wit. *Sure there will—but she won't be included.*

Perhaps some attractive man will walk the moonlit decks with her and, recognizing the qualities that make her one woman out of a hundred, will ask her to marry him. Perhaps he will—*but the chances are against it.*

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations. It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember, also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Since it is antiseptic, full strength Listerine checks food fermentation. It is also a remarkable germicide* which attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office, and drop a bottle in your bag when travelling. It puts you on the safe side; makes you acceptable to others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

At two o'clock Patrick Healy went off duty. Turning up his collar about his plump throat, he set out into the blizzard, battling his way westward to the subway station at Fifty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue. He waited twenty minutes for his train and when it came it was empty. He knew the crew of the train and he chose the car operated by his friend Eisenberg.

At this hour Eisenberg did not mind his smoking in the train and even shared a cigaret with him. They shouted at each other above the roar of the train except when it pulled into a station, when Eisenberg had to get up and fling open the automatic doors with a clatter which appeared to delight him.

"Some night!" shouted Eisenberg.

"Some night!" shouted back Pat.

"They ain't seen nothing like this in twenty-five years."

"Not in sixty, I guess."

Eisenberg took a tabloid out of his pocket and shouted, "Yuh want it?"

"Yeah."

Pat opened it and began to look at the pictures and the headlines. He didn't read much. In these papers there was just enough reading to suit him. You got all the dope without having to wear your eyes out reading a lot of stuff that didn't have anything to do with it.

He looked at the photograph of a gunman, killed that day, and of a woman called Pilts who was going to be tried for sticking a bread knife into her husband while he was asleep.

On page three there was a photograph of a pair of Siamese twins, one of whom had expressed her intention of getting married. Pat and Eisenberg looked at this and grinned at each other.

And then Pat turned to a section called "Lonely Hearts," which was a kind of correspondence club, and began to read the letters. He had a softness for this section because it was through "Lonely Hearts" that he had met Esther. A year ago, just for fun, he'd written a letter saying he was lonely and would like to meet a nice girl.

He did it on a bet, thinking maybe he'd get another adventure out of it, and then Esther turned up and they got married. While he read he grinned to himself because he was thinking how it had turned out to be a good piece of luck and how he'd got the best wife in the world, and now he was going to have a kid of his own.

And then Eisenberg, slamming the doors, shouted at him, "Here's where yuh get off. Was yuh plannin' to spend the night in the train?"

Pat jumped up. As he went out the door, he waved the paper at Eisenberg and shouted, "There's a lot goes on in this little burg in one day."

THE door slammed shut and the train pulled out. Pat, buttoning his collar, went towards the steps. Outside through the blowing snow the mass of the car barns, hollow inside and lighted like a cavern with green and red and blue and yellow lights, loomed directly in the path of the homeward-bound Pat.

They spoke to him, saying, "Here is a place which has not yet gone to sleep and which never goes to sleep. In the room at the back of the barn there is a group of good fellows sitting by the stove playing pinochle. There is hot coffee and maybe a drink of something stronger." And Pat was tempted.

He gazed at the car barns telling himself that on a night like this a fellow had a right to stop and get a drink on his way home. So he crossed the tracks and entered the mouth of the cavern.

In the room at the back he found his friends—one or two men from the neighborhood, two conductors and a motorman off duty, Hennessey, the night watchman, and Hennessey's cousin.

They hailed him with shouts, and in an instant he had his coat off and was sitting at the table with a big cup of steaming coffee in front of him. Tonight was a big night. Instead of pinochle, they had a stud game.

"I can't stay late," he said, "but gimme a coupla stacks of chips." He lighted a cigaret and his eyes followed the greasy cards that were being dealt out by Hennessey, the night watchman.

Round the table they went, six of them in order, face down. He didn't look at his until his third card, believing that if he looked it brought him bad luck. Then came a round face up. He had a four showing. Against him there was an ace, two queens, a ten and a nine.

HENNESSEY, who had the ace, bet and he followed. On the third round Hennessey flipped a five beside his four. Then for the first time he noticed the color. The four and the five were both spades. His heart began to beat and he looked stealthily at the card underneath. It was a six of spades!

Hennessey himself had two aces showing and bet heavily and Pat had to follow, he told himself, with the beginnings of a straight flush. Berman, one of the conductors, dropped but the others kept on. Another round and Pat's heart leaped into his throat. Before him, beside the other cards, lay the eight of spades. He felt the blood rushing into his face.

The others took notice of him for the first time, looking at his cards suspiciously and then at his face. Hennessey bet again and he followed. Hennessey's cousin had two queens showing and one of the motormen, named Mergenthaler, had the beginnings of a straight.

Hennessey began dealing, slowly. Pat felt his heart was like to burst. Only one card in the pack could do it, one little seven of spades. He began to swear under his breath with excitement. Hennessey gave his cousin a ten, so that he had two pairs showing. Then he gave Mergenthaler a black seven and Pat came near to heart failure when he saw it coming, but it was the seven of clubs and didn't matter.

Then slowly, tantalizingly, Hennessey turned over the seven of spades and paused, examining Pat's face and whistling slowly. Pat, with a thrill running up his spine, merely grinned, a grin which might mean anything. Slowly Hennessey turned his own card. It was another ace. He had three showing.

The others crowded round. Hennessey bet the limit.

"Four aces, have yuh?" asked Pat and appeared to give himself over to deep thought. Then slowly he pushed out the bet and enough more to raise it the limit. Hennessey's cousin with his full house died quickly in disgust, and this time Hennessey looked at Pat and slowly put in the raise.

Then he said, "Well, I don't believe yuh," and raised him the limit.

Pat collapsed. He covered the raise and didn't raise again because he liked Hennessey. He said nothing. He merely turned over the six of spades.

Hennessey said, "Well, I'll be darned if I ever seen such a thing before at stud," and slapped down his cards in disgust.

They all had to have a drink to celebrate the hand.

It was the straight flush that caught him. He had honestly meant to go home early but he couldn't go after that. He couldn't do anything but sit there watching the turn of the cards, round after round. He went on winning and winning. Before he knew it, it was four-thirty.

He looked at the clock and felt ashamed and said, "Boys, I can play another hour and then I gotta go."

At the same moment the door opened and Izzy Rothstein came in. Izzy was a Jew who lived in the other side of the two-family house which Pat occupied. He lived with his mother, a widow, and his grandmother, who came to America when she was sixty years old and was now nearly a hundred. He drove a truck by day for a storage warehouse.

At first he didn't see Pat and addressed Hennessey. "Kin I use yer telephone? I gotta get a doctor quick."

At the sound of his voice and the word "doctor," Pat turned and they recognized each other.

Izzy was excited. He cried out, "It's fer yer wife. She's gonna have de bebby at enny minute. Git along home. I'll git de doctor."

Wildly Pat gathered up his overcoat and told Hennessey to keep his winnings for him. Izzy was at the telephone calling a number. He turned to Pat.

"She's esking fer yuh. She's all right. De old vimmin are vit her. De old granma vas a midvife."

Pat ran through the snow, turning at last into Primrose Place and bending low to break the wind that swept off the river. At last he came in sight of the house, exactly like fifty other houses on each side of it. At sight of it he was seized by the terror that when he entered he would find her dead and that it would be his fault for having stopped at the car barns instead of going straight home.

As he climbed the steps panting, he heard a groan and thought, "She is dying and it is my fault! I have killed her!" The door was unlocked and he pushed it open, entering the tiny hall. The whole house consisted of a bedroom, a sitting room, a kitchen and a kind of alcove off it which served as a dining room.

Through the open door of the hall he saw into the kitchen, where the figure of Granma Kochitz was pottering about before the stove. Again he heard a groan and he pushed open the door prepared to find Esther dying.

She was there but she did not appear to be dying. She said sharply, "You're a nice one, you are. Hangin' around the car barns while I'm sufferin'!"

There was something familiar about this speech which made him feel sheepish but comfortable. He had been prepared for a death scene and he received a familiar scolding. He tried to think of something to say. He had meant to ask forgiveness on his knees but he now saw that such a scene would appear funny, especially in front of Mrs. Rothstein, Izzy's mother, who was seated calmly hemming a diaper.

He could only mutter, "How did I know it was for tonight? How was I to know?"

He took off his coat sheepishly and hung it in the hall. He thought she looked very pretty and because he was ashamed of himself he loved her more than ever, but at the same time he was relieved that she wasn't dying, and that made him feel more cocky.

"Are yuh sufferin' much?" he asked.

"I'm sufferin', all right. It comes and it goes."

Mrs. Rothstein looked up from the diaper. "Ah!" she sighed. "If you men

"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult . . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

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Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

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Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, graduate of the University of Lausanne.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

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Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. Payot. And in this country you no doubt have heard of her reputation as a beauty expert.

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knew vat it vass you vouldn't be so free and easy wit your luff-makin'."

Pat seated himself on a chair, feeling awkward and useless.

Esther walked up and down and every now and then she would stop, grasp the end of the bed for a moment, groan and then resume her walking. The look on her face made him feel faint.

Mrs. Rothstein said, "Vat did Izzy say about de doctor?"

"He's gonna bring him. Mebbe I'd better go and hurry 'em."

"There aind't no hurry. Izzy'll bring him. You can count on my Izzy. You yust stay here. There aind't nuttin' to vorry about vit Granma Kochitz here."

Just then Granma Kochitz came in out of the kitchen. She was so old and so stooped that she was bent nearly double and she had beady black eyes filled with the fire of life even though she was nearly a hundred. She took no notice of Pat.

The old woman put her hand on Esther's stomach and then began to mutter to herself. Pat, watching her, wondered if it was a spell she was saying. He was beginning to think it was a slow business. He'd never thought about it before but he'd always supposed it was a painful business but much quicker than this. He got up and went into the kitchen for a glass of water and when he returned he found that old Granma Kochitz was telling a long story in a kind of gibberish made up of Yiddish and broken English.

Pat sat down again, listening to her and following with his blue eyes the figure of Esther as she walked up and down. He saw that Esther's pains were coming more often now and he wanted to cry out. He wanted to tell the old woman to shut up. He wanted to do anything desperate to help Esther, but before he could think of anything to do there was a sound of a motor in the street and then two or three explosions like pistol shots as the motor back-fired.

He listened. It wasn't a doctor's closed motor that was making such a noise. It was an enormous truck, roaring and sputtering and back-firing. Then the door opened suddenly and the doctor came in, followed by Izzy. They were both covered with snow.

The old woman stopped and the doctor said cheerfully, "Well, well, everything seems to be going well."

Pat shook his hand in silence and looked at Izzy to explain the mystery of the truck.

Izzy grinned. "The doctor's auto couldn't get tru de snow so I vent to de varehouse and got one of de vans."

Mrs. Rothstein beamed. "You kent git by my Izzy. He's a smart boy. He'll git on in de vorld."

The wind died down and toward morning the snow ceased to fall and the slow winter dawn came at last, revealing the full dreariness of Primrose Street, a narrow open space between two rows of dwellings one after another exactly alike with a monotony heightened to the edge of insanity by a whiteness that covered everything, wiping out all color but the uniform sickly yellow of the houses. The whiteness swept in waves and hollows across street and sidewalk, unbroken and smooth.

At six-thirty the door of Number Twelve opened and Simon Hirshkovitz set out shivering to make a solitary track through the snow to his stationery shop on New York Avenue. At seventen the door of Number Nineteen opened and Dan Hallowell, a fancy plasterer, set out to finish a job in Jersey City.

He crossed the street gingerly, following the tracks of Hirshkowitz. At seventwenty-five Hennessey, the night watchman at the car barns, lumbered into the street from the opposite direction. As he passed Pat Healy's house he looked in, tempted to stop and ask for news, and then thought better of it and went on.

At seven-thirty more doors opened, and a little later more and more doors until at last there was a path beaten through the snow.

At nine o'clock the door of Pat Healy's house opened and Mrs. Rothstein, holding her skirts high and exposing her fat black-stockinged legs, came out, descended the steps and gingerly picked her way to her own door. She was going to get Izzy's breakfast and Granma Kochitz remained behind until the faithful Izzy fetched the nurse. Rosa Dugan, Pat's sister, who was in the show business, was going to pay for the nurse.

A little later the doctor came out, holding his black bag and turning to say to Pat, who stood shivering in the doorway, "She's all right now. Just let her be quiet. I'll hurry the nurse along."

It was all over and the baby was born and in the big double bed in the tiny bedroom Esther was lying white and still. She had forgotten about Pat's playing poker and she was thinking wearily how funny it was that a year ago she was wearing out her feet in a store basement, handing out kitchen utensils to screaming women, and now she was lying in a pretty house of her own with a handsome, good-natured husband and this funny little thing by her side. Pat, sitting bolt upright on a stiff chair, kept looking at her without saying anything. He'd grin at her and she would smile back.

He was trying to apologize to her for everything he'd done—for that night he came home drunk from the football game at Celtic Park and for all the nights he hadn't been able to pass the lights of the car barns, and especially last night. But most of all he was trying to apologize to her for having caused her so much pain, because after the night he'd put in, he felt as if it was all his fault and that nature had nothing to do with it.

And Esther, looking at him, understood that he was trying to tell her all this, and smiling at him, she tried to tell him that it was all right and that she forgave him everything, but in the deepest part of her she knew he'd do it all over again when he'd forgotten about last night, and she knew too that she loved him because he was like that.

Pat went over and sat on the edge of the bed with caution, as if Esther and the baby were both so fragile that the mere presence of his clumsy body might shatter them both. With one finger he pulled down the bedclothes and looked at the top of the fuzzy red head and there returned to him that feeling he had had before the baby was born, only a hundred times stronger now.

He had accomplished a marvelous miracle. He, Pat Healy, had begotten this child that was like no other child in the world. He was superior to every other man he knew. His blue eyes shone.

He looked at Esther and said, "She's purty, ain't she? I'll bet there never was such a healthy baby."

Esther said in a faint voice, "Granma Kochitz is cookin' you some breakfast. We can't do nothin' good enough for her and the Rothsteins after last night." They sat in silence for a time, and then Esther said in a whisper, "When you get your breakfast you otta go down to the car barn and telephone Rosie. She'll be wantin' to know."

Then Granma Kochitz came in and told him his breakfast was ready and he went and fetched it and put it on the bureau, where he could eat and still watch Esther and the baby.

At ten the nurse came bustling in, looking starched and fresh and red-cheeked from the cold. Reluctantly Granma Kochitz went home to get some sleep, and when she had gone, the nurse told Pat he had better go too and let Esther try to get some sleep. Nothing was as good as complete quiet.

She drove him from the room but he came back again and peeped round the corner of the door at Esther and the baby, and Esther, feeling him there, opened her eyes and smiled and said in a low voice, "I've been thinkin' about her name, Pat. I want to call her after Rosie. She's been so good to us. We can't do enough for Rosie."

He grinned and said, "Sure. Rosie'll be pleased."

The nurse heard him and gently but firmly closed the door in his face. He went out to put on his coat and hat to go and telephone Rosie, and as he turned to open the door he saw Bill Kennedy, the policeman who had Primrose Street on his beat, coming up the walk. He opened the door and said, "Hello, Bill."

Patrolman Kennedy said, "Hello," but he didn't grin in response to Pat's grin.

"We got a new little Healy," he said, grinning and wondering why Kennedy was so grim. "She arrived last night."

Kennedy came up the steps. "That's fine," he said. "Sure. I congratulate you. You'll be after needin' good news."

"Why?" asked Pat. "Why'll I be needin' good news?"

"I got bad news for you."

"Yeah? What is it? Tim again?"

"No. It ain't Tim this time. It's Rosie."

"What's the matter?"

"She's dead." Pat stared at him and Kennedy said, "Somebody killed her. They only found her an hour ago. They want you down at the station. Thought you might have some dope that would give 'em a line on who done it."

Pat leaned against the rail of the porch, feeling sick. "Rosie," he repeated dully. "Rosie . . . Why'd anyone wanta kill Rosie? She never done anybody any harm."

"I dunno," said Kennedy, "but it's seldom the wicked that gets killed." He took hold of Pat's hand with a queer gentleness. "Sorry," he said, and then, "She was a good girl, wasn't she?"

"She was the only good one in the family." And then he pulled himself together with an effort and tried to ask Kennedy sensible questions. He was dimly aware that he was walking down the street through the snow, but he wanted to curse and blaspheme.

As they passed the car barn he said, "Can you wait a minute? There's something I got to do here."

"Sure."

But he couldn't remember what the errand was and he stood stupidly trying to force his brain to work, and at last he remembered. Esther wanted him to call up Rosie and tell her the news.

"Come on," he said dully; "I'll do it on the way home."

Each hour of the swiftly moving twenty-four of Louis Bromfield's Novel of Manhattan brings perplexing problems to the men and women of the story. Next Month the murder of Rose Dugan complicates life for Fanny and Jim Towner

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces... but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

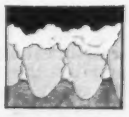
Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-517 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

Hour of Peril *by Booth Tarkington*

(Continued from page 43)

as ever they lay eyes on me, and always did. Must be somethin' 'bout me they like. Funny, but that's the way it always is. B'en that way long as I can 'member; even when I b'en among strangers they'll leave other people and come around me—animals and childern and women. Funny, but that's the way it's always b'en."

He scratched his head, leaned again on the handle of the hoe and went back to a previous topic. "Yessuh, breeze sou'west but good, nice weather and it may be too early to say so but looks like two-three months from now we might git a nice, good Indian fall, though, 's I says, some might p'fer to use some other spression in speakin' o' that time o' the year. It's like you said, Mr. Massish; you go one place and people'll spress one 'pinion and then you take and go some other place and they'll tell you different. Yet on the other hand you can take and look at it this way: if you stayed in the same place all the time it might be jest the same way, some spressin' one 'pinion and some tellin' you different; and yet how could you tell unless you set about to find out? You 'gree with me, Mr. Massish?"

This time I said, "Yes," quickly, and added right away that I had an appointment and would have to be moving on. It seemed to me that his thoughts went around in a circle, as you might say; but they confused me and I found myself unable to be clear as to their drift.

I had the same experience the next morning when I happened to be in his part of the yard again; he stopped work and began to talk before I was within fifty feet of him, and didn't quit until I went into the house. Listening to him gave me a peculiar sensation; he seemed to mean something by what he said, but most of the time I couldn't tell what it was.

One morning while I was shaving I heard Zebias Flick talking with him, down in the yard below.

"Guess you've took note of it yourself, Zebias," Mr. Sweetmus was saying. "I mean how animals and childern and women always like to make over me. Take these two daughters o' Mrs. Massish, and Mr. Massish, too. You see them two talkin' to me yestiddy aftanoon? Guess you did. Know what they was sayin' to me? Well, I'll tell you: said right out they'd b'en thinkin' 'bout my 'pearance. I told 'em that jest seein' me in my gaddnin' clo'es, they couldn't tell so much; but some Sunday I'd walk up this way in the golf suit Mr. Worthington's wife didn't like him in so she give it to me, and they could jedge fer theirselves. So they says no they liked to look out o' the window sometimes, and sometimes when they was out on the premises they liked to look down towards the gaddin, maybe, and they'd 'joy theirselves better if I was fixed up all the time. Says they'd like to see me in good, nice overalls, the kind that fasten up over the shoulders. Come right out with it and said they thought I'd look nice in long blue overalls. See? Funny, but that's the way it's always b'en."

"They ain't the only ones," I heard Zebias Flick telling him. "Yestiddy I see three-four fine, handsome womenfolks—summer boa'ders at the hotel, they was, topnotch high-heelers—and they was lookin' over the hedge at you while you was at work; but you never took note of 'em. Ast me who in the world you was, and I told 'em. 'My!' they says. Heard 'em say it two-three times. 'My!' they kep' sayin'. 'My!'"

"Did they so? Well, it's funny," Mr. Sweetmus told him.

"That wun't all," Zebias went on. "Heard 'em sayin' they wondered where you c'd 'a' come from. Heard 'em say it right out. Same as sayin' they'd 'a' liked to know where you lived so they c'd make your 'quaintance. I never told 'em, though; thought I'd said enough."

"Well, they wouldn't 'a' b'en no harm in your tellin' 'em," I heard Mr. Sweetmus say. "Guess they'll be by again, though, likely. Funny how it keeps on always bein' the same way. Why do you think it is, Zebias?"

"Must be somethin' 'bout you," Zebias told him. "Somethin' that 'tracts 'em."

"Must be," Mr. Sweetmus agreed, and there was a short silence as if he were doing some hard thinking. "One reason that might help to 'count fer it," he said, after that, "why, it's likely because I never put on no airs with 'em. Always easy and natural-like. They might be other reasons; but that's one of 'em anyways. Naturalness always come natural to me, as you might want to put it. In other words, I'm always jest myself with 'em, same as I am anywuz else. You take note o' me, Zebias, when I'm with animals or childern or women and you'll see I'm behavin' jest as natural 's if I was speakin' man to man. Yessuh, that's part o' the reason they like to make over me the way they do. 'Counts fer part of it, anyways."

Mr. Sweetmus was certainly right about his being natural with animals at any rate, as we discovered an evening or two later. We were just finishing dinner, and for a time I thought a skunk must have got into the very room with us. I never before had such a powerful experience with that odor, and it drove us out of the room in a hurry; but conditions weren't any better in any other part of the house, upstairs or down.

Everybody had to get outdoors and stay there for quite a while, and it was difficult inside the house even after bedtime; I never did know a smell to be so thoroughly distributed throughout a building. Well, the next morning I went out to see how the garden was getting on, and of course Mr. Sweetmus stopped work as soon as he saw me and began to walk toward me, talking about which direction the breeze was coming from, and so on; but as he got nearer I began taking steps backward, so he stopped.

"Guess I still smell of it. Some people don't stummick it so well," he said, and smiled pityingly and superiorly. "Take me, fer instance, and I ain't never b'en troubled by it because I've got kind of a natural way with me, and what's natural with animals and childern and women don't never trouble me none, and you take that little animal and nothin' ain't more natural than fer it to make anythin' that distu'bs it p'take o' that smell. Course I know, though, that summer families in p'tic'lar don't stummick it easy, and that's what I was thinkin' 'bout last night when I see one a-settin' hee-uh in your ya'd. I says to myself, 'Mrs. Massish and Mr. Massish, too, and their two daughters, besides,' I says to myself, 'they wouldn't like this,' I says to——"

I interrupted him. "You did! It was you?"

"Jest like I'm tellin' you, Mr. Massish. Zebias laid off yestiddy aftanoon and Mrs. Massish showed me a cellar window that she says was the new fresh-air intake the carpenters had finished to carry nice, good outside air all through the house. Told me to close that window jest before I went home, because it looked like the evenin' was goin' to git chilly; but I fergot all 'bout it until I was home finishin' supper. So I come all the way back to 'tend to it, and when I got here it was nice, bright moonlight and they was a young skunk a-settin' right there on the grass not two feet in front o' that fresh-air intake. They're friendly little animals if you're natural with 'em—I've had one to follow me as much as a quarter of a mile after dark, walking 'longside o' me, nice and pet-like—and they wun't do nothin' or even budge if you 'proach 'em right, in a natural kind of a way. Course I knowed you wouldn't want one pra'tic'ly in your fresh-air intake, so when I come up to him I give him kind of a kick——"

"You did!" I said. "You did!"

"'Sploded right in my face a'most," Mr. Sweetmus informed me. "Never did git it stronger. Awdinarily, 's I says, I ain't sensitive to it; but kickin' him like I done it come on me kind o' like a knife in the nostrils—more'n I'd looked fer, you might say. Disagreeable. By the time I'd got back home, though, course it wun't anythin' a man with a good deal o' naturalness would object to. He went on 'bout his bizness after I give him that kick; didn't hurt him none. Course I shet that window 'cause she'd told me to; but if it had b'en mine I wouldn't 'a' done it, 'cause after what'd happened 'twould 'a' b'en better to let the house air out some. Bein's it was her window and not mine, and she knowed what she wanted, I didn't see no option but to take and shet it. Looks to me jest the same way as 'tis 'bout that gaddin. I got a love o' flowers jest the same 's I got a love of animals and childern and women; but the way I like flowers is to see 'em growin' natural-like—wild flowers you hear some people callin' 'em. You've heard that spression used yourself, Mr. Massish, I guess; but my own 'pinion is that it ain't no matter whether you call 'em wild flowers or jest natural flowers or whatever you might take a mind to say 'bout 'em, the point is they're handsome to look at and no trouble to anybody. What I mean by that, they ain't no trouble if you let 'em alone and don't take no trouble 'bout 'em. Course it's her gaddin, though, and she knows what she wants; but if 'twas mine——"

I excused myself here and got away, though of course he kept on talking as long as I was in sight. It began to look like an uncomfortable summer for me: I had to keep out of the yard entirely during Mr. Sweetmus' working hours or there wouldn't be any garden; inside the house there was such a hammering and sawing and ripping and tearing going on that I couldn't read, much less think; I don't care to spend my whole time motoring and I gave up trying to play golf a long time ago because I'm just one of those natural-born disgraces at the game.

Well, you see, I had to do something with my time and that's how it happened that I bought the motor boat. I'd been out in other people's boats enough to understand that I don't get seasick in a boat so long as it keeps going ahead; qualms begin to come over me only when it stops and goes to flopping about in one location, and when that can be avoided I enjoy motor boating first rate. So one day I was down on a wharf at

"I guess mother's been buying the oil" | Yes—just "any oil"!

"Any oil" can be as bad for your engine as "any soap" for your complexion or "any milk" for your children.

If your oil is of poor quality or if it doesn't suit your engine, your engine suffers, and in the end you will know about it.

The wrong oil may cause difficult starting and loss of power—by leaving heavy carbon deposits, by coating the spark-plugs, by gumming the valves. The wrong oil may wear out too fast, may cause your engine to overheat, may fail to lubricate it properly.

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These famous flyers used Mobiloil for the same reasons that designers and builders of automobile engines use it. (Two to one, automotive engineers use Mobiloil in their own cars.)

The maker of your engine says, "Good oil is cheaper than repair bills —high-grade lubricants are most economical in the long run."

And, of course they *know*—they *must* know.

When the staff of Mobiloil engineers—the largest group of its kind in the world—say to you, "Use Mobiloil in your car according to the Mobiloil Chart," the maker of your car approves. The particular type of Mobiloil recommended on the chart *fits* your engine, lubricates it properly, prevents carbon deposits.

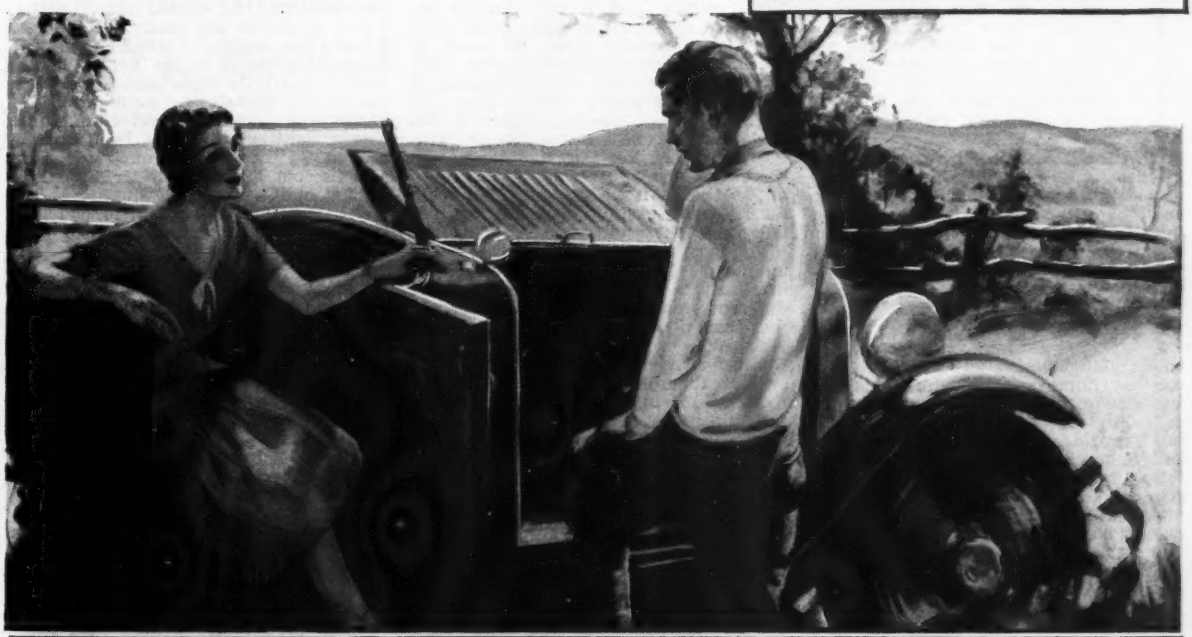
If you were an engineer yourself, you could get no more correct lubrication for your car than by simply following the advice on the Mobiloil Chart.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, 5g. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'dor 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Winton 6-88, 6-77, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....



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the harborside and saw a fine-looking boat, all nicely painted and varnished, with the brass work polished and about thirty-eight feet long, I judged.

It had a nice mahogany cabin forward, a small bridge deck with comfortable seats for the operator and one other person; there was an ample cockpit with four or five wicker chairs in it, and there was a little rowboat or dinghy swung up on davits—altogether a good-appearing motor boat. So I asked a man standing there whose boat it was.

He was a pleasant-looking man, middle-aged, in a blue suit and blue yachting cap, and I was surprised when he answered, "It might as well be yours, Mr. Massey, because it's for sale at a bargain and a good boat, too."

Then I remembered having seen him before and that his name was Cap'n Turner, so we had a conversation about the matter and he told me the boat belonged to a summer family he'd run it for the year before; but they'd gone to Europe and left him the job of selling it and getting himself the position of captain on it again, if he could. Well, the long and short of it is, I bought that boat the next day, with Cap'n Turner to run it for me, and of course Mrs. Massey and Enid and Clarissa got right excited.

The way they talked about it and the plans they made, you wouldn't have thought I was going to have much to do with the Wanda—that was the boat's name—she was just going to be used for them to give parties on. Mrs. Massey's enthusiasm was the quickest to drop; she isn't a good sailor, and her first excursion on the Wanda was a poor experience for her. The girls' excitement tapered off quickly, too, and within a week if I asked them to go out with me they usually looked absent-minded and began to make excuses.

Of course I enjoyed having people along with me; but I got to liking the Wanda just as well when they weren't. She had a good engine in her that Cap'n Turner kept in fine condition, so my stomach didn't become unsettled by our having to stop for repairs, and I learned how to manage the wheel and the controls myself; I got a good deal of pleasure out of running the boat.

We'd usually go out to sea soon after luncheon and not come back into the harbor until along about five o'clock, and one afternoon we got back later than usual and were just tying up when I noticed Mr. Sweetmus standing on the wharf that we used, looking down at us with his customary affable expression.

"See you b'en moty boatin', Mr. Massish," he said. "Jest on my way home and thought I might 's well stop to find out how you 'joy yourse f. Ain't never b'en on the ocean myself nor into it, neither. B'en to the bathin' beach, though, couple times when I was younger to look at other people goin' into it. Overdo it, they do—leastways that's my 'pinion. Gittin' the whole human body into water, it ain't natural 'cept fer them fishes. Disagreeable."

"You don't mean to say you can't swim?" I asked him.

"Me?" He looked surprised. "Never see no use of it. Ain't never b'en in a boat, neither, 'cept two-three times in my life. Nice-lookin' chairs you got there, though. Wouldn't mind settin' in one myself some Sunday aftanoon when you're goin' out, if so be you'd be willin' I sh'd 'company you. Ain't got nothin' p'tic'lar to do next Sunday aftanoon, if so be you'd be pleased to have me."

Of course there wasn't anything to do but tell him he could come, though I certainly didn't enjoy the prospect, because I knew he'd talk the whole time and the more I had of his conversation the more confusing I found it. Also, I mean to say that his whole character perplexed me; he was the only man I ever saw who would walk up to a skunk and kick it, and the fact that he would kick one right in front of a person's fresh-air intake, and then casually tell the person about it, without the slightest appearance of realizing he'd done anything remarkable or what the person would be thinking of him—well, I'm not much of a psychologist, I suppose, and Ananias Prinsh Sweetmus was too much for me!

When I got home that afternoon, after telling him he could go out on the Wanda with me the following Sunday, I found one of my family had other boating plans for the same date, and I thought it better not to mention my engagement with Mr. Sweetmus. It was Clarissa who had the plans.

She's a nice, bright, sensible girl, always with plenty of boys seeming interested in her, and now and then she appears to get excited about one or another of 'em. This time it was a boy named Paul Bicksit whom the rest of the family hadn't ever seen; but she'd met him at a college dance somewhere and had talked about him in a conscious way, so I judged she was more upset over him than she usually got. He'd called her on long distance, I gathered, and was going to spend Sunday at Mary's Neck, so she'd decided she wanted the Wanda for the afternoon.

"Why, certainly," I told her. "Bring him along."

"Oh," she said, and looked serious. "I only thought that probably you'd be having something else to do that afternoon and wouldn't want the boat."

I didn't take the hint because Sunday's likely to be a dull day at Mary's Neck, usually, and it had already occurred to me that I wouldn't mind having Mr. Sweetmus along so much if Clarissa and her young friend were there for him to converse with. Probably it was inconsiderate of me—maybe you might call it selfish—but anyhow I just said that I'd be on the bridge with Cap'n Turner, running the boat, and there was plenty of room in the cockpit, so she let it go at that. You could see it wasn't exactly what she wanted; but she decided to make it do.

Young Bicksit turned up in a dusty automobile Sunday morning right after breakfast, a tall, nice-looking boy not different from others so far as I could see, though Clarissa was all tensed up with self-consciousness and acting as if the rest of us didn't belong to her. The two of them had the whole morning together, driving in his car, so I didn't feel selfish any more about their having a companion for the afternoon's excursion on the Wanda.

When we got down to the wharf Mr. Sweetmus was there waiting for us and Clarissa gave a start at the sight of him. "What on earth's he doing here?" she whispered to me. "For heaven's sake, don't say anything that would give Paul the idea he's our gardener!"

She was nervous; but I could see, in a way, why she didn't want the young man to think Mr. Sweetmus was connected with us in any capacity. He was dressed in the clothes he'd mentioned Mrs. Worthington's having given him because she didn't like her husband in them, and I haven't often seen anything more inappropriate-looking than Mr. Sweetmus with them on. You could see why Mrs. Worthington hadn't wanted her husband even to play golf in 'em, on account of their loudness, and Mr. Sweetmus hadn't helped them any by wearing a little, stiff, last-summer's straw hat that somebody had given him.

Clarissa tried to get us off in the boat without appearing to notice him, though of course he'd already begun to talk and she couldn't have had much hope that young Mr. Bicksit wouldn't find out at least that Mr. Sweetmus knew us. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" she kept saying, pretending to laugh. "I'm simply mad to be out on the sea! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! I'm simply mad for a breath of salt air!" She kept right on talking as loudly as she could, trying to drown out what Mr. Sweetmus was saying.

The three of us were in the boat by this time and Cap'n Turner, anxious to please Clarissa, was casting off the lines that held us to the wharf. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" Clarissa said. "I'm simply——" But Mr. Sweetmus, talking all the time, had already come down the steps from the wharf and landed himself with us in the cockpit.

"Nice, good, pleasant weather," he said. "Nice, good day fer a sail, though course that's only my 'pinion. Some people might say it was a nice, good aftanoon to take a walk in, maybe, on 'count o' their not havin' the stummick they might be called on fer if they went sailin'. They might have their 'pinions jest the same as I and you and the rest of us got ours."

Clarissa looked horrified. "Get him off the boat!" she whispered to me sharply. "Do something! Quick!"

I thought it better just to make a gesture that showed her I couldn't do anything, because we were already passing out of the harbor and getting into the ocean chop by then. It seemed to me just as well that she should surmise Mr. Sweetmus had invited himself along, which of course was really the case, so I made the gesture I speak of, and as Clarissa looked as if she were going to faint, I hurriedly introduced Mr. Sweetmus to Mr. Bicksit and went up on the bridge and took the wheel from Cap'n Turner, sitting with my back to the cockpit. I didn't look round for quite a while; but I could hear Mr. Sweetmus talking and I wondered whether or not Mr. Bicksit was taking him for a friend of the family, gardening not having been referred to.

"Always take to me, Mr. Biskit," I heard him saying. "Animals and childern and women. Funny, too; but some think it's 'count o' naturalness. Seems to be part of it, anyways. You take hens, fer instance; it's awful seldom you'll see anybody that's got a pet hen, fer the simple reason why, it ain't natural fer a hen to take to it. But I had a hen once——"

Clarissa had come up on the bridge and bent over me. "Get him out of the cockpit!" she said. "Get him out!"

"Me?" I asked her. "I'm running the boat, Clarissa."

"Get him out!" she said. "Can't you hear him calling Paul 'Biskit'? Get him out!"

"But I——"

"Make him come up here with you!" she said fiercely. "Make him!"

"I can't. There's only room for Cap'n Turner and me up here, and I want the cap'n to stay; I might need him."

Clarissa shocked me. She isn't often sacrilegious; but she said something that maybe could be excused on account of the state she was in. Then she went back to the cockpit and began to try to outtalk Mr. Sweetmus.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

After a while I ventured to glance back over my shoulder, as if in a casual manner, and I saw that she was looking pretty red. Just as I happened to look, she and young Mr. Bicksit were placing their chairs so that their backs would be toward Mr. Sweetmus; but he was moving his own to be right alongside of them.

"Better position fer the view, as you might call it," I heard him say. "Kind o' fixes us better towards the breeze, too, as you says, Mr. Briskit. Way I look at the matter, or, in other words, what you might call my 'pinion, as you might want to put it, Mr. Briskit——"

He went right on and I noticed he'd worked round to calling Clarissa's friend "Briskit," by this time, which I supposed wasn't pleasing either of the young people, and, after that, I couldn't hear their voices at all, so it looked as if they'd given up.

I heard Mr. Sweetmus talking extensively about seasickness and his opinion of it, and probably his two listeners hoped he'd be attacked; but he wasn't. It was too nice a day for that, with only a light chop on the surface of the ocean, and I found myself enjoying the run much as usual—selfishly, I suppose, because of course I couldn't get entirely away from a slight consciousness of an emotional disturbance going on behind me inside of two youthful temperaments, especially Clarissa's.

Our part of the coast runs east and west, roughly speaking, with rocks and reefs and shoals scattered around mighty liberally; but I'd already learned where most of them are, the day was bright and I had Cap'n Turner close by in case I needed advice—on the whole I was feeling pretty chipper. I ran along the coast to westward, keeping a mile or so out, for about an hour, I judged; then I noticed Cap'n Turner was looking over his shoulder pretty often and I thought he must have got interested in Mr. Sweetmus' conversation.

"Quite a talker, isn't he?" I said.

"'Nias Sweetmus, you mean?" Cap'n Turner asked me. "I wasn't looking at him, Mr. Massey. There's a fog bank off to the eastud. She'll likely hold off unless there's a change of wind; but I was thinking maybe we'd better get the compass out so's to get our bearings before we're closed in, in case the breeze shifts."

Well, I didn't want to get caught out in any fog, so I swung the boat around right then and there and headed for home, though that bank looked a long way off to the east and there didn't seem to be much danger of its coming down on us. Cap'n Turner kept looking at it thoughtfully, though, and he said, "I believe maybe I better bring that compass up, just to be on the safe side."

It was usually kept in a locker down in the cabin and he went to get it; but he couldn't find it immediately because I'd moved it myself, a few days before, and forgotten about it. It didn't seem to me he was down there more than three or four minutes, and nobody could have believed a fog bank capable of behaving the way this one did in that short time.

When Cap'n Turner left the bridge I'd have sworn that bank was miles to the east, and then, all at once—right away and without my being able to see that it was moving—it didn't look much farther off than what in a city would be just a few blocks. Sections of it, like drifts of smoke, had already begun to go by us, and by the time I remembered where I'd put the compass, and told Cap'n Turner and he came up with it, the solid part of that fog was all over us and you couldn't see a hundred feet in any direction.

Cap'n Turner coughed a few times; then he asked me, "We didn't pass that spindle while I was down in the cabin, did we?"

"Spindle?" I said. "You mean one of those black poles sticking out of the water? Kind of a buoy, you mean?"

"Well, this was a red one," he told me, coughing some more. "We ought to've gone outside of it, keeping it to port."

"To port?" I asked him. "Port. That would be——"

"It would be to your left," he said. "You didn't notice——"

"No, I was looking at the fog. If you think there's any risk of our running into that spindle, cap'n, perhaps we ought to try to put on a little more speed so as to get away from it."

"Well, no," he told me. "I was thinking maybe we'd better slack her up a mite till we can get a better idea of about where we are. You see——"

That's all the further he got with what he was saying, because the underneath part of that boat hit something awful hard just then; the bow dropped down; there was a most terrible banging and scraping and crashing and tearing and bumping, and the wheel quit offering any resistance at all, so I knew that the steering gear was among the various things that had got themselves broken. These doings only lasted about ten seconds; then the engine stopped and we seemed to be flopping around in deep-enough water, not bumping any more; but Cap'n Turner seemed disturbed.

"Might 'a' been better for us if we'd hung up on that bunch of rock," he said. "But now she's banged and scraped all the way over it, and Lord knows what's happened to her under water!"

"You mean there might be a bad leak?" I asked him.

"There certainly might!" he said. "We'd better get that dinghy into the water the first thing we do, in case——"

I saw what he meant and it made me uncomfortable, because there were five of us on the Wanda; that dinghy was only a flat-bottomed rowboat nine feet long and couldn't possibly carry more than three people. If the Wanda had been damaged enough to make her sink, it looked like hard times ahead for somebody. Back in the cockpit Clarissa was calling to know what had happened and what we were going to do, Mr. Bicksit wasn't saying anything and Mr. Sweetmus was stating that in his opinion we'd hit something which in his opinion was a rock, though others were entitled to their own opinions upon the matter.

Cap'n Turner and I hurried back to the davits, which were at one side of the cockpit, and got the dinghy lowered into the water; then Turner hustled forward again and disappeared down the stairway that led to the cabin and to the engine compartment, which is under the bridge. Almost instantly Mr. Sweetmus rolled himself over the side of the Wanda and plumped down into the stern seat—the best one—in the dinghy.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked him severely, though the truth is I wanted to do exactly the same thing that he'd done and only controlled the impulse by an effort. "What do you mean? Get back in this boat at once!"

"Why, no, Mr. Massish," he said in a mild voice, and he looked up at me as though he felt surprised and maybe a little hurt by the severe tone I'd used to him. "Why, no. Course it's only my own 'pinion, Mr. Massish; but, the way I look at it, that there boat you're in got an awful dreadful bump back yonder. Sounded to me like she got all creation busted out of her, and, the way I look at it, the water must be fairly a-pourin' into her on her under side somewuz. Course that's only my own 'pinion and you——"

"Get back into this boat!" I told him. "That dinghy 'll only carry three people; there are five of us and we haven't decided which three——"

"I couldn't hardly do it, Mr. Massish," he said argumentatively. "Way I look at it, that boat you're in is li'ble to take and go right straight to the bottom of the ocean almost any minute. Way I look at it, I'd be awful li'ble to git drowned in that there boat. I wouldn't be on her right now fer a million dolluhs, Mr. Massish. No, suh, you couldn't hire me to be on that boat. Way I look at it——"

He went on talking; but I turned to Clarissa, who was white and trying not to tremble. "Get into the dinghy," I told her. "Get in there quick!"

"No," she said, and her voice wasn't steady. "I won't unless Paul——"

But young Mr. Bicksit interrupted her, and I certainly admired him for what he said and the way he behaved. "Don't be absurd," he told her. "Do what your father says and get into the dinghy immediately. You and your father both. Make her get in, Mr. Massey, and go with her yourself. It's the only thing to do."

That young man looked heroic to me as he said this, and handsome, too. It seemed to me I'd never seen a better-looking young man—or one with better ideas, either!

Of course when he spoke of me I said, "No, no," in a protesting manner, though I didn't want to sound too firm and kind of hoped that this fine young man would go ahead and argue me into doing what he said; but Clarissa was agitated and didn't seem to get his point clearly. It made me nervous, too, the way Cap'n Turner and I didn't seem to have much place in her consciousness just then.

She stamped her foot. "I won't move one step!" she said, addressing Mr. Bicksit exclusively. "Never! Not unless you come with me! I refuse unless you——"

"Never!" he said, speaking the word even louder than she did; and he took off his coat, showing that he meant to put up a man's struggle before he went down. "You and your father get into that boat and don't talk any more about it!"

Clarissa began to cry. "This is a nice way to treat me!" she sobbed. "After telling me this morning that you cared about me, do you think I'd ever believe you if you're going to act like this?"

It was curious, but her voice sounded really angry with him, and it seemed to me she was crying more because she was furious over the way he was behaving than because of anything else.

"A nice life you offer a woman, isn't it?" she went on. "I'd never know when you were going to do something crazy! Do you think you could swim to shore? It's more than a mile! In this fog how would you even know what direction to swim in? If you don't get into that boat this second I'll never——"

Young Bicksit stepped toward her as if he meant to pick her up and put her into the dinghy. "You do as I say!" he told her. "Get into that boat!"

"I won't! Never! Never! Never!"

"You will."

"Never!"

"Hee-uh!" Mr. Sweetmus interrupted. "Listen hee-uh!" He was holding to the side of the Wanda with one hand

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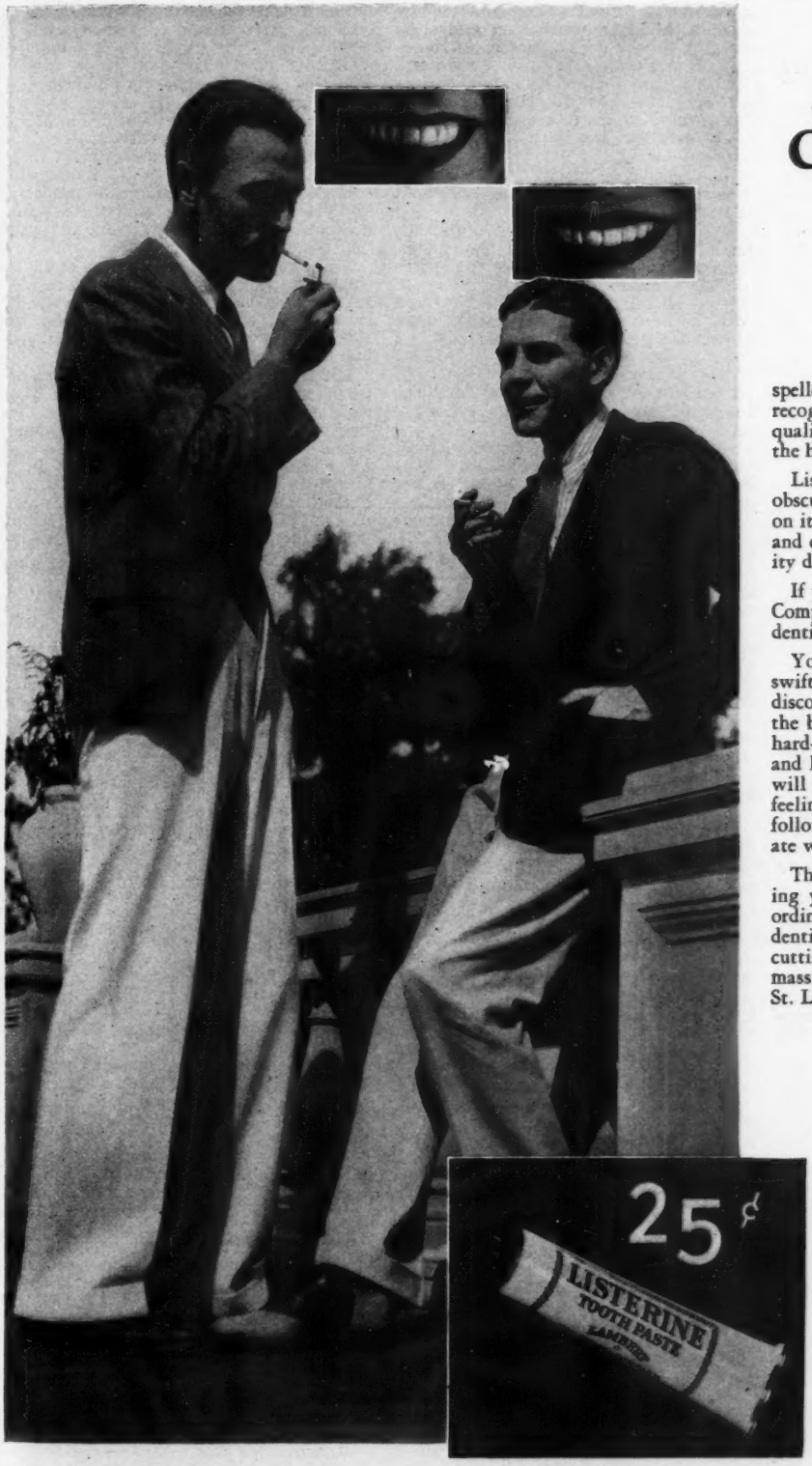

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and looked uncomfortable because of the way his weight in the stern made the bow of the dinghy stick up out of the water. "Course it's only my own 'pinion, but seems like that boat you're in is saggin' down some to one side. I don't know nothin' 'bout rowin' and they'll have to be somebody in this little boat hee-uh to row it. Way I look at it, whoever gits in hee-uh with me ought to know somethin' 'bout rowin'. Course it's only my own 'pinion, but the way that boat you're in 'pears to be saggin' down to one side looks like you better git the matter settled 'mong yourselves one way or 'nother 'fore very long. Better git it settled; better git it settled."

Well, there's no denying that what he said and the way he said it made me feel irritated with him. Clarissa and her friend didn't pay any attention to him, being in an emotional state about saving each other and going on with their argument loudly; but I spoke to Mr. Sweetmus with a good deal of indignation. Matters didn't look right to me; he was a bachelor, and both Cap'n Turner and I had families to support—or at least, in my own case, investments had to be looked after and protected—and Mrs. Massey's garden wasn't so terribly important.

"Look here!" I said to Mr. Sweetmus. "You get out of that boat! You climb back here and wait till we decide which three of the five of us——"

"Why, no, Mr. Massish." He looked at me reproachfully. "Way I look at it, I wouldn't care to take the resk. That there boat o' yours——"

But just then there was a startling, strange loud sound from inside the boat, as if it was giving a terrible, tinny scream. I jumped, Clarissa shrieked, Mr. Bicksit got paler than he had been, and Mr. Sweetmus gave a flop in the dinghy and put his other hand on his stomach. But the noise was only Cap'n Turner coming up the stairway and blowing a tin foghorn he'd got out of a locker; it certainly gave all of us a turn.

"My Orry!" Mr. Sweetmus called complainingly to Cap'n Turner. "Ain't things bad enough, you got to make a noise like that without givin' a man no warnin'?"

Cap'n Turner had brought a brass bell with him, and now he began to ring it while he was blowing the horn.

"What chance have we got?" I asked him. "How long do you think there's any hope this boat will——"

"Looks fairly bad," he said, letting up on the horn. "Strut's gone, keel's splintered, I think, shaft's busted and she's taking in a good deal of water. If somebody doesn't come along pretty soon and give us a tow, I guess we'll have to get out the rubber boat for you and me. I didn't want to do it because it's quite a job to inflate her with the pump we got; but——"

"What rubber boat?" I asked him. "You mean to say we've got another boat on board?"

"Yes. It came with the Wanda; it's under that after hatch. If we had to, you and I could use it and let the others take the dinghy; but——" He broke off, stopped ringing the bell and peered through the fog. "Guess we won't have to, because we're going to get a tow." I couldn't see anything; but he yelled: "That you, Ben?"

Then there was a hoarse voice out somewhere to the right of us. "Lookin' fer a tow, George?"

"Guess you better!" Cap'n Turner shouted, and a lumbering, gray old fishing boat with a two-cylinder motor chugging away in it and three men in oilskins came out of that thick smokiness and began to maneuver alongside. Cap'n Turner passed them a towline; they went ahead, and when the line tightened, the Wanda gave a soggy lurch and began to follow, upon which there was a loud complaint from behind, alongside the cockpit.

"Hee-uh!" Mr. Sweetmus called. "Ain't you got no sense! Git me out o' this little boat! Expeck me to drag my arm out of its slockit, holdin' on!"

For my part I didn't care much what happened to him, because it seemed to me that if I'd ever seen any human being make an exhibition of himself he'd been the one. He didn't know we had a rubber boat on board any more than I did, which was a fact that made his disgrace apparent to everybody; but you never saw a more complacent expression than his after young Bicksit and Cap'n Turner hauled him aboard and he settled down in one of the comfortable chairs.

"Nicer place to set than that there hard board in the rowboat," he said. "Long as they ain't no more danger, why, the cushion in this chair is pleasanter to set on, though course that's only my own 'pinion."

We hoisted the dinghy back upon its davits; Cap'n Turner went below to see what he could do about the leak and a temporary repair of the steering gear so as to help with the towing, and we began to get ourselves settled down again and less emotional. As a matter of fact, though, this remark of mine about getting less emotional mightn't properly apply to Clarissa; she seemed to want it known that she was indignant and had got her feelings hurt.

Tears kept coming to her eyes, and she wouldn't speak to young Bicksit at all. If he came to her end of the cockpit she'd go to the other, and if he came there she'd go up on the bridge and turn her back to him.

Mr. Sweetmus kept talking to both of them, and sometimes she'd answer him right politely to make it more pointed that she wasn't speaking to her young friend. Mr. Sweetmus put his own interpretation upon this conduct of hers and I heard him explaining it to Mr. Bicksit, though the latter didn't seem to take much interest, and very likely agreed mentally with me that Mr. Sweetmus' tone was insufferable.

"Animals and childern and women," he said. "Funny, but that's always b'en the way; they'll leave other people anywuz I go and come around me."

I heard him explaining this same thing to Zebias Flick the next morning.

"As you says, Zebias, must be somethin' 'bout me that 'tracts 'em," he was saying. "Naturalness, that's part of it. Always jest myself with 'em. When that accident come about, I was jest myself, same 's I always be. All the way back to the habbuh you could see how it 'tracted her. Liked me better'n she did him, 'count of it. Naturalness, that's part o' the reason fer it—anyways, that's a part of it, Zebias."

Booth Tarkington shows his understanding of the younger generation in an unusual story—Coming Soon in Cosmopolitan

A Venetian Love Story *by Sir Philip Gibbs* *(Continued from page 47)*

gave her the chance of another escape from the Newmans, when she went into St. Mark's and knelt down and conjured up a vision of all the life that had thronged this shrine of beauty when Venice was the richest city in Europe.

The Newmans went to bed early most evenings. "I think I'll stay up a little longer," said Viola more than once, when Emily yawned and said, "Well, I want my beauty sleep!"

"Don't tire yourself out, little girl," said Ernest. "Early to bed, early to rise!"

She watched them go up the marble staircase, waved to them as they looked down at her through one of the arches. Emily kissed her hand. Then they disappeared.

Ten o'clock, and a crescent moon over St. Mark's Square, where a band was playing. Through the iron latticework over the window in this room next to the hall of the Danieli Viola could see a procession of Venetian boys and girls coming across the stone bridge and making their way to the square. She could hear their chatter and laughter. Absurd to go to bed at ten o'clock in Venice on a moonlight night!

She wore a Venetian shawl which she had bought from Lucia, the prettiest girl in Venice, as her father had called her proudly, and pretty certainly, though with some secret passion behind her eyes which made her look unhappy—so Viola had thought in her romantic way.

There was no need of a hat. And no one would think it odd to see a girl strolling alone in St. Mark's Square. All the shopgirls came out to listen to the band.

Viola slipped out of the Danieli and shook her head at the *gondolieri* outside. She crossed the bridge thronged with Venetian boys and girls watching one of the steamers just arrived from the Lido.

The band was playing in St. Mark's Square. And round the square with its marble colonnades white under the moonlight, a dense throng of people moved in a rhythmic way. Hundreds of Venetian girls were there in their shawls tightened over the hips, walking with straight backs as though they carried pitchers on their heads. The boys walked in other groups, bareheaded, with their hair cut short at the neck and crimped in front.

In the crowd were many bald-headed Germans, and Austrians in big boots and short breeches, with green feathers in their hats, and Englishmen in dinner jackets, and Americans sitting at the tables outside the cafés. The air was warm and languorous. The orchestra was playing one of Verdi's operas which touched some mystical strings in the spirit of Viola, so that she had a smile in her eyes and a beating pulse.

It was all dreamlike, after New York and the roar of traffic up Broadway. But she couldn't go on walking around all the time. It was more sensible to sit at one of the tables outside a café.

She avoided the tables where Americans were sitting. She found one unoccupied, with two chairs, and sat there and ordered an iced lemonade. It was ten minutes later that she found herself talking to Gino Morelli.

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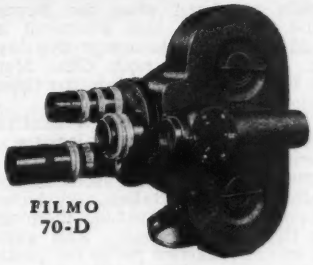

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PERSONAL MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS

She had noticed this young man in the crowd. It was impossible not to notice him when he stood close to her, because there was something restless and alert in his attitude. He seemed to be looking for someone among the passing throng, then turned and stared at the crowded tables as though he might see the person he wanted there.

He saw Viola Rice Dale, and his eyes met hers for a moment, because she was looking at him and thinking how attractive he was. He was a tall young man, with broad shoulders and chest although he had a small waist, and a kind of animal grace. There was something sculpturesque about him and he held his head like an athlete. He wore his hair in the Venetian way, short at the nape of the neck and bunched out, and he had a queer, interesting face, with a longish nose and almond-shaped eyes, and a small mouth exactly like the portrait of a young Venetian nobleman which she had seen in the Metropolitan Museum.

For a moment he stared at her with inquisitive eyes, so that she looked away and pretended not to notice his gaze on her. Then she was aware that he had moved toward her table.

"Is this seat taken?" he asked in Italian.

"It is free," she said.

"Grazie!"

He sat down, lighted a cigaret, and then offered her one, which she took with a smile. After all, why not? She was in St. Mark's Square, Venice.

"You look Italian," he remarked, staring at her again with a smile in those almond-shaped eyes. "But I don't think you are Italian, somehow."

"I am American," she told him.

He raised his eyebrows, astonished. "American! Yet you speak very good Italian."

"I had an Italian grandmother," she said. "She was a Venetian."

"By what name?"

"Morelli."

"Madre di Dio!" He gave an ejaculation of astonishment, and then laughed. "That is extraordinary. It is my name, too. Gino Morelli. Perhaps we are distantly related. There are many Morellis in Venice. At one time they were great people. One of them had a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal in the time of the doges. Now, most of them are poverty-stricken like me. We have to work for our living, which is abominable!"

"How do you work for your living?" she asked frankly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "When I work—and I prefer laziness—I design Venetian glass. I hate the stuff."

"And when you don't work, what do you like doing?" asked Viola, smiling.

She felt attracted by this young man. It was amazing that his name should be Morelli. Certainly they must be distant cousins.

He shrugged his shoulders again, and his lips softened to a smile. "There is always the sea—and the sun. I am a good swimmer. I'm also a sun worshiper, like most Venetians. See how brown I am!" He rolled back his shirt sleeve and showed how his arm was tanned up to the shoulder. "I'm like that all over," he said proudly.

"On the Lido? The Excelsior?" she asked.

Not the Excelsior. That was for American millionaires. Ordinary people like himself went on the sands on the other side of the Excelsior. They were seven miles long, with plenty of room for the whole population of Venice, most of whom went there on Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

Then he said, as though answering her second question in detail, "I am fond of a little love now and then. But I have never yet met a girl who doesn't bore me after a week or two. They are so strangely stupid, these Venetian girls. Or if they are not stupid, they are hot-tempered and quick to quarrel. They think, for instance, that if one makes a little love to them it is for the purpose of marrying them. Could anything be more absurd?"

Viola Rice Dale agreed that it was absurd, if it was only a little love he made. She hoped he didn't break their hearts, or anything like that.

"Pooh!" he answered. "Their hearts are not made of Venetian glass. They do not snap as easily as that. It is I who suffer from their jealousies and tempers."

She found out that he did not live with his people—who kept a shop at the back of the Rialto—but had rooms of his own in an old house below the Ponte di Pietà.

He felt more independent like that, in rooms of his own. A young man had to break away from his people in order to lead a free life. He was fond of reading and painting. Sometimes he thought he would be a painter, instead of designing Venetian glass.

Up to this stage in the conversation he had talked about himself. Now he asked a few questions about Viola.

"Where do you stay in Venice?" When she told him the Danieli, he looked impressed. "You are very rich, of course, like all Americans?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "My father manages to pay for some of my extravagances. That's all."

She thought of telling him that she was soon going to marry a poor man—a professor of physiology—but decided that this fact was irrelevant.

"You are quite beautiful," he said condescendingly. "I say that as a man who knows something about beauty."

"I am honored by your good opinion!" she told him with laughter in her eyes, and a blush which she could not help.

"You are also intelligent," he added simply.

"Oh, it is too soon for you to know that!" she exclaimed.

He saw intelligence in her eyes, he said. He hoped she would stay some time in Venice so that he might know her better. Tomorrow being Saturday, when he only did half a day's work, he would be pleased if she would come with him to the Lido. She might like to see him swim. He was a good swimmer. Afterwards they might lie on the sands and enjoy the sun and talk.

Viola wondered what the Newmans would say. She also wondered if it would be discreet to accept this invitation. This young man, Gino Morelli, was not quite a gentleman, she thought, though she was not snobbish . . . But he was almost certainly a relative of hers. And he was good-looking, and interesting.

Why not? It was an excellent opportunity of speaking Italian, and she would see another side of the Lido, more amusing than the Excelsior. And anyhow, she was not married yet to her professor of physiology. Why shirk an amusing adventure? Why be stuffy and prudish and Bostonian—in Venice?

"I should like to very much," she said. "Where shall we meet?"

"By the landing stage opposite the Danieli. At three o'clock, if you please."

That was arranged. When she rose to leave him he offered to walk back with her as far as the Danieli, and took her consent for granted.

It was then, while they were standing together before leaving the table, that Viola saw that girl Lucia, the daughter of the gondolier and the girl from whom she had bought a shawl in the Merceria. She was walking among the people who passed incessantly round the square and seemed to have no friend with her. She caught sight of the young Italian standing by Viola and she came toward him with a look of fury in her eyes.

"Excuse me a moment," said Gino Morelli.

He went toward the girl, and for a moment they both talked rapidly together, angrily, and even passionately. Then Gino shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and turned back to Viola, while the girl stood there, white-faced, for a moment before disappearing in that slow, interminable procession.

"That is one of the hot-tempered ones," he said to Viola. "Like a tiger cat! I was afraid she might scratch my eyes out."

"Did you make a little love to her?"

"I have taken her to the Lido sometimes," he admitted. "Now she is angry because I do not take her any more, after a quarrel we had. She is unreasonable. She has a tongue like a serpent's! She is one of the plagues of Venice." He made a gesture as though dismissing her from his world.

He walked with Viola to the Danieli, and when she held out her hand and said, "Tomorrow, then!" he raised it to his lips in the Italian way.

"At three o'clock. I shall be waiting for you."

She slipped back into the hotel. It was not yet eleven o'clock, but she seemed to have been away half the night in a different world.

She had had a little adventure. How strange that his name should be Morelli! She had promised to go to the Lido with him tomorrow. It was rash of her, and she felt nervous about it now. He wasn't, perhaps, a very good young man.

Still, she was old enough to look after herself—and it would be extremely amusing. In Venice one had the right to be unconventional. It was her last chance of adventure, anyway.

At luncheon with the Newmans—she had had her breakfast in her bedroom—she announced casually that she had met a cousin of hers, Gino Morelli, a distant relative of her grandmother's. She was going to tea with him that afternoon, if they didn't mind. His people lived near the Ponte di Pietà.

The Newmans were astonished. It was the first time they had heard of her Italian relatives—apart from her grandmother. But of course they understood that she wanted to see them. They didn't understand so well that she was going to the Lido with only one of them—a young man with almond eyes and crimped hair.

She met him at three o'clock, as she had promised, and carried her bathing things in a small hand bag. Gino Morelli was all in white like an Italian naval officer, except for the epaulets and peaked cap.

"I have put on my best things for you," he told her. "It's not every day I go to the Lido with a lady from the Danieli! How do you think I look in them?"

"Very beautiful!" she assured him, her laughter hidden behind a flutter of eyelashes. He was a vain young man, but he did look beautiful, all the same.

"I look best when I'm swimming or

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sun-basking," he told her, and she could not deny that later in the afternoon, when they had landed from the crowded steamer and hired their bathing boxes on the democratic side of the Excelsior Hotel, where a double row of boxes and tents stretched for miles along the sands of the shining Adriatic.

It was crowded with parties of respectable Venetians and with thousands of young men and women who had stripped off their workaday clothes and put on single-piece garments which revealed their figures as nature had molded them.

They were not all beautiful, perhaps. But on the whole these young Venetians were like Greek athletes and nymphs, and they were so brown that they seemed sufficiently clothed by their tan, at least to Viola Rice Dale, who had bathed on many coasts in America and Europe, and was not prudish about the human body. And yet she was a little shy of Gino Morelli when he paraded before her and bent his arm to show the splendor of his muscles.

"Swimming develops one's strength and grace," he said. "A sculptor could find admirable models on the Lido. I dare say Praxiteles—he was a Greek sculptor, you know—would have admired a fellow like me. I will show you how I swim. Swim out with me. You needn't be afraid. I could hold you up with one finger."

He held out his hand to her, and they went into the water together, and then he swam away from her swiftly and strongly, with a clean over-arm stroke, and presently came back and raised his head out of the water to laugh gayly.

"Nothing better than this! Would you like to see me dive?"

Yes, she was pleased to see him dive, and he obliged her by climbing up a high diving board out there in the sea and exhibiting his skill and agility.

There was something simple and boyish, thought Viola, in this exhibition, in this delight in his own body and grace. She laughed at him and liked him. It was extremely amusing.

An hour or so later they lay talking on the sand. He was pleased to tell her that she was beautifully shaped.

"Venetian girls," he said, "are inclined to bulge. You have a Greek delicacy of line, very well proportioned. It is surprising that America should produce such good types."

"Why?" she asked blushing slightly.

"Beauty as a rule does not come from an industrial civilization," he told her. "The English, for instance, are hideous. Their women are atrocious."

She did not agree with him. She had met many pretty girls in England.

"No, no!" he cried. "They have big feet. They are all angles. They are Robots."

After that he fell asleep for a while, and she sat beside him, with her hands clasped round her knees, watching him and wondering what sort of soul he had. That was a queer thought, but it lingered with her. She was inclined to believe that he hadn't much of a soul, if any. There was something faunlike about him—half animal.

And while she sat there by his side when he lay sleeping, three girls came along on their way to their bathing boxes. One of them had real Venetian hair of a ruddy bronze which is rare now, and it was this one who looked at Gino, and then stared at Viola Rice Dale.

There was a queer look of hostility in her eyes, and suddenly she made a grimace and spat in the sand. The two other girls gave a shriek of laughter and caught hold of this bronze-haired girl and poked their fingers into her ribs.

Viola heard the name "Gino Morelli" amidst a noisy chatter of Venetian dialect. Then the girls, beautiful as the Three Graces, she thought, but vulgar, disappeared behind the bathing boxes.

The girls of Venice didn't seem to like Gino Morelli. That girl Lucia, for instance, who sold shawls . . .

Gino Morelli stirred in his sleep, and then leaned up on one elbow. "Let us go and drink something," he suggested.

Viola put on a bathing wrap, but Gino sauntered with her to one of the restaurants just as he was, and they sat at a table on a wooden terrace surrounded by other young men and women who were drinking beer and iced lemonade.

Gino smiled into the eyes of Viola Rice Dale. "Life is good," he said. "The sun, the sea, and a pretty woman—what more does a man want?"

"There are other things," said Viola. "Work, an object in life, service."

That was Bostonian, she thought, when she had spoken the words. They sounded extraordinarily out of place on the Lido, and this young man repudiated them.

"Work? That is horrible always. An object in life? I do not understand. Is not life sufficient in itself? Service? Oh, but you mean love, of course. Yes, I agree. Love is the melody of life. But it is a melody that must be changed in its tune and rhythm from time to time, before one gets tired of the record."

"You do not believe in loyalty?" asked Viola. "Married love, for instance?"

"Oh, that is a tragedy—marriage!" he exclaimed. "To be chained like that—horrible!"

She argued with him. She even became slightly angry with him until he laughed over his cigaret.

"You are an American!" he said, as though that explained everything. "It is all a question of climate."

"How about religion?" she asked. "As a Venetian you ought to be a Catholic, and in that case a believer in marriage."

"I am a Catholic, like all Venetians," he said carelessly, "but a bad one. Religion is good for women, and for a man when he is near death. But why talk of such gruesome things? Are we not young? Is not the sun shining? Is it not good to sit and talk and make love to each other?"

"I am not making love, cousin," replied Viola demurely.

"Then I will," he said. "What charming hands you have! Let me kiss the tips of your fingers, *madonna*."

He kissed the tips of her fingers and laughed into her eyes.

Well, it was all harmless, she thought. They went back to Venice in a crowded steamer again, and he took her to the door of the Danieli and lingered there for a few minutes discussing further chances of friendship. He would meet her in St. Mark's Square tomorrow morning when all the people came out from Mass. He would take her in a gondola after luncheon. In the evening they might go to his rooms. He would show her some of his drawings.

She cut out that evening idea. She accepted the gondola in the afternoon.

"Very well; you will come to my rooms on Monday evening," said Gino carelessly. "You will like to see my drawings. They are extremely talented."

But she did not go to his rooms on the Monday evening. After all, she had to consider the Newmans. And also she was not sure that it was altogether wise to go to his rooms, even though he was a distant cousin of hers. He was inclined to make love to her foolishly.

In that gondola, for instance, he had put his arm round her. She had felt

uneasy about it. And other things had made her uneasy about the young man. He did not seem popular in Venice. In addition to that bronze-haired girl and Lucia who had shown evident dislike of him—even something stronger than dislike—there was another girl who seemed to have a grudge against him.

She was leaning over a bridge that afternoon when Viola was in a gondola with him, and as the gondolier slowed down because of an approaching barge laden with fruit, this girl on the bridge stared down at them. At the sight of Gino, she cried out and fumbled for a moment below her shawl and threw something which flashed as it fell.

"What was that?" asked Viola.

Gino did not answer for a moment. He was staring at the gondolier, who had stopped rowing to pluck something out of the black leather lining of his boat. He held it up with a grimace. It was a stiletto—the kind some of these Venetian girls wore in their hair—and also the kind which would puncture a man unpleasantly if thrown from a height.

The gondolier made a gesture of anger toward the bridge. But the girl had gone.

"Why did she do that?" asked Viola. "She might have hurt one of us."

Gino Morelli shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I told you they were hot-tempered—the Venetian girls. No doubt she's jealous of you. She would like to be sitting in this gondola with a little love-making and afterwards a pink ice in the square. Oh, I know them!"

Yes, but he must have given some cause for this ill-temper, she thought. Girls didn't fling things about like that for nothing.

A day or two later, when she had been on the Grand Canal with the Newmans, she heard a whisper from the gondolier when she stepped out on the landing stage at the Danieli.

It was the gondolier with whom she had been once before—the proud father of "the prettiest girl in Venice," as he had called Lucia of the shawl shop.

"Signorina, do not go with Gino Morelli! He is not a good Venetian. He is a dog who should be drowned. *Cattivo!*"

"How much?" asked Ernest Newman in good American. "What's the old guy saying, Viola?"

"*Venticinque, prego.*"

"Twenty-five lire," said Viola.

That afternoon when she had slipped out to meet Gino Morelli after luncheon, she had promised at last to go to his rooms, to see those drawings which he thought so talented. Perhaps, after all, she had better not go. He might be foolish or objectionable. And yet she liked him. Although he had flirted with her a little it was harmless and playful. And she was old enough to take care of herself. Still . . .

No, she had better not go to those rooms below the Ponte di Pietà.

That evening a cable was handed to her at dinner.

"Good news, I hope?" asked Emily.

Yes, it was good news. It was to say that Hugh—Professor Hugh Morgan, her future husband—had sailed with his mother, a week earlier than he had arranged.

"Well, now, isn't that delightful!" exclaimed Emily Newman.

Yes, that was splendid. Dear old Hugh! He must have speeded up his work or asked for special leave . . .

Perhaps that cable and the imminent arrival of her professor whom she loved very much—for whom she had a great respect—had something to do with her decision about going to see Gino's drawings. Things happen like that in the mysterious psychology of men and women.

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Before the Newmans had finished luncheon next day she had firmly made up her mind not to go to see those drawings. But three hours later, when they had gone off to the Grand Hotel to take tea with a party of American friends—disappointed because she pleaded a headache again as an excuse not to join them—she decided that there was no reason on earth why she should not go in broad daylight to visit a young man who was certainly related to her and extremely entertaining, although unpopular, it seemed, among his own folk.

Now that Hugh was coming so soon she wouldn't have much chance of amusing adventures all by herself. These were her last days as a bachelor girl. She would have to be prim and proper as the wife of a professor of physiology. No more romance. No more kissing of finger tips and nonsense like that!

NEVER again in life would she be able to take a gondola all by herself and float to a marble palace, where a good-looking young Italian waited for her, behind a door where all she had to do, he said, was to pull the latch and walk in, like Little Red Riding Hood in the fairy tale. He would be there at six o'clock, after his work in the glass factory. He would make some excellent coffee for her, he promised.

"Gondola! . . . Gondola!"

She raised a finger and smiled at one of the *gondolieri* belonging to the *traghetti* opposite the Danieli.

"Si, si, signorina! Súbito! Súbito!"

He helped her into his craft with a brown old paw, and unmoored from the long poles. It was disappointing that the lady should want to go only as far as the Ponte di Pietà. Still, she might keep him waiting for an hour, and he could sleep while he earned money.

"Your little bag, my lady!"

Yes, she had dropped her hand bag at the bottom of the gondola and stooped to pick it up for the sake of the powder puff therein. Gino Morelli was a connoisseur of beauty and she would like to look her best this afternoon.

How golden the water looked in the afternoon sun! It was so hot that she had to hide behind the canopy for a touch of shade. Queer that she felt nervous and excited. It was absurd that her heart should be beating to a quicker rhythm than usual.

The gondola glided under the Ponte di Pietà. The house she wanted was three doors away from the leaning tower. Gino had called it a *"palazzo,"* but it was not very magnificent. It was, indeed, a somewhat moldy old house with green slime on the steps above the water and some washing, highly colored, hanging over one of the balconies.

"Aspetta!"

She told the gondolier to wait, and he was happy to wait. He hoped the lady would stay there for a considerable time, earning money for him.

It was cool and gloomy inside the old *palazzo.* Once, perhaps, it had been magnificent, but now it was like a tenement house with whitewashed walls, not too white. Two children, almost naked, were playing below the staircase. A reek of garlic came from a room with an open door at the end of the hall, where an old woman sat doing needlework.

"Signor Morelli?" asked Viola.

The old woman stared at her, then pointed heavenwards with a skinny finger.

Yes, the second floor, he had said. Then pull the latch and walk in. He would be waiting for her.

On the first floor she was passed on the stairs by a girl who came down quickly with a black shawl over her head and shoulders. An old man with white hair came out of a door and emptied a tin with some potato peelings. He glanced at Viola and said, *"Buona sera, signora,"* politely. She answered his greeting and went up another flight of stairs, marble but unclean.

There was Gino's door. His name was on a visiting card tacked to the doorpost. And there was the latch with a bit of cord hanging down. She pulled it and pressed the door, which yielded. Then she walked in, with a smile about her lips. It was amusing, this little adventure.

"Gino! Here I am!"

He said he would be waiting for her, but he didn't answer. He was over there on a kind of couch, but he didn't move. Perhaps he had gone to sleep. She called his name again, with a laugh.

"Gino! How rude of you to go to sleep when you are expecting a lady!"

Then she saw that he was not asleep. There was something unnatural and frightening in his attitude. There was something sticking into him—a thing with a handle which glittered in the sunlight streaming through the windows. There was a spreading stain, deep red, down his white shirt.

Viola Rice Dale did not give any cry of horror. She only felt cold, suddenly, and frightened. She was so frightened that she could not move or even think for a little while. She stood there as if frozen. Something dropped out of her hand but she didn't stoop to pick it up. She was staring at Gino Morelli and at that stain on his shirt. His head had fallen forward, so that she could not see his face—only that huddled body out of which the life had gone.

Suddenly she turned and fled, panic-stricken. There were no thoughts in her mind—only this animal fear. On the ground floor the old woman looked up from her needlework and stared at her.

The gondolier was asleep, and rubbed his eyes when she called to him. He gave her his brown old paw, and she nearly fell into the gondola. She hardly heard him when he spoke to her at the landing stage of the Danieli.

"Your little bag, Signora?"

She gave him some paper money which must have been more than enough, because his eyes brightened and he humbled himself before her.

"Mille grazie, contessa!"

It was only in her room that she began to think. What should she do? Gino Morelli had been stabbed to death. He was dead in that room. He was no longer beautiful and alive. The sight of his dead body had terrified her. People might think she had killed him.

Supposing she went to the police—they would be suspicious of her. There would be a scandal about her. She had been seen with him.

The Newmans . . . Yes, she would tell the Newmans. They would tell her what to do.

The Newmans were late for dinner and she waited for them in her room, agonizing. Then she heard their voices. Someone knocked at her door.

It was Ernest Newman who came in, looking bewildered and anxious. Behind him came Emily with a startled look. And in the corridor outside three men were standing.

"Sorry we're late," said Ernest Newman. "And somebody is inquiring for you, Viola. Don't be alarmed. It's a mistake, of course. I can't make out what these people are saying! Something about a dead man. They're policemen. It's some absurd mistake. Now don't get frightened."

She was frightened. She stood there without any color in her face, dead white. Two of the men came into the room. They wore the cocked hats and tail coats of the Italian police.

"You speak Italian, Signora?" asked one of them politely.

She nodded, and he held out something for her to see. It was her hand bag. She must have dropped it somewhere.

"Is this your bag, Signora?"

"Yes, it is mine."

Her passport was in it, and other things. That powder puff. Three of her visiting cards. A snapshot of herself taken by Emily.

The Italian policeman stared at her.

"It is perhaps regrettable that it is your hand bag," he said. "It was found an hour ago in the rooms of Gino Morelli by the Ponte di Pietà. He lies there with a knife in his heart. There are people who say they saw you go into his rooms—a lady, they say, like the photograph in the hand bag which I allowed them to see. Perhaps you would care to make a statement?"

She was unable to make a statement just then. When she tried to speak she could utter no sound.

The policeman spoke again. "I have to arrest you for the murder of Gino Morelli. I regret the necessity, Signora. If you will be good enough to come with me."

"What's all this?" asked Ernest Newman sharply.

Viola did not faint. She had courage after those hours of terror. She even smiled with those white lips.

"I'm in a bit of a mess, Ernest. Something horrible has happened. But of course it's going to be all right as far as I'm concerned. You know that cousin of mine—at least I called him a cousin—Gino Morelli. I went to his rooms and found him dead. They think I've done it." She spoke with extraordinary composure, as though this might happen to anyone. But that was her courage—her bluff, in a way. Inside her there was fear.

"Great heavens!" said Ernest Newman. He protested against this ridiculous idea of taking her away. He wouldn't allow it. He was prepared to be violent.

The third man, who had been out in the passage, came in quietly. He wore a black shirt and tasseled cap.

"I shall have to go," said Viola. "Oh, Emily!" For a moment she wept in Emily's arms.

THEY were polite about it. They went quietly down the staircase behind her. Most of the people in the Danieli were at dinner. Only a group of American tourists sitting in the salon turned to look at this procession. It was probably something about a passport. Some silly red tape.

At the steps of the Danieli lay a black gondola with a closed canopy of wood, all black.

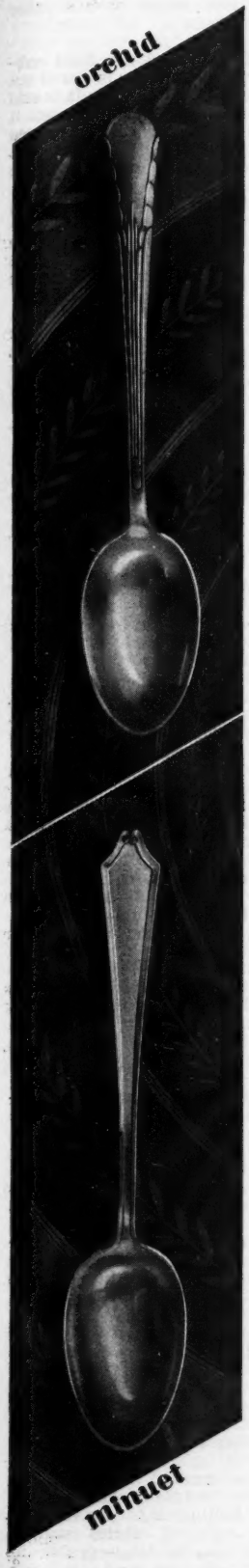
"Prego," said one of the policemen.

He stepped into the gondola first and held out his white-gloved hand to Viola.

The Newmans stood on the steps above the water, stupefied. One of the hotel bell boys stared curiously. The two other men stepped into the gondola.

Viola Rice Dale had only a little journey to make in the covered gondola—just round the corner under the Bridge of Sighs—*Il Ponte dei Sospiri*—which still led to a prison . . .

It was a shock to a professor of physiology in one of the lesser universities of the Middle West when he arrived with his mother in Venice to find his future



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wife unable to receive visitors. "It will be all right as far as I am concerned," Viola had told the Newmans bravely, but it didn't work out as well as that.

At the preliminary investigation by a Venetian magistrate over the dead body of Gino Morelli there was some unpleasant evidence against the young American lady. She had been seen frequently in the company of the dead man. Lucia of the shawl shop swore she had seen her with Gino several times in St. Mark's Square. The bronze-haired girl witnessed that she had seen them on the Lido. A gondolier declared that he had rowed them on the Grand Canal.

Another gondolier admitted—reluctantly, it seemed—that he had taken the lady to the house near the Ponte di Pietà at the time when, according to medical evidence, Gino Morelli had been stabbed. Yes, he had noticed the lady's hand bag. She had dropped it at the bottom of the gondola.

Did he notice anything strange about the lady's demeanor? No, no! She was a very nice lady. She had paid him handsomely. And, anyhow, as everybody knew in Venice, that Gino Morelli was a dog whom it would be a pleasure to kill. "Your pardon, gentlemen, but I am a man of truth and a gondolier."

There was an old woman who had seen the American lady standing above the stone steps. She had asked the way to Gino Morelli's rooms. A little while later—oh, two minutes, perhaps—she had come downstairs again, quickly. What time? Only the Mother of God could say what time exactly, but it was about six o'clock.

There was a white-haired man who had seen the American lady on the landing upstairs. It was at five minutes past six by his clock. He was certain that this was the lady. Oh, yes, he had an eye for beauty. Even in his old age he took notice of a good-looking girl. "I am an old Venetian, gentlemen, you understand."

Most unpleasant evidence as to time and place. The motive? Well, it is always the same motive in a crime of passion. Jealousy. Wounded vanity. The rivalry of women. It was common knowledge that Gino Morelli was a bad Venetian. He had deceived many poor women. Any woman to whom he had been making love would have a cause for jealousy.

The end of this story has been published in every newspaper. It flared out in headlines across the world. It is still remembered, so that I need not tell it now in detail. A Venetian girl confessed to stabbing Gino Morelli. She did not want an American lady, or any other, to take the blame for what she had done.

He deserved to die, that dog. He had promised her marriage and then betrayed her. The fathers of all Venetian girls were glad to be rid of him. Was it not so? She ought to have spoken sooner. She was sorry about that . . .

That confession was lucky for Viola Rice Dale, who has now married her professor of physiology. But the verdict which acquitted her was followed by that other one which condemns her for having gone to the rooms of a young Italian of bad character after a flirtation, and so fallen into all that trouble.

"She asked for it, didn't she?" . . . Well, I think I understand. It was in Venice, before married life without adventure.

Ransom *by Rafael Sabatini* *(Continued from page 69)*

together with the gentleman to whom it is addressed."

Colonel Courtney read, changed color, and handed the sheet to Macartney. Then he stared again at Blood, who spoke as if answering the stare.

"It's here to warn you I am, and at need to serve you."

"To serve me?"

"Ye seem in need of it. Your ridiculous fort will not stand an hour under Spanish gunfire, and after that ye'll have these gentlemen of Castile in the town. Maybe ye know how they conduct themselves on these occasions."

"But—stab me!" spluttered Macartney. "We're not at war with Spain."

Colonel Courtney turned upon Blood in fury. "It is you who are the author of all our woes. It is your rascalities which bring these reprisals upon us."

"That's why I've come. Although I think I am a pretext rather than a reason." Captain Blood sat down.

"Ye've been finding gold in Antigua, as I've heard. Don Miguel will have heard it too. Your militia garrison is not two hundred strong, and your fort, as I've said, is so much rubbish. I bring you a strong ship heavily armed, and two hundred of the toughest fighting men to be found anywhere in the world.

"Of course I'm a cursed pirate, and there's a price on my head, and if ye're fastidiously scrupulous ye'll have nothing to say to me. But if ye've any sense, it's thanking heaven ye'll be that I've come, and ye'll make terms with me."

"Terms?"

Captain Blood explained himself. His men did not risk their lives for the honor and glory of it. They would expect a trifle for the valuable services they were about to render.

"Also, colonel," Blood concluded, "there's a point of honor for you. Whilst it may be difficult for you to enter into alliance with us, there's no difficulty about hiring us, and ye may pursue us again without scruple once this job is done."

The colonel looked at him with gloomy eyes. "If I did my duty I would have you in irons and send you home to England to be hanged."

Captain Blood was unperturbed. "Your immediate duty is to preserve the colony of which ye're governor. Ye'll perceive its danger. And the danger is so imminent that even moments may count. Ye'ld do well not to be wasting time."

The colonel looked at Macartney. Macartney's face was as blank as his mind. Then the lady who had sat, a scared, silent witness, suddenly stood up.

"James, how can you hesitate? Think of what will happen to the women and the children if these Spaniards land."

The colonel frowned gloomily. "Yet I cannot enter into alliance with—I cannot make terms with outlaws. My duty here is clear. Quite clear."

"Fiat officium, ruat cœlum," said the classical-minded Blood. He sighed, and rose. "If that's your last word, I'll be wishing you a very good day."

"You don't leave," said the colonel sharply. "There, too, my duty is clear. The guard, Macartney."

"Och, don't be a fool now, colonel." Blood's gesture arrested Macartney.

"I'm not a fool, sir, and I know what becomes me. I must do my duty."

"And is your duty demanding so scurvy a return for the valuable service I've already rendered you by my warning? Give it thought now, colonel."

Again the colonel's lady acted as Blood's advocate.

Exasperated, the colonel flung himself down into his chair again. "But I cannot. I will not make terms with a rebel, an outlaw, a pirate. The dignity of my office—I—I cannot."

In his heart Captain Blood cursed the stupidity of governments that sent such men as this to represent them overseas. "Will the dignity of your office restrain the Spanish Admiral, d'ye suppose?"

"And the women, James!" the colonel's lady again reminded him. "Surely, James, in this extreme need His Majesty must approve your enlisting any aid."

Thus she began and thus continued, and now Macartney was moved to alliance with her against His Excellency's narrow stubbornness, until in the end the captain general was brought to sacrifice dignity to expediency. Still reluctant, he demanded ill-humoredly to know the terms of the buccaneers.

"For myself," said Blood, "I ask nothing. I will organize your defenses for the sake of the blood in my veins. But when the Spaniards have been driven off I shall require a hundred pieces of eight for each of my men. I have two hundred of them."

His Excellency was scandalized. "Twenty thousand pieces!" He choked, and so far forgot his dignity as to haggle. But Blood was coldly firm, and in the end the price was agreed.

That afternoon he set to work upon the defenses of St. John.

Fort Bay was an inlet some two miles in depth and a mile across its widest part. It narrowed at the mouth, forming a slight bottle neck. In the middle of this neck ran a long, narrow spit of sand, partly uncovered at extreme low water, with a channel on either side. The southern channel was safe only for vessels of shallow draft; in the narrow northern channel, however, at the entrance to which the Arabella now rode at anchor, there was never less than eight fathoms, which at times was slightly increased by the small tides of this sea, so that this was the only gateway to the bay.

The fort guarded this channel, occupying a slight eminence on the northern promontory. It was a square, shallow, machicolated structure of gray stone, and its armament consisted of a dozen ancient sakers and a half-dozen falcons with an extreme range of two thousand yards—guns, these, which provoked Captain Blood's contempt. He supplemented them by twelve sakers of more modern fashion which he brought ashore from the Atrevida.

Twelve more guns he landed from the Spanish ship, including two twelve-pounders. These, however, he reserved for another purpose. Fifty yards west of the fort on the extreme edge of the promontory he set about the construction of earthworks, at a rate which allowed Colonel Courtney some insight into buccaneer methods.

He landed a hundred of his men for the purpose and had them toiling almost naked in the broiling sun. To these he added three hundred whites and as many Negroes from St. John—practically the whole of its efficient male population—and he had them digging, banking, and filling the wickerwork gabions into the making of which he impressed the women. Some, however, were sent to cut turf and fell trees, and fetch one and

the other to the site of these operations.

Throughout the afternoon the promontory seethed and crawled like an ant heap. By sunset all was done. It seemed a miracle to the captain general. In six hours, under Blood's direction, another fort had been constructed which by ordinary methods could not have been built in less than a week.

And it was not only built and armed with the remaining twelve guns brought from the Atrevida and with a half-dozen powerful demicannons landed from the Arabella; it was so effectively dissembled that from the sea no suspicion of its existence could be formed. Strips of turf faced it so that it merged into the background of shallow cliff; coconut palms topped it and rose about it; clumps of white acacia and arnotto trees masked the gun emplacements.

Colonel Courtney conceived that here was a deal of wasted labor. Why trouble to conceal fortifications whose display should have the effect of deterring an assailant?

"If he's intimidated, he'll merely be postponing attack until some time when I'm not here to defend you. I mean either to destroy him, or so to maul him that he'll be glad to leave British settlements alone in future."

That night Blood slept aboard the Arabella at her anchorage under the bluff. In the morning St. John was awakened and alarmed by the sound of heavy gunfire. The captain general ran from his house in a bedgown, conceiving that the Spaniards were already here. The firing, however, proceeded from the new earthworks, and was directed upon the completely dismasted hull of the Atrevida which had been anchored fore and aft athwart the narrow fairway, directly in the middle of the channel.

The captain general dressed in haste, took horse and rode out to the bluff with Macartney. As he reached it the firing ceased. The hulk, riddled with shot, was slowly settling down.

She sank with a gurgle as the now furious captain general flung himself from his horse beside the earthworks. Of Captain Blood, who with a knot of his rude followers was observing the end of the Atrevida, he stormily demanded to know what folly this might be. Did Captain Blood realize that he had blocked the entrance to the harbor for all but vessels of the lightest draft?

"That was the aim," said Blood. "I've been at pains to find the shallowest part of the channel. She lies in six fathoms, reducing the depth to a bare two."

THE captain general conceived that he was being mocked. Livid, he demanded why so insane a measure had been taken without consulting him. With a note of weariness in his voice, Captain Blood explained what should have been obvious. It gave some pause to Colonel Courtney's anger.

"But if to sink the hulk there was your only object, why in the devil's name did you waste shot and powder on her? Why didn't you scuttle her?"

"A little gunnery practice. We accomplished two objects in one."

"Gunnery practice?" His Excellency was savage. "At that range? What are you telling me, man?"

"Ye'll understand better when Don Miguel arrives."

"I'll understand now, if you please. I will so. Stab me! Ye'll observe that I command here in Antigua."

Blood was annoyed. He had never learned to suffer fools gladly. "Faith, then, your command outstrips your understanding if my object isn't plain." With that he swung on his heel, and left the captain general spluttering.

Blood had surveyed the coast, and not two miles away found a snug inlet known as Willoughby's Cove, where the Arabella could lie concealed and yet so conveniently at hand that he and all his men might remain aboard. This at least was good news to Colonel Courtney, who was in dread of having pirates quartered on the town. Blood demanded that his men be victualed, and required fifty head of cattle and twenty hogs.

The beasts were duly delivered and in the days that followed the buccaneers became buccaneers in earnest; the buccan fires were lighted on the shores of Willoughby's Cove, and there the flesh of the slaughtered animals was buccaned, together with a quantity of turtle which the adventurers captured thereabouts.

In these peaceful arts three days were consumed, until the captain general began to ask himself if the whole thing were not some evil game to cover nefarious ends of Captain Blood and his pirates. Blood, however, explained the delay. Not until Don Miguel had abandoned hope of Don Vicente's arrival would he decide to sail without him.

Another four days of inactivity went by, on each of which the captain general rode out to Willoughby's Cove to vent his suspicions in searching questions. The interviews increased daily in acrimony.

Don Miguel's squadron appeared off Antigua only just in time to avert an open rupture between the captain general and his buccaneer ally.

Word of this being brought to Willoughby's Cove early one Monday morning, by one of the guards left in charge of the earthworks, Captain Blood landed a hundred of his men and marched them across to the bluff. Wolverstone was left in command aboard. Ogle, that formidable gunner, was already quartered at the fort with a gun crew.

Six miles out at sea, standing directly for the harbor of St. John, came four stately ships under full spread of sail, the banner of Castile afloat from the head of each mainmast.

From the parapet of the old fort Captain Blood surveyed them through his telescope. At his elbow, with Macartney in attendance, stood the captain general, persuaded at last that the Spanish menace was a reality.

Don Miguel commanded at the time the Virgen del Pilar, the finest and most powerful vessel in which he had yet sailed since Blood had sunk the Milagrosa some months before. She was a great black-hulled galleon of forty guns, including in her armament several heavy demicannons with a range of three thousand yards. Of the other three vessels, two, if inferior, were still formidable thirty-gun frigates, whilst the last was little better than a sloop of ten guns.

Blood closed his telescope and prepared for action in the old fort. The new one was for the moment left inactive.

Within a half-hour battle was joined. Don Miguel's advance had all the rashness which Blood knew of old. He made no attempt to shorten sail until within two thousand yards. He conceived, no doubt, that he was taking the place entirely unawares, and that the antiquated guns of the fort would probably be inadequate. Nevertheless, he must dispose of them before attempting to enter the harbor. To be sure of making short work of it, he continued to advance until Blood computed him within a thousand yards.

"On my soul," said Blood, "he'll be meaning to get within pistol range, or else he thinks the fort of no account at all. Wake him up, Ogle. Let him have a salute."

Ogle's crew had been carefully laying their guns, and they had followed the advance with the twelve sakers from the Atrevida. Others stood at hand with linstocks, rammers and water tubs to serve the gunners.

Ogle gave the word, and the twelve guns were touched off as one. Within that easy range even the five-pound shot of these comparatively small cannon did some little damage to two of the Spanish ships. The moral effect of thus surprising those who came to surprise was even greater. The Admiral instantly signaled them to go about. In doing so they poured broadside after broadside into the fort, and for some minutes the place was a volcano, smoke and dust rising in a dense column above the flying stones and crumbling masonry.

BLINDED by it, the buccaneers had no vision of what the Spaniards might be doing. But Blood guessed it, and cleared every man from the fort into shelter behind it during the brief respite before the second broadsides came. When that was over, he drove them back again into the battered fortress, which for a while now had nothing more to fear, and the original antiquated guns of St. John were brought into action.

The falcons were fired at random through the cloud of dust that hid them, merely as a display and to let the Spaniards know that the fort was still alive. Then, as the cloud lifted, the five-pounders spoke in twos and threes, carefully aimed at the ships which were now beating to windward. They did little damage; but this was less important than to keep the Spaniards in play.

Meanwhile the gun crews were busy with the sakers from the Atrevida. Water tubs had been emptied over them, and now with swabs and wads and rammers at work the reloading proceeded.

The captain general, idle amid this terrific activity, required presently to know why powder was being wasted so ineffectively by these popguns, when in the earthworks there were cannon of long range which might be hammering the Spaniards with twenty-four- and thirty-pound shot. When he was answered evasively, he passed from suggestion to command.

An altercation was averted by the return of the Spaniards to the attack and a repetition of all that had gone before. Again the fort was smashed and pounded, and this time two Negroes were killed and a half-dozen buccaneers were injured by flying masonry.

When the second attack had been beaten off and the Spaniards were again retiring to reload, Blood resolved to withdraw the guns from a fort in which another half-dozen broadsides might completely bury them. Negroes and buccaneers and men of the Antigua militia were indiscriminately employed on the business and harnessed to the guns. Even so it took an hour to get them all clear of the rubble and to emplace them anew on the landward side of the fort, where Ogle and his men proceeded once more to load and carefully to lay them.

The body of the fort meanwhile served to screen the operation from the Spaniards as they sailed in for the third time. Now the English held their fire whilst another storm of metal crashed upon those battered but now empty ramparts. When it was over, the fort was a shapeless heap of rubble, and the little army lying concealed behind the ruins

heard the cheer that announced the Spaniards' conviction that all was done.

Proudly, confidently, Don Miguel came on. No need now to stand off to reload. Already the afternoon was well advanced and he would house his men in St. John before nightfall.

The haze of dust and smoke, whilst serving to screen the defenders and their new emplacements from the sight of the enemy, could yet be penetrated at close quarters by the watchful eyes of the buccaneers. The Virgen del Pilar was within five hundred yards of the harbor's mouth when six sakers, charged now with langrel, chain and crossbar, swept her decks with murderous effect and some damage to her shrouds. Six falcons, similarly charged, followed after a moment's pause, and their fire served to increase the confusion and the alarm of so unexpected an attack.

In the pause they could hear a trumpet aboard the Virgen screeching the Admiral's orders to the other ships. Then, as in the haste of their maneuver to go about the Spaniards yawed a moment, broadside on, Blood gave the signal, and two by two the remaining sakers sent their five-pound round shot in search of Spanish timbers. Odd ones took effect, and one fortunate cannon ball smashed the mainmast of one of the frigates. In her crippled state and the desperate haste resulting from it, she fouled the sloop, and before the two vessels could disentangle themselves and follow the retreat of the others, their decks had been raked again and again by langrel and crossbar from water-cooled and hastily reloaded guns.

Blood, who had been crouching with the rest, stood up at last as the firing ceased. He looked into the long solemn face of Colonel Courtney, and laughed.

"Faith! It's another slaughter of the innocents, so it is."

The captain general smiled sourly. "If you had done as I desired you——"

Blood interrupted without ceremony. "On my soul, now! Are ye not content? If I'd done as ye desired me, I'd have put all my cards on the table by now. It's saving my trump I am until the Admiral plays as I want him to."

"And if the Admiral doesn't?"

"He will; for one thing because it's in the nature of him; for another because there's no other way to play at all. And so ye may go home and sleep in peace, placing your trust in Providence and me."

"I do not care for the association, sir," said the captain general frostily.

"But ye will. On my soul, ye will. For we do fine things when we work together, Providence and I."

An hour before sunset the Spaniards were hove to a couple of miles out at sea, and becalmed. The Antiguans, white and black, dismissed by Blood, went home to sup, all but some twoscore whom he retained for emergencies. Then his buccaneers sat down under the sky to a generous supply of meat and a limited amount of rum.

The sun went down into the jade waters of the Caribbean, and darkness followed, the soft purple darkness of a moonless night irradiated by myriad stars.

Captain Blood ordered all fires and lights to be extinguished, so as to encourage that for which he hoped.

Out at sea in the fine cabin of the Virgen del Pilar the proud, noble, brave, incompetent Admiral of the Caribbean held a council of war which was no council; for he had summoned his captains merely so that he might impose his will upon them. At dead midnight, when all in St. John should be asleep, they would creep past the fort with all lights extinguished. Daylight should find them at anchor in the bay with their guns trained upon the town. That must be checkmate to the Antiguans.

Upon this they acted, nosing gently forward through the velvety gloom. With the Virgen leading, they reached the entrance of the harbor and the darker waters between the shadowy bluffs on either side. Here all was deathly still.

Already within two hundred yards of the fort, the Virgen crept on, her bulwarks lined with silent, watchful men, Don Miguel leaning immovable as a statue upon the poop rail. He was counting the victory already won, when suddenly his keel grated and, grating ever harder, drove shuddering onwards for some yards, finally to be gripped and held as if by some monstrous hand in the depths below, whilst overhead under pressure of a wind to which the vessel no longer yielded, the sails drummed loudly to an accompaniment of groaning cordage and clattering blocks.

And then before the Admiral could even conjecture what had happened to him, the gloom to larboard was split by flame, the silence smashed by a roar of guns, the rending of timbers and the crashing fall of spars, as the demicannons landed from the Arabella and held in reserve until now hurled their thirty-two-pound shot into the Spanish flagship at merciless short range. The deadly accuracy of these guns might have revealed to Colonel Courtney precisely why Captain Blood had elected to sink the Atrevida by gunfire, instead of scuttling her. Thus he had obtained the exact range which enabled him to fire through the darkness.

One frantic, wildly aimed broadside the Virgen discharged in answer before, smashed and riddled and held above water only by the hulk on which she had stuck fast, she was abandoned. With his survivors the Admiral clambered aboard one of the frigates, the Indiana, which, unable to check her way in time, had crashed into him astern. Moving very slowly, the Indiana had suffered little damage beyond a smashed bowsprit, and her captain, acting promptly, had taken in what little sail he carried.

Mercifully for the Spaniards, at that moment the guns ashore were reloading. In that brief respite the Indiana received the fugitives from the flagship, whilst the sloop which had been next in line, perceiving the situation, took in all sail at once, and getting out her sweeps, warped the Indiana astern from her entanglement and out into the open where the other frigate lay hove to, firing desultorily in the direction of the now silent earthworks on the bluff. The only effect of this fire was to betray her whereabouts to the buccaneers, and presently the demicannons were roaring again. A shot from one of them completed the crippling of the Indiana by smashing her rudder, so that she had to be taken in tow by her sister ship.

The firing ceased on both sides, and the peace and silence of the tropical night would again have descended on St. John but that all in the town were hastening to the bluff for information.

When daylight broke, the only ship on the blue expanse of the Caribbean within the vision of Antigua was the red-hulled Arabella at anchor in the shadow of the bluff to receive the demicannons she had lent the enterprise, and the battered Virgen del Pilar listing heavily to starboard where she had stuck on the submerged hull of the Atrevida. About the wrecked flagship swarmed a fleet of small boats and canoes in which the buccaneers were salving every object of value to be found aboard her. They brought all ashore: arms and armor, some of great price, a service of gold plate, vessels of gold and silver, and two steel-bound coffers containing some six thousand pieces of eight; also jewels, clothes, Oriental carpets and rich brocades from the great cabin. All were piled up beside the fort for subsequent division as provided by the articles under which the buccaneers sailed.

A string of four pack mules came along the cliff as the salving was concluded and drew up beside the precious heap.

"What's this?" quoth Blood, who was present at the spot.

"From His Excellency the Captain Gencral," replied the Negro muleteer, "fo' dah conveying ob dah treasure."

Blood was taken aback. When he recovered, "Much obliged," said he, and ordered the mules to be laden and conducted to the end of the bluff, to the boats which were to carry the spoils aboard the Arabella. After that he went to wait upon the captain general.

He was shown into a long narrow room from one end of which a portrait of his late sardonic majesty King Charles II looked into a mirror on the other. There was a long narrow table on which stood some books, a guitar and a bowl of acacia, and there were some tall-backed chairs of black oak without upholstery.

The captain general came in, followed by Macartney. His face looked longer and narrower than ever.

Captain Blood, telescope under his arm and plumed hat in his hand, bowed low. "I come to take my leave, your Excellency."

"I was about to send for you." The colonel's pale eyes sought to meet the captain's steady gaze but failed. "I hear of considerable treasure taken from the Spanish wreck. I am told your men have carried this aboard your ship. You are aware, sir, that these spoils are the property of the King?"

"I am not aware of it," said Blood.

"You are not? Then I inform you of it now."

Captain Blood shook his head, smiling tolerantly. "It is a prize of war."

"Exactly. And the war was being waged on behalf of His Majesty and in defense of this His Majesty's colony."

"Save that I did not hold the King's commission."

"Tacitly, and temporarily, I granted it you when I consented to enlist you and your men in the defense of the island."

Blood stared at him in amused astonishment. "What were you, sir, before they made you captain general of the Leeward Islands? A lawyer?"

"Captain Blood, I think you mean to be insolent."

"Ye may be sure I do, and more. You consented to enlist me, did you? Here's condescension! Where should you be now if I hadn't brought you the assistance you consented to receive?"

"We will take one thing at a time, if you please." The colonel was coldly prim. "When you entered the service of King James, you became subject to the laws that govern his forces. Your appropriation of treasure from the Spanish flagship is an act of brigandage contrary to all those laws and severely punishable under them. My clear duty is to place you under arrest."

"But I hope ye're not thinking of performing it?"

"Not if you choose to take advantage of my leniency and depart at once."

"I'll depart as soon as I receive the

twenty thousand pieces of eight for which I hired you my services."

"You have chosen, sir, to take payment in another fashion. You have committed a breach of the law. I have nothing more to say to you, Captain Blood."

Blood considered him with narrowing eyes. Was the man so utterly a fool, or was he merely dishonest?

"Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth!" he laughed. "Sure, now I must spend the remainder of my days in succoring British colonies in distress. Meanwhile, here I am and here I stay until I have my twenty thousand pieces." He flung his hat on the table, drew up a chair, sat down and crossed his legs. "It's a warm day, colonel, so it is."

The colonel's eyes flashed. "Captain Macartney, the guard is waiting in the gallery. Be good enough to call it."

"Will ye be intending to arrest me?"

The colonel's eyes gloomed at him. "Naturally, sir. It is my clear duty. It has been my duty from the moment that you landed here. You show me that I should have considered nothing else, whatever my own needs." He waved a hand to the soldier who had paused by the door. "If you please, Captain Macartney."

"Oh, a moment yet, Captain Macartney. A moment yet, colonel." Blood raised his hand. "This amounts to a declaration of war."

"You may so regard it if you choose. It is not material."

Captain Blood's doubts about the man's honesty were completely dissipated. He was just a fool with a mental vision that could perceive only one object at a time.

"Indeed, and it's most material. Since ye declare war on me, war ye shall have; and I warn you that ye'll find me as ruthless an opponent as the Spaniards found me yesterday when I was your ally."

"By heaven!" swore Macartney. "Here's fine talk from a man whose person we hold!"

"Others have held me before, Captain Macartney. Don't be attaching too much importance to that." Blood paused to smile, and then resumed. "It's fortunate now for Antigua that the war ye have declared on me may be fought without bloodshed. Indeed, ye may perceive at a glance that it has been fought already, that the strategic advantages lie with me, and therefore that nothing remains for you but capitulation."

"I perceive nothing of the kind, sir."

"That is because ye're slow to perceive the obvious. A moment's patience, colonel, while I point out to you that my ship is off the harbor. She carries two hundred of the toughest fighting men, who would devour your spineless militia at a gulp. She carries forty guns, the half of which could be landed on the bluff within an hour, and within another hour St. John would be a dust-heap.

"If ye think they would hesitate because this colony is English, I'll remind you that a third of my following is French and the other two-thirds are outlaws like myself. They would sack this town with pleasure, firstly because it is held in the name of King James, a name detestable to all of them, and secondly because the gold ye have been finding in Antigua should make it well worth the sacking."

Macartney, purple in the face, was fingering his sword hilt. But it was the colonel, livid with passion, who answered.

"You pirate scoundrel! You infamous escaped convict! You've forgot one thing: that until you can get back to your pestilential buccaneers none of this can happen."

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"We have to thank him for the warning, sir," Captain Macartney jeered.

"Ah, bah! Ye've no imagination, as I suspected yesterday. Your muleteer gave me a glimpse of what to expect from you. I took my measures accordingly, so I did. I left orders with my lieutenant to assume at twelve o'clock that war had been declared, and to land the guns and haul them to the fort, whence they command the town. I left your mules with him for the purpose."

He glanced at the timepiece on the overmantel. "It's nearly half-past twelve already. From your windows here ye can see the fort." He stood up and proffered his telescope. "Assure yourself that what I have said is happening."

There was a pause in which the captain general considered him with eyes of hate. Then in silence he took the telescope and went to the window. When he turned from it again, he was fierce as a rattlesnake. "But you forget one thing still. That we hold you. I'll send word to your pirate scum that at the first shot from them I'll hang you. The guard, Macartney."

"Oh, a moment yet," Blood begged. "Ye're so plaguily hasty in your conclusions. Wolverstone has my orders, and no threat to my life will swerve him from them by a hair's breadth. Hang me if ye will, but when ye've hanged me be sure that not one stone of St. John will be left upon another; not man, woman or child will my buccaneers spare in avenging me. Consider that and consider at the same time your duty to this colony and to your king—this duty by which ye rightly set such store."

The captain general's pale eyes stabbed him as if they would reach his soul. Calm and intrepid, he stood before them.

The colonel looked at Macartney, as if for help. He found none there. Irritably he broke out at last: "Oh, stab me! I am well served for dealing with a pirate. To be rid of you, I'll pay you your twenty thousand pieces, and so farewell and the devil take you."

"Twenty thousand pieces!" Blood raised his eyebrows in surprise. "But that was whilst I was your ally; that was before ye declared war upon me."

"What the devil do you mean now?"

"That since ye admit defeat, we will pass to the discussion of terms."

"Terms? What terms?"

"Ye shall hear them. First, the twenty thousand pieces of eight that ye owe my men for services rendered. Next, thirty thousand for the redemption of the town from the bombardment that is preparing."

"What? By heaven, sir——"

"Next," Captain Blood pursued relentlessly, "ten thousand pieces for your own ransom, ten thousand for the ransom of your own family, and five thousand for that of other persons of consequence in St. John, including Captain Macartney here. That makes seventy-five thousand pieces of eight, and they must be paid within the next hour, since later will be too late."

The captain general looked unutterable things. He tried to speak, but speech failed him.

"Best hang him, colonel, and have done," Macartney exploded.

"And thereby destroy the colony it is your duty at all costs—at all costs, mark you—to preserve."

The captain general passed a hand across his wet pallid brow and groaned. "But the time!" he cried desperately, to show that he had yielded. "How can I collect the sum within an hour?"

"I'll be reasonable. Send me the money to the bluff by sunset, and I'll withdraw. And now I'll take my leave at once, so as to suspend the operations. It's a very good day I'll be wishing you."

They let him go, perforce. And at sunset Captain Macartney rode out to the gun emplacements of the buccaneers, followed by a Negro leading a mule on which the gold was laden. Captain Blood came forward alone to receive him.

"It isn't what you'd have got from me," said the choleric Macartney.

"I'll remember that in case ye should ever command a settlement. And now, sir, to business. What do these sacks hold?"

"You'll find five thousand pieces in each."

"Then set me down four of them: the twenty thousand pieces for which I agreed to serve Antigua. The rest ye can take back to the captain general with my compliments. Let the experience teach him, and you too, captain darling, that a man's first duty is less to his office than to his own honor, and that he cannot perform it unless he fulfills the engagements of his word."

Captain Macartney sucked in his breath. "Gadslife!" he exclaimed huskily. "And you're a pirate!"

Sternly came the vibrant voice of the buccaneer. "I am Captain Blood."

Another glorious adventure with Captain Blood in Next Month's Cosmopolitan!

The Woman Plays *by Octavus Roy Cohen* *(Continued from page 71)*

that I never saw two people any happier or more goofy about each other. She is awful pretty, and the first day she shows up at the club it is to play a round with our lady champion. Doris shoots an 82 and the city champ turns in a 96. That was just the beginning.

We've got the usual run of women golfers. Some bad, some fair, but none of them real good. They shoot in the high nineties most of the time, and a 91 or 92 will usually win the low medal in any ladies' tournament we have.

Mrs. Doris Smith changes all that, until it gets so that she don't play with the ladies except to be sociable, because none of them can't give her a game. But as far as her husband is concerned . . .

There's something wonderful about that situation, and also something pathetic. In the first place, the Quiet Foursome becomes a threesome. They pass each other on the links—Henry Smith and his three former buddies—and they kid back and forth, but Henry is always with his wife, and the other fellers won't take nobody else in to fill the vacancy his marriage has created.

But they ain't enjoying golf like they used to. They don't joke and carry on as much. They just play golf. Rotten golf, too—but serious, showing how they miss Henry.

As for him, I never seen a man as happy as him when he's playing golf with his wife. He gets all puffed up like a pouter pigeon every time she makes a good shot, which is always. His eyes just naturally glow, and the only times he gets serious are when he tries to do like she does and don't succeed.

She works with him. And that's a dangerous thing in any family, because a golfer either does something right or he does it wrong. Henry Smith done everything wrong in the game of golf. In the first place he would club the ball instead of snapping the clubhead at it; he would lift his head; he had a crazy stance and swing.

Of course he can't give her a contest, but golf is a good game that way: you can always fix handicaps to make the match even. Before you know it they was going out and playing with her shooting from the men's tees and him driving from the women's. Not only that, but she was also spotting him a stroke a hole.

That was when the club started giggling. Usually it was the other way around—but here was a wife giving her husband about the most handicap that can be invented. And Henry was so nuts about her that he never realized how ridiculous he was. It just tickled him to think that she was so good.

The three remaining members of the Quiet Foursome was wild. Not that they didn't like Doris—they thought she was a swell girl—but they figured that any man ought to have more pride than to do what Henry was doing just because he happened to be married to a fine golfer. The stroke-a-hole was bad enough, but him shooting from the ladies' tees was something the whole club was laughing about.

One day they are in the shop when Henry comes in. Doris is on the practice green playing a little clock golf by herself, and Macklin Roberts takes the bull by the horns. I'm in the back room and don't mean to eavesdrop, but I can't help hearing.

"Hank," says Mr. Roberts, "when are you going to quit making a spectacle of yourself?"

"What do you mean, Mac?"

"You know what I mean. Don't you realize that everybody is laughing at you? When you used to play with us, we were all rotten and nobody minded. Now they kid whenever they see you shooting from the ladies' tees."

Henry flushes. "It wouldn't be a game unless I did that."

"I know; but it's silly, just the same. You're a man——"

"And a punk golfer. Doris is a wonder. And my game is getting better since I've been playing with her."

"How much better? What are you shooting now?"

"It don't matter about score."

"No? Well, what's the best you've made recently?"

"A hundred and six. But I'm playing my shots right."

"You must be." I can tell from Mr. Roberts' voice that he is disgusted. "Married life is ruining you, Hank, and if you keep on like this, you will ruin married life. Husbands and wives shouldn't ever play golf together—or if they do, the husband ought to be the best."

"I'm not narrow-minded. I'm proud Doris is so good."

"Sure you are. So are we all. But for gosh sake, Hank, dub around with somebody else. They're all laughing at you."

"Let 'em snicker!" snaps Mr. Smith, real grim. "And see if I care."

But he did care, as I could see. I have a hunch that once or twice he tried to break loose from playing with his wife, but she was crazy about him—and

knew how devoted he was to golf. Of course, like all good golfers, she felt she could help his game, never realizing that he didn't have a game.

Our club was like a big family: just two hundred members and they had all grown up together, so there was general gossip about how it would turn out. The three remaining members of the Quiet Foursome got awful touchy about Mr. Smith; they got so that they couldn't even stand to be kidded about him. To each other, they cussed him out for being an idiot, but let anybody else say so and he'd have his head snapped off.

Then one morning I seen something happen. Mr. and Mrs. Smith come out to the club for a round of golf and when they got to the first tee Bob Farwell was practicing brassie shots on the eighteenth fairway. He came over and chatted awhile and Henry inquired was he waiting for a partner. When he said No, Henry asked wouldn't he enjoy shooting around with them.

Well, I teed off right behind them because I was giving a lad a course lesson and so I could see and hear a good deal that happened during that eighteen holes. Bob Farwell has twice been our club champion and his normal game is around 77. He's a fine young chap, good-looking and pleasant, and he and Doris Smith got along like a million.

But the one I was watching on that round was Henry Smith. If ever a guy dragged around a golf course, he did. He was tense as a battler, pressing every shot and looking ridiculous because he was trying to shoot like they did. If you ain't a golfer you can't understand the agony of playing with a couple who can shoot rings around you. I could see that they was unintentionally rubbing salt in the wound, because every time he would make a puny little shot that they could do in their sleep, they would both compliment him like he was Joe Kirkwood.

Folks never seem to remember that a bird can be a rotten golfer and still have brains. In town, they regarded Henry Smith as one of the keenest young business men in the state, and you can bet your bottom dollar that he knew Bob Farwell and Mrs. Smith thought he was terrible and were just trying to make him feel good.

Well, when they finished that round, I heard them making a date for another threesome, and I knew that all bets was off from then on. They played together a dozen times: Doris and Bob always down the middle, driving straight and long; hitting clean, crisp iron shots; approaching beautifully and putting with deadly accuracy.

All this time Henry was perspiring freely as he tied himself into knots, looked up, and sliced, sliced, sliced . . . He was going into the woods and into ditches and they was always having to stop and look for his ball. I know good and well he would have quit if he could have, but they were so nice he couldn't without looking like a rotter.

I don't know what he was shooting in those days, but it must have been worse than an average of 110. He would come in looking like a wreck and with his tail dragging. Club members thought it was the funniest thing they ever seen and Roberts, Walters and Mabry—the other members of the Quiet Foursome—was frothing at the mouth, but they didn't say nothing to Mr. Smith.

I could see that he was getting to hate the game. He would trudge around the eighteen holes like a soldier on a forced march and I wondered how it was affecting his home life. Everybody else was wondering the same thing, for that matter. They seemed to be wild about

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DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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each other, but it was a cinch that nobody couldn't go on being perfectly happy when the situation like I have explained it kept happening about three times a week, and Henry knew that the whole club was snickering at him.

Well, it's about even money that no matter how much in love they are with each other, no marriage won't survive the punishment this one is taking, when someone walks into my shop one day and who should it be but Sandy Pearson.

Sandy always was a swell pro, and I'm the lad who knew it, but until he developed Doris March into a national champion, the world didn't hand him all it should. Now of course they're flocking to him and he's making real dough. He's small and wiry and ain't got only a trace of burr left in his speech. I've known him for years, even before I was a pro, and I partnered with him once in the final round of a Southern Open when he shot a 68 on the last eighteen to win by one stroke. He shakes hands, and wants to know where Doris March is.

"Out shooting golf," I says, "with a club champ and a human handicap."

"Meaning what, man?"

"Her husband."

"Is he that bad?"

"Sandy, he's worse. If he ever breaks a hundred again I'll eat the biggest niblick in the place. And they're foolish about each other, so they won't quit."

"How's her game?" he asks.

"Not so hot, Sandy. Once in a while she shoots fine, but then again I think watching that fat feller do everything wrong has kind of et on her nerves."

Well, we chat about this and that, and pretty soon the threesome comes struggling up the last hole. Henry has been in the ditch twice off the eighteenth tee—about a hundred-yard carry—and seems to be shooting no better fast. The other two are waiting patiently enough and every time he manages to hit the ball straight, even though it don't go seventy-five yards, they tell him it is swell and he is red as a lobster which has just been boiled.

Sandy Pearson watches them and don't say nothing. Just shakes his head like he was looking at a very sad thing.

DORIS is delighted to see Sandy, who has taught her ever since she was ten years old, and they invite me down to the clubhouse for a lemonade. We go, but Farwell excuses himself. Henry is kind of subdued and says nothing constantly. Sandy talks.

"How is your game, Doris?"

"Pretty good."

"How good?"

She shrugs. "It could be better and it could be worse."

"Been practicing any?"

"No-o. Not exactly. I've been playing a good deal, though."

"That's no go. A champion has got to practice. All the time." He leans forward. "The Women's National is next month, Doris. Are you going to try to regain your title?"

Doris' cheeks get pink. "I hadn't thought much about it, Sandy."

"Is that true?" he asks bluntly.

"Of course."

Henry Smith is flushed up, too, and now he opens his mouth. "Of course she's going to play in the National. Why shouldn't she?"

"That's it, Doris," says Sandy. "Why shouldn't you?"

"There isn't any reason, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is." Sandy always did deserve a reputation for being tactless. "You aren't on your game. Well, I guess you won't get on your game, either, the way you been doing." He turns to Henry. "What do you think, Mr. Smith?"

It's like I said: Henry Smith may be a rotten golfer, but he's nobody's fool. Also, he's a good scout.

"You mean," he asks slowly, "that dubbing around with me has taken the edge off her play; is that it?"

"No!" butts in Doris. "It isn't!"

"But that's what Mr. Pearson means," insists Henry.

Sandy looks him straight in the eye. "You'd like to see your wife win the title again, wouldn't you, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And you'd do anything for her best interests, wouldn't you?"

"Gladly."

"Good! Then be sport enough to take this the way it's meant. I saw enough of Doris' game today to know it has gone to pot. Golf is a game that you not only have to play all the time, but you have to play it right all the time. She hasn't been doing that. And maybe you think this isn't my business, but it is. I built Doris into a golfer, and I made this trip 'specially to see how she was hitting 'em. Well, my advice is that she must either change her methods or scratch her entry in the tournament."

There was a tense silence for a minute, and somehow I was looking only at Henry Smith. His jaw was set and his eyes met Sandy's levelly.

"Let me get this straight, Mr. Pearson: Ycu mean that however much my wife has enjoyed playing with me, my game has hurt hers to the extent that she isn't good enough to win that title again?"

"Precisely."

"And if she starts practicing, and playing with someone who can give her a game—without me tagging along—she can get back to where she was?"

"You said it."

"Then," said Henry Smith, and I thought that he was some man, "I have played my last game of golf with Doris!"

She is kind of white. "Henry," she says, "don't be a fool!"

"I'm not, Doris," he answers. "I'm only sensible."

"You're not sensible." She is almost in tears. "I'll quit golf myself."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," says Henry, touching her hand gently. "You'll get out there and practice hard. And you'll play with Bob Farwell as often as he can get away. And finally you'll win the national championship again and make me very proud of you."

Sandy leans forward. "He's right, Doris. Even Pete will agree to that."

They all look at me and I hate to comment, because Henry Smith has been grilled a-plenty and I'm sorry for him. But when they make me say something, I have got to be truthful.

"Yeah; they're right, Mrs. Smith."

Well, they argue back and forth some more, but Henry won't budge. You can see that he is awful proud of her, and plumb anxious for her to keep the place she has won in national golf circles; and as for her, she is afraid she is hurting his feelings, but he explains that he knows he is rotten and always will be.

By the time darkness falls it is decided that Sandy will stay in town for a couple of days, smooth out the kinks that she has developed from dubbing around with her husband, and then wish her well in the big tourney.

The next day I myself get a lesson watching Sandy Pearson teach. And I get to understand why he's regarded as good. You see, most pros teach everybody the same way. No matter if you're tall and skinny or short and fat, they teach the same swing, and if you've got a little peculiarity, they try to break it, even if it comes natural.

Not Sandy, though. Take Doris, for instance: she has a trick of swaying her body with the down stroke. Sandy has seen that it comes natural to her, has developed her timing, and now she plays every shot that way, and how.

Sandy is going back home Saturday evening. At one o'clock that afternoon Doris Smith and Bob Farwell appear on number one tee. They start off. Bob sends a screamer straight down the middle about two hundred fifty yards away and Doris lays her drive right alongside.

They give us a wave and hike off, and just about that time I hear an awful noise. It is coming from the stone steps which lead up from the clubhouse and I know without looking that the Quiet Foursome is on the job.

I'M RIGHT. The air is full of argument and bickering, and louder than everybody I hear Henry Smith.

"You fellows are out to do me. You're trying to get strokes from me."

Macklin Roberts' voice booms out: "Strokes! Sure, we want strokes. Lots of 'em. Haven't you been learning the fine points of the game?"

"Oh, Lord!" groans Mr. Smith. "And how it has ruined me!"

They scramble out on the tee, still squabbling. And laughing, too. I never in all my life saw four happier men than that old, original Quiet Foursome—back together again.

They get off the tee some way. Henry drives last. He presses his shot and lifts his head. The ball trickles through the rough, across the corner of the fairway and into some more rough. And Mr. Henry Smith lets out a delighted yell.

"You see," he shouts, "I'm back on my game and don't give a darn!"

Me and Sandy watch them play several shots each and finally arrive in the vicinity of the first green. Sandy's eyes are scrooched up at the corners and he is kind of half smiling.

"Listen," I says, "I've got a question to ask."

"What is it?"

"Isn't it true, Sandy, that Doris Smith invited you to come over here to do exactly what you did?"

"No," he says, "it isn't."

"On the level?"

"I give you my word," he says, "that so far as I know she didn't even have a hint I was coming."

"Hmm! Then it was Henry Smith who sent for you, wasn't it?"

"No, Pete; it wasn't. Frankly, I think he is too crazy about his wife even to have thought of such a thing."

"But my gosh, Sandy! I refuse to believe that your trip over here, with what it led to, was just an accident."

"I didn't ask you to believe that," says Sandy. "As a matter of fact I received a wire which suggested the trip. Want to see it?"

"Do I?" I exclaim. "Gimme!"

He handed me an odd and rather pathetic telegram.

IT IS A GREAT THING FOR A PRO TO DEVELOP A CHAMPION BUT A GREATER THING TO PUT A DUFFER BACK ON HIS GAME STOP PLEASE COME OVER IMMEDIATELY AND PERFORM THIS ACT OF CHARITY

"And the telegram," chuckles Sandy, "is signed by the three surviving members of your famous Quiet Foursome."

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And behind the lower door is a compartment with two large Hydrators for keeping a peck and a quarter of vegetables fresh and full-flavored until used. This same compartment also provides ample space and ideal temperature for milk and other bottled goods.

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The new Multi-Cold and all other household Frigidaires have the famous "Cold Control." All have surplus power to keep food safely cold on the hottest days. All have the mechanical unit in the *bottom*—out of the way—leaving the top flat and usable. The food shelves are elevated—making stooping unnecessary. The finish is Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. It won't peel, rust, scratch or blister. And every Frigidaire is sold today with a definite guarantee backed by General Motors.

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The Fable of Life in the Open *(Continued from page 29)*

Course was too easy and did not call for enough hard Second Shots. All of the muscle-bound Cripples and flabby Weaklings who had been trying to bust 110 did not know that the Course was Soft Picking and no Test of Golf until they got word from the Experts, and then the Inferority Complex was more overwhelming than ever before.

About the same time, the Limpets, who had all the Collateral that had not been annexed by other Bankers, Buccaneers and Business Brigands of benighted Bohunkus, were entertaining Cousin Ralph from New York. He was a Slicker with what sounded like an English Accent to One who had not visited Great Britain. When he stood up at the First Tee and got ready to drive off, all gussied up like an Order of Baked Alaska, and learned that he was on a Nine-hole Course, he almost swooned with Horror.

Cousin Ralph indicated that playing a dinky Nine-hole Course was Social Degradation. He said he belonged to a Club that had three Eighteen-hole Courses. He made many other Cracks that were all of a Kill-joy Character and very humiliating to the primitive Rubes who had been kidding themselves that they belonged to a sure-enough Country Club.

It was Mr. Horace Limpet who demanded an Open Meeting and repeated what Cousin Ralph had said and suggested that he, for one, could never hold up his Head again unless Supergaleybaha became an Eighteen-hole Course so tricky and difficult that Gene Sarazen and Leo Diegel would both be afraid to play it and Stout Ladies who undertook to go the Full Round would not get back until toward the Close of the Season.

Mr. Limpet did not tell the assembled Paupers that he was willing to organize a Jack Pot and heave in a large mess of Dough. No, what he suggested was a Bond Issue. He wanted a dandy, modern Course but he wanted somebody Else to pay for it along about 1945. A bright Idea which has been used by other Financiers who are willing to go the Limit so long as they are not compelled to dig down and cough up.

Now we find the Organization, which promised Ozone, rational Exercise and jolly Recreation at Bargain Prices, spending Oodles and Oodles of Money, whether they had it or not. To complicate Matters, the more frugal Seekers after Health and Happiness, led on by a stalwart Joan of Arc named Mrs. Ernest Difflinger, put up an awful Holler because the Restaurant was charging thirty-five cents for a Club Sandwich.

The House Committee learned that there was a general Demand for Biltmore food and Plaza Service at Cafeteria Prices. So the Food Department went more deeply into the Abyss.

It was a darned backward Member who couldn't think, any Day in the Week, of something that the Club ought to buy. For instance, Mrs. Homer Ketchum interviewed her Sons and Daughters, who looked like a Mass Meeting when you got them bunched, and learned that they were in favor of a couple of Tennis Courts and an Outdoor Swimming Pool.

They were what is commonly known as Junior Members, although they had been called by many other Names. They were all getting past the Gate on one Family Ticket and the Dues they paid amounted to Nothing per year, so they were keen for Tennis and Swimming, because they wanted to indulge in playful Diversions which would not be ruined by the immediate Presence of the older Fossils who produced the Funds.

The only Difference between a Junior Member and a Sustaining Member is that the latter uses the Club twice a Week and the Former is all over the Place, making Life somewhat less Enjoyable, about Sixteen Hours out of Twenty-four. About three-fourths of the Suckers whose names were on the Roll didn't need Tennis Courts and a Swimming Pool any more than they needed a Flock of Airplanes, but an active Minority, which was burdened with a Superfluity of pestiferous Progeny, kept dinging and dinging until the Officers ran up the White Flag and ordered the Printer to print some more Bonds.

After a while a Membership cost about Two Dollars less than a Seat on the Stock Exchange. The Common People took the Gaff as long as they could stand it and then began to fall by the Wayside. As the Membership dwindled the Dues had to be raised.

At last the Club faced a terrible Crisis. Those who had a Surplus of Currency had to go down into the Grouch Bag and produce about Twenty Grand to keep Supergaleybaha from going on the Rocks. How it did hurt!

They joined so as to ramble in the Green Fields and beside the Still Waters and renew their Souls, and all they got out of the Club was a Headache. Nothing affects the Golfing Form more injuriously than a High Assessment.

The Nerves and Muscles cannot coordinate when the Pocketbook is out of Sympathy with a Note falling due at the First National. Some of the nicest and richest People in the Club are going to suffer all Summer.

MORAL: A Golf Club is all right until it gets a Clubhouse.

The Beauty-mask Murder *(Continued from page 63)*

answered. "But I can see by your face that you've learned lots we don't know about!"

"Well," said Shelby, turning to address Andrew, "I just got the coroner's report. Like to read it?"

"Tell us what's in it," coaxed Gwynn. "Those things are always so full of words you never can make out what they're trying to tell."

"Well," said Shelby, "in the first place they found enough morphine in the stomach to have killed her! Ten grains at least. She was a morphine fiend," he explained, "and she either swallowed an overdose or somebody fed it to her.

"The shot in her left hand was poison, all right. The Institute reported snake venom. The coroner couldn't give his findin's to the papers and Larry Starr tells me they're runnin' a screamer that she was bit by a snake."

"Could it have been a snake?" I inquired incredulously.

Shelby's lip curled. "We don't have no poisonous rep-tiles in Hanaford."

"And besides," said Gwynn, "there was a tiny scratch leading from the wound that a snake bite wouldn't account for."

"How do you know?" asked Andrew.

"I saw it. It struck me at the time that the point must have slipped."

"She's right!" admitted Shelby. "The coroner found the same thing. We're lettin' the papers have their fun with the snake idea, but the venom was injected by means of a sharp-pointed instrument, and we're lookin' for the hypo that done the trick."

"I thought that the doctor said it was a dull, dirty point," said Gwynn.

"Well, there's hypos with dull, dirty points, ain't there?"

"Is there any way of procuring snake venom in Hanaford?" I inquired.

"Only at the Institute," replied Shelby. "They had a shake-up there a coupla months ago. Some things were missin' and they've been mighty careful since. Just the same they're checkin' up."

"Anything else?" inquired Andrew.

"Nothing you could hang your hat on. We've looked up some of the women Ainslee knew, but every one of them was *shocked* to learn of poor dear Maxine's death! *Who* could have done such a terrible thing?" He gave a clumsy imitation of a woman's voice. "It must have been some kind of a *maniac.*"

"What about the Hupmobile with the suitcase?" inquired Andrew.

"We've looked up every Hupmobile registered in the city. I can't understand it," he grumbled.

"I have some news for you," Andrew said proudly. "Magovern located the owner of the yellow roadster, and his initials are 'B.W.' The young man is on his way here now. And another thing, that bloodstained handkerchief did *not* belong to Maxine Ainslee." He explained why. "I'd get right after that."

Shelby reached for his hat. "I don't see that that handkerchief will get us anywhere. It's a sealpackerchief—and there isn't a clue on it."

"I wouldn't say that," said Gwynn. "After all, every sealpackerchief isn't scented with Narcisse Noir."

"What's that?" asked Shelby.

"If I were you," said Gwynn, "I'd go into a department store and sniff it. And then remember the smell. It may come in handy."

As soon as Barry Weston came in I knew I had seen him about town. His taffy-colored hair was shiny with pomade. His navy-blue suit made me conscious of the lack of distinction of my own blue serge. A blue shirt and a bright blue tie brought out the startling cerulean of his eyes. His chin was not strong, but there was no deficiency marked enough to detract from his rating as a handsome chap.

Andrew greeted him cordially, presenting him to Gwynn and me. He accepted Andrew's invitation to be seated and asked permission to smoke. His manner appeared to be frank and unguarded, but I sensed something reserved and watchful behind it.

Gwynn held out her cigaret case to him. "They're not Abdullas, of course."

He looked surprised but he replied steadily, "I wonder whether I may light a pipe."

Andrew nodded his assent.

"Tell me," said Gwynn, as Weston took out his pipe and reached for a flexible leather pouch, "don't you find Latakia rather heavy?"

He looked in a puzzled way from the unopened pouch to the lady who knew

the kind of tobacco it contained. Andrew turned the conversation briskly into the proper channels.

"Mr. Weston, I have asked you here to give you an opportunity, unofficially, to clear up certain things which investigation of the Ainslee murder has brought out. I advise you that it will be best for you to be frank."

Barry Weston met Andrew's gaze with something quizzical behind his eyes. "It's very kind of Your Honor to take such an interest in my welfare."

Andrew dropped his tone of paternal friendliness. "Mr. Weston, do you own a striped woolen scarf?"

"I used to own a woolen scarf, but I left it some place."

"You took Miss Ainslee to dinner at the Rose Garden Inn Wednesday night?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"You were interested in Miss Ainslee?"

Weston shook his head. "I'm an engaged man, Your Honor."

"Was Miss Ainslee interested in you?"

Weston looked shocked. "As one gentleman to another, Your Honor! However," he added, "a man accused of murder—and I take it I am accused——?"

"That depends somewhat on the outcome of this interview," replied Andrew.

"Well, a man in danger of being accused of murder is not supposed to have the instincts of a gentleman. Therefore, if Your Honor really wants to know, Miss Ainslee appeared to be more interested in me"—he made a wry face —"than I found entirely agreeable."

"What were your belongings doing on her dressing table?"

"I don't know but I presume they were merely lying there."

"Weston"—Andrew spoke sharply—"where were you between nine-forty-five when you left the Rose Garden Inn and midnight when you reached home?"

"I took Miss Ainslee to her home and then went home myself."

"How long did you stay at Miss Ainslee's house before you went home?"

"I didn't enter Miss Ainslee's house. I left her at her front door."

"What time was that?"

"I really don't know."

"It doesn't take more than thirty minutes to reach Miss Ainslee's from the Rose Garden Inn?"

"No, I shouldn't say that it would, unless something happened."

"You mean something happened?"

"Not a thing," replied Weston. "I hit an even forty all the way. I must have got there before ten-thirty."

Andrew made a note on his pad. "Where did you go when you left there?"

"Home."

"And it took you ninety minutes to drive from Miss Ainslee's home to yours? You could have walked it in less."

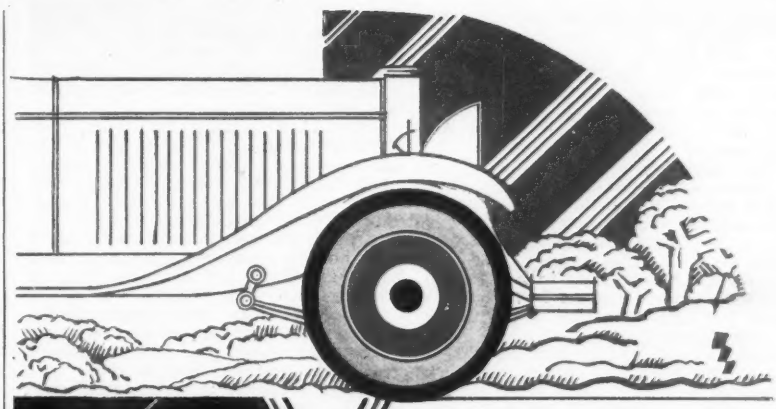
"I was thinking that myself, but I dismissed the thought. I'm attached to my car, unsatisfactory though its behavior is at times."

"Weston, you're not doing yourself any good by your attitude," warned Andrew. "You did not arrive home until eleven-fifty. At eleven o'clock Miss Ainslee was murdered. What have you to say?"

"All I have to say is that Maxine Ainslee was a bad egg, and if I'd had my way, she'd have choked on her oysters."

Andrew made another note. "Yet, feeling that way, you took her out to dinner?"

Weston's pipe had gone out and he struck another match. "Haven't you ever taken anybody to dinner that you wished had never been born? I know this sounds bad but Your Honor advised me to be frank. If I had taken her out to dinner intending to dispose of her,



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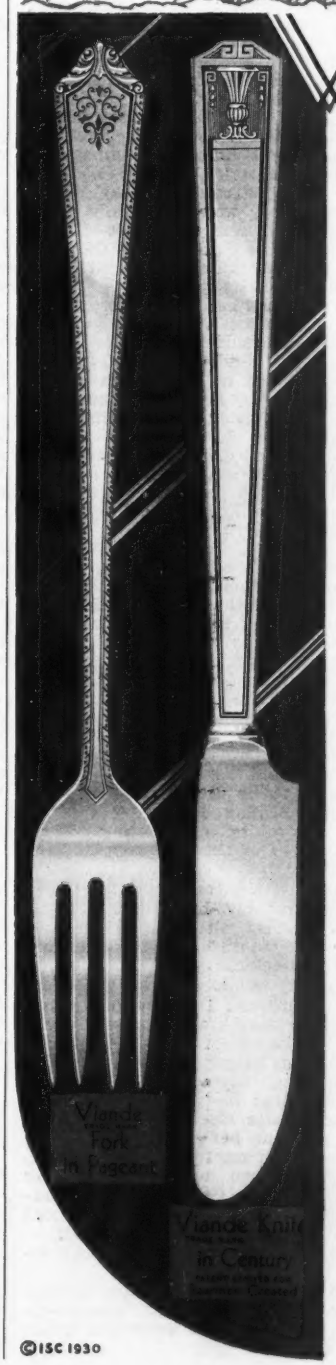

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wouldn't it have been far less messy to have slipped a lethal dose into her coffee? Lord knows I thought of it!"

Andrew was exasperated. "If you didn't take Miss Ainslee out for the pleasure of her company, there must have been some other purpose for the engagement."

"Naturally."

"What was that purpose?"

"I'm sorry, Your Honor, but to answer that question would involve other people who, I feel, should not be dragged into this."

"Did Miss Ainslee have in her possession letters which might have embarrassed you had they come to the notice of your fiancée?"

Weston considered a moment. "If I understand correctly, the matter now stands as follows: I took Miss Ainslee out to dinner, returned to her home and made away with her to regain possession of certain incriminating letters. Am I right?"

Andrew's face was a hard mask as he replied, "With your kind permission, Weston, I will conduct this investigation. Your mother owns a hypodermic syringe, does she not?"

A slow red mounted under the light tan of Weston's face. "I don't see any reason for dragging my mother into this," he said in measured tones.

"I'm afraid it can't be helped," replied Andrew, pursuing his advantage. "Isn't it a fact that Doctor Weston has access to the poisons at the Institute?"

WESTON had recovered his external poise but his manner had lost its lightness. "I have no idea what equipment they have at the Institute, or who has access to it."

"And isn't it a fact," Andrew went on relentlessly, "that your visit to your mother on Wednesday was for the purpose of securing a hypodermic and certain other things?"

"I regret, Your Honor, that I do not care to answer any more questions."

Andrew leaped to his feet. "You mean you refuse to explain your actions to the satisfaction of the law?"

Weston rose and stood facing Andrew. "I regret that I have nothing more to say—until I consult my attorney."

Andrew took a step towards him, but Gwynn, who had risen to her feet, stood between them.

"You know, Mr. Weston, you're fortunate that His Honor is conducting this informal investigation. Captain Shelby is such a hasty man, he'd throw you in prison for refusing to answer his questions. But His Honor recognizes and respects your constitutional rights."

Weston bowed to Andrew. "If Your Honor wishes to order me locked up, I am at your disposal."

But Andrew had evidently changed his mind about what he intended to say. Writing something on a pad, he pressed the buzzer. When March had taken the paper, he turned to Weston.

"I am not going to turn you over to the police—yet. But if you attempt to leave Hanaford, you will be arrested."

When Weston had gone, I asked, "Do you think he'll stay in Hanaford?"

"He'd better," replied Andrew ominously. "I'm having him shadowed." He turned to Gwynn. "What makes you line up so strongly on his side?"

Gwynn shrugged. "I'm not on his side although he *is* the handsomest thing! I'm on your side, Andy, first and last. I should hate to see you do anything unworthy of your exalted position."

It was plain that Andrew was troubled. "What do you think, Colin?"

"I don't know what to think. I must have a feminine streak in my make-up, because while my reason tells me he acted confoundedly queer, something inside makes me feel he didn't murder Maxine Ainslee."

"Bully boy!" applauded Gwynn.

Andrew grunted. "Try to get a fair opinion from a man when a woman wants him to say something else! But you've both got to admit that Weston didn't act like an innocent man."

"You don't mean he acted like a guilty one?" countered Gwynn. "He'd have had a nice pat story for you, all bristling with alibis."

"Suppose a man were clever enough to figure that such an act as this would work better—until he got a lawyer? There'd be nothing to contradict."

"I don't suppose it struck you," said Gwynn, "that Weston was egging you on to find out how much you had on him? He got a fair outline of your case before he dropped his bantering manner."

"Why should he do that, unless he had a guilty conscience? If a man's innocent, he's not so much concerned with what you've got on him as in proving he isn't guilty."

"Andy dear, I should think that sometimes your brain would positively ache! Tell me, where were the ladies—Doctor Weston and Miss Saunders—at the time Maxine met her unfortunate end?"

Andrew smiled a superior smile. "Miss Saunders reached her home before eleven o'clock, and Doctor Weston was at home undressed all evening."

"What lovely alibis!" sighed Gwynn.

Andrew looked at her. "What's the hunch now? Why don't you come clean and tell your version of this crime?"

"Really, Andy, I don't know any of these people well enough to reconstruct their actions with any certainty. And if I guessed, I'd be just as bad as you."

I felt that she knew something which she wasn't ready to tell.

Andrew was to meet us at the South Glen Country Club for tea. Meanwhile Gwynn and I took a walk to the park and sat down on a bench. In no time we had twenty youngsters around us, and Gwynn was telling a story.

"I think I ought to have children," she told me. "I'm getting perilously close to thirty."

"You'll have to get married first," I suggested.

"Why?" asked Gwynn.

I refused to be drawn into a discussion, but somehow I couldn't get the idea of children out of my mind. I had never thought of them in any personal way before.

It was as if she read my mind.

"You'd probably have dark, tousle-headed gypsies," she announced, "because you're so nice and smooth and butterscotch-colored yourself."

"And what would you have?"

"Well, I suppose I'd have reasonable, staid little blond puritans; we ought really to have one of each."

A ridiculous palpitation sent the blood racing through my veins. "Would you recommend that we give them the benefit of legitimate marriage first?" I inquired, adopting her own manner.

She looked at me from under her lids, her mouth drawn up mischievously at one corner. "Oh, Colin, this is so sudden!" Then, leaping up, she commenced to race with half a regiment of kids.

When I reached her side she was powdering her nose.

"We'd better start if we want to meet Andrew," she announced matter-of-factly. But there was something warm behind her eyes.

Andrew found us already dancing. He was gloomy and thoughtful.

"Darn it all," he brooded, "the more I think of it, the more I feel I shouldn't have let young Weston go. What makes you so certain he's innocent? Has it anything to do with what Marx said about those scissors?"

Gwynn shook her head. "The weapon is still a matter of guesswork, and for that reason I leave it to the men on the case." She became serious. "Honestly, Andrew, I couldn't let you hand that boy over to the police."

"But Gwynn, you can't toss aside the reasonable functionings of the human mind for a series of psychic hunches. You tell me who really murdered Maxine Ainslee, and I'll admit there may be some superiority in your intuitive processes over the present rational method of detecting crime."

"And what, may I ask, is this rational method you refer to?"

"Why, to gather up evidence at the scene of the crime, and if that is not sufficient to point definitely to the perpetrator, then to look for someone who would have a motive for the crime."

"Ah! Certainly, except in cases of lunatics, a crime would be committed by someone who had a motive. But how do you know how many people might have benefited by having Maxine Ainslee out of the way—and yet not left evidence lying around?"

"You women always want to complicate things and make them more involved." Andrew sighed. "But even if you can juggle the element of motive, the element of opportunity, you must admit, is limited to who could or could not have been at the scene of the crime. You can't overlook evidence proving that an accused person was actually on the scene of the crime at the time it was committed."

"But that's the easiest evidence to fabricate," Gwynn pointed out. "Remember the play where the criminal left a lot of loose bricks so arranged that they would fall on the head of the victim when released by a cat walking over the roof when he himself was far from the scene? And how about those who sent a snake through a window? Or explosives timed to go off hours afterwards? No, I wouldn't be too much influenced by the fact that one person had apparently been on the scene of the crime at the time it was committed, and another had apparently been somewhere else."

"Well," grumbled Andrew, "you still haven't given me anything constructive."

"The trouble with you men is that you would rather have an innocent victim than nobody at all. Are you interested in justice, or merely in flinging somebody into jail for the murder?"

"But Gwynn, where does all your arguing advance the case?"

"If you are going to Chicago, and I keep you from heading towards Cape Cod, I am indirectly helping you to get to Chicago, am I not?"

ANDREW smiled. "And Barry Weston is Cape Cod? I think you're intrigued by his blond hair."

"You may recall I spoke up for him before I ever saw it."

"But my dear Gwynn, as there's no evidence pointing to anyone else——"

"You mean you and Shelby don't see any."

"Well, young woman, you show me a piece of evidence that we've overlooked and I'll buy you a new hat."

"Really? And can Colin help me pick it out? I'm always careful to have my

choice of hats suit my victim's taste."

"Colin and you can pick out the best hat in Hanaford. But first you have to produce a real piece of evidence."

Gwynn sighed. "All right, Your Honor, I'll give you your evidence, only you'll have to take me seriously. Being a woman, I have to throw everything I have into a job to do it well."

"I'll give you the keys to the town. Will that do?"

"Well, no," replied Gwynn, looking across at me with something naughty in the depths of her eyes. "I want Colin included in all the arrangements as an extra incentive or bonus."

I sat up sharply. "Look here! I've been pretty docile, but there are limits!"

Andrew rose to speak to some friends who were passing.

Gwynn reached over and patted my hand. "I'm a bad, bad woman. But although my methods don't meet with your approval, you wouldn't want to be left out, would you?"

"I wish I knew whether you were kidding or serious," I said.

She smiled enigmatically. "I'll give you some inside dope. A woman is always serious. She only pretends to be kidding to save her vanity or to throw a man off his guard. For instance, if I made up my mind to capture you——"

"How would you act?"

"Just the way I've been acting—only, of course," as I reached for her hand, "I've just been playing at it." She put her hand safely into her lap.

To my chagrin Andrew came back. "Well," he demanded, "how are you going to proceed?"

"I shall look first for a woman who uses Narcisse Noir."

"I suppose there is some connection between Narcisse Noir and murder too subtle for male perception?"

"Oh, I don't know that it's as subtle as *that!* But that bloodstained handkerchief was drenched with it."

"What makes you so sure that Maxine herself hadn't picked up a stray handkerchief and used it?"

"I looked all over the dressing table and in her bathroom, and there was no trace of perfume or toilet water or bath salts or anything scented. Even her soap and cold cream and astringent were not perfumed. She must have had a decided dislike for scent to have avoided it so completely. So I know she didn't use a handkerchief drenched with it. Second, I think I shall be able to give you a description of the murderess."

"And how are you going to do that? Are you going to find a mark on a chair where her head rested?"

"Maybe," said Gwynn, rising suddenly. "Let's dash over to Miss Ainslee's."

Andrew followed her while I remained to sign the check. As I rejoined them he was expostulating that the place had been all straightened up.

"That's all right," said Gwynn. "I'm going over there to give you that one definite lead in exchange for the hat."

As we turned the corner of Yew Street, we could see a throng of idlers before the door of the bungalow. A uniformed patrolman on duty sprang to attention as he recognized Andrew.

Kohner, the man left to guard Marzi, seemed delighted to greet the mayor.

Andrew asked some perfunctory question and he replied respectfully. "Sure, Your Honor, everythin's fine. But this Marzi's got somethin' on his mind—a dame, I think."

"Thank you," said Andrew, as we entered the living room; "you can leave us. We want to look around." He sank into a couch in an attitude of not-too-hopeful waiting. "Well, now that we're

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here, what are you going to prove?" he asked Gwynn.

Now that everything was in its place, the lack of taste in the furnishing of the room was even more apparent. Gwynn pulled a tasseled cord and a dull light added its sickly note to the general stuffiness of the room. She lighted the other lamps one by one.

"I'm really much more in sympathy with the murderer than with the victim," she sighed. "I'm sure I might have murdered Maxine myself if I'd come in when all the rose lamps were lighted."

Andrew drew a cigar from his pocket while Gwynn stepped through the bathroom and into the bedroom beyond.

A moment later she was back. "Do you mind if I ask Mr. Kohner to do me a favor?"

"It's your show," said Andrew. "All I want is a good front seat."

"Then you'd better settle in the bedroom," replied Gwynn, "because I'm going to perform in there."

She called through the dining room to Kohner.

"Will you get from Marzi the key to the bedroom closet? And Colin dear, would you let me have your pencil?"

I handed Gwynn the pencil.

"What are you going to do with that?" demanded Andrew. "Prove how Maxine was *lead* to her death?"

"Softly, dear Andrew," recommended Gwynn. "The less you scoff, the less you'll catch Colin laughing when it's all over and you say *we* did it."

Kohner returned and handed Gwynn a bunch of keys.

"And now we'll go into the bedroom and go to work with the key." She gave a final order to Kohner. "Keep Marzi in his own room for a few minutes."

While Andrew settled himself in the chaise longue between the bedroom windows, Gwynn walked to the closet on the right side of the room and opened it. Taking the stool from Andrew's feet she pushed it back to the open closet, with the poker beside it. Then she stood off and regarded the set.

The big japanned metal box was missing and she stepped on the stool to lift it down. I came forward to help her, but she waved me aside. The box was heavy, and it landed with a resounding crash—almost on the mark supposed to have been left by the murderer.

"There!" I exclaimed. "I told you to let me do it."

She paid no attention to me, but darted towards the kitchen.

Marzi was staring at the wall, breathing heavily.

"Hear anything?" Gwynn inquired.

"Sure," replied Kohner; "somethin' dropped."

"It was—like Wednesday night—the same sound, I am sure!" gasped Marzi.

"I thought so," said Gwynn, "but I wanted to make sure. Thank you," and the three of us tramped back into the bedroom.

"And now," said Gwynn, "you can put the box back again."

I KICKED the stool away to do so. After I had it back, she replaced the stool.

"Now take it down again."

"What the——" I began, but I proceeded to do as she asked. However, the stool was in my way and I again removed it.

"That'll be all right," said Gwynn. "I just wanted to make sure of something." She held her arm high over her head. "Make a mark from the floor up to these fingers," she commanded.

I did so.

"Now you hold up your arm." She stepped on a chair and made a mark. Then she regarded them both. "It seems that the difference in our reaches corresponds roughly with the difference in our heights."

"That doesn't follow," said Andrew. "A boxer's reach is sometimes out of proportion to his height."

"But it's governed by it, isn't it? And as a general rule a tall person can reach higher than a short one. Anyway, I'm only trying to prove something that I already know, so if the proof isn't perfect, I'll have to juggle it a little. It's only to convince you, you know."

Removing the bench, she handed down the box once more. But this time she did not drop it, although she strained somewhat under the weight.

"Anybody of average height—that's all I am—could have reached this shelf and lifted down this box without a stool. And anybody who wasn't using the stool would have kicked it away just as Colin did. It would be awkward to reach over it. And if you did, the box would have dropped on the stool.

"An intruder wouldn't have dropped that box for any reason except that it proved unexpectedly heavy. And when I dropped it it fell in about the same place as the intruder dropped it.

"Now if you will examine this stool"—she shoved it back into place and hopped on it once more—"you will discover two tiny cuts in the taffeta almost semicircular in shape. They're not torn through, but the threads are broken.

"I believe that a woman's heels broke those threads as the weight of this box bore down on the taut fabric. A man's heels would have left a wider semicircle. And perhaps when we find out what she thought was in the box, we will know the cause of the murder."

"Why do you say what she 'thought' was in the box?"

"Because the police examined the contents and there was nothing in it that anybody would have committed murder for. I don't agree with our Shelby that she was frightened off by the crash. Who could have heard it but Marzi? And she thought he was out."

Returning to the box, she gave Andrew a mischievous look. "My friend Barry could have pried it open with one twist of that poker. It's a flimsy lock."

Andrew got up and lifted the box. "It's not very heavy. He or she must have been a delicate plant."

"H'm," said Gwynn. "I'd advise you to forget about the delicate man."

"What delicate man?"

"The 'he' in your sentence. It is inconceivable that even a man short enough to have needed this stool shouldn't have had strength enough to lift down the box without dropping it. Besides, there are the heel marks and the handkerchief with the Narcisse Noir. I think you can safely admit it was a woman. Do I get the hat?"

"You can buy it tomorrow. But confound it all, Gwynn, in spite of this interesting demonstration, you haven't given any explanation of the evidence against Weston. How did his things get here? Why did he take Maxine to dinner? Where was he from ten-thirty to twelve? And what about that pipe-tobacco we found in the hearth?"

"Poor Andrew," said Gwynn. "He's in trouble! Maybe I could help you on that tobacco. I have a hunch——"

"I wish to heaven your hunches would lead to something," said Andrew ungratefully.

"Give her a chance," I protested. "She's shown more real thinking than anybody on this case. And all you do is pick on her. I don't see why she bothers at all."

Andrew gave me an astounded look. But Gwynn flashed an unforgettable smile in my direction.

"Don't forget the hat," she reminded me. She went once more to the kitchen door. "Here are the keys, Mr. Kohner," she called, "and will you ask Marzi to step inside? We want to have a talk with him."

Marzi looked at us in a suspicious manner. Gwynn motioned him to a chair.

"Marzi," she began, "we're all up in the air and we think perhaps you can help us. Tell us what happened here Wednesday afternoon."

A second's hesitation robbed his reply of conviction. "Wednesday afternoon? Nothing happened."

"Oh, come now, Marzi, something always happens in a house where there are people. Miss Ainslee was at home, wasn't she?" He nodded. "Well, was she home all day? And if so, what was she doing and who was with her?"

IT WAS with an obvious effort that he spoke. "Nobody was with her. She comes home about three o'clock and she thinks I am out; I stay in my room, so I don't see her all afternoon. Then she gets dressed and goes out to dinner."

"And nobody was here with her?"

"No; she was all alone."

"If you didn't see her, how do you know that?"

He shrugged uncomfortably. "I don't know; I *think* she was all alone."

"Why do you think so?"

His discomfort seemed to increase. "I would hear if somebody is with her."

"If you were in your room? In other words, you have good ears?"

"Yes, I have most good ears."

"Mrs. Crocus was here Tuesday afternoon and cleaned the place thoroughly?"

He nodded.

"Did Miss Ainslee have any callers that you know of from the time Mrs. Crocus left until Thursday morning?"

"None that I know of."

"Why hadn't you washed the two glasses that were standing on the kitchen sink Wednesday night?"

"Because I don't want Miss Ainslee to know I was home."

"Then the glasses were used before Miss Ainslee went out Wednesday night? Who used them?"

"I don't know."

"Who put them on the sink?"

"I don't know; maybe Miss Ainslee."

"But if she came into the kitchen while you were in your room you would have heard her—with your very good ears."

"I didn't hear her," he replied sulkily. "I don't know who puts the glasses on the sink."

"I thought you were going to help us, Marzi," said Gwynn reproachfully. "You see, certain things have come up which make the mayor believe you may have had some interest in getting Miss Ainslee out of the way."

"*Me?*" The pupils of Marzi's eyes dilated darkly. "I did not; I swear——"

Andrew had stirred, but Gwynn paid no attention to him.

"I am sure you didn't. But it will be hard for us to convince His Honor if you continue to lie. Miss Ainslee was not alone on Wednesday afternoon. Somebody else was here. Who was he?"

"He?" Marzi did not actually utter the word. Yet, watching him, I knew that he all but uttered it.

"Take my advice, Marzi, and tell us what you know about Barry Weston," said Gwynn.

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Marzi's jaw set. "I don't know anything about Barry Weston. I don't even know who he is."

Andrew was listening intently.

"You know that Barry Weston was here Wednesday afternoon, don't you?"

Marzi shrugged. "What's the use? You don't believe me."

"No, Marzi, I don't—because Barry Weston hasn't denied that he was here."

Marzi started, then relapsed into his sullen manner. "Maybe he was, but I don't know about it."

"With your hearing, Marzi? Do you mean to tell us you didn't hear him ring the bell sometime around four o'clock? You didn't go to the door, because you were supposed to be out. But you hadn't gone out, perhaps because you wanted to know who was calling?"

"No," he corrected reluctantly, "because I had a toothache. I don't want Miss Ainslee to send me to the dentist."

"Consequently," pursued Gwynn, "Miss Ainslee herself admitted a tall, blond, well-dressed young man, wearing a striped scarf. The young man sat in that chair and smoked a pipe and they had some high balls. Right?"

Marzi shrugged. "I was in my room. Maybe you are right, if he tells you."

"Why are you trying to shield the young man?" asked Gwynn. "He's willing to tell what he knows about you."

"He don't know anything about me; he never even saw——" Marzi stopped, biting his lip, while the angry color surged under his dark skin.

Gwynn hid the smile that tugged at the corners of her mouth as she shot a swift glance at Andrew. Then she became serious. "Why did you try to keep from us the fact that he was here? Tell us about it!"

Something in her tone made Marzi comply sulkily. "About four o'clock the bell ring and Miss Ainslee she goes."

"And it was Mr. Weston?"

"The living-room door is closed to the dining room, so I don't see."

"Then how do you know it was a man who never saw you?" He flushed. "Was it when he came into the kitchen with the high-ball glasses that you saw him?"

"When he comes in to get the White Rock," he corrected.

"And when he returned to the living room with the high balls, did he shut the dining-room door?"

"No."

"Then tell us what you heard through the open door—with your excellent hearing."

He flashed her an angry look. "They were having argument."

"Did you hear what it was about?"

He shook his head. "He have his back to the door. I can't hear much what he say."

"Well, tell us what you heard Miss Ainslee say when you peeked through the door. Because you must have peeked, or how could you tell he had his back turned?"

The man looked at her resentfully, then answered: "They were having argument about his fiancée—because she is jealous—and his father, he say, will be very angry, and Miss Ainslee, she say, 'I should worry.' And when he is going, I hear her say, 'Well, think it over between now and dinner. I know you change your mind.' "

"Was that all?"

"That's all I hear."

"Did you see him when he came to take Miss Ainslee out to dinner?"

"No, ma'am. She was ready and goes out before he rings the bell. I hear the car driving up and the front door slam. I only see a man in a yellow car."

"When you came into the living room to watch Miss Ainslee drive off, did you see the young man's scarf?"

"Yes, it was lying on the table."

"And did you remove it to the back of that chair?"

"No, I put it back on the table."

"But you did lift it up? Why did you do that?"

"I want to look at the box underneath."

"Box? What kind of box?"

"It was like a little trunk with a lock; there was Italian candy in it—Frazzati—before she used it for letters."

"There were letters in the box? To whom were they addressed?"

"To Miss Ainslee."

"And from whom were they?"

"I don't know."

"You mean to say you had curiosity enough to look at them, but not enough to see whom they were from?"

"They were tied with a blue ribbon in a tight knot. I was afraid if I break it she knows I looked and she will be mad."

"Well, did you notice anything about the letters? The handwriting?"

He shook his head. "Not handwriting, type machine. And they are all in blue envelopes with monograms on the back—'S. C. S.' "

"S. C. S.?" Gwynn made a note. "Thank you, Marzi. That is all."

But Marzi seemed loath to go. At the door he turned. "Please—the young man—what he said about me?"

"As a matter of fact, that was my mistake. It wasn't Barry Weston at all; it was another young man who told His Honor that you had not always led an exemplary life. But I'm certain, now that you've told the truth, the mayor no longer suspects you had anything to do with the murder."

Marzi's tongue slipped out to moisten his lips. "I beg your pardon, but is somebody else suspect?"

Gwynn studied him a moment before she answered. "Were you thinking of anyone in particular?"

He started away from her. "No, no," he said quickly. "Nobody at all."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew all that?" Andrew demanded when Marzi had gone.

"I didn't know a thing. I just figured from the pipe tobacco that Barry Weston was here some time during the afternoon. And as he didn't leave his mother until three-thirty, I guessed he got here around four and left before dinner to dress. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"How did you know he wasn't here that night?"

"It was one of those hunches I had from the start. I guess I got it from the scarf, and then I was so sure a woman had done the thing, not a man, that I figured he must have been here—left, to get into his evening clothes—and come back."

"You knew Weston sat in that chair."

"From the hair marks on the cretonne, of course."

"But the high balls. How did you know about them?"

Gwynn shook her head with a naughty expression of guilt. "I feel like a positive bloodhound, but on the kitchen sink, Thursday morning, there were two White Rock bottles and two empty glasses. And I'm ashamed to say, I sniffed them.

"As there were two missing from the high-ball set on the buffet, I went so far as to imagine that Miss Ainslee and a caller had had high balls. It was guesswork, but I took a chance in the hope of getting Marzi to talk."

"What do you suppose he was so cagy about?" asked Andrew.

"I haven't the faintest idea. But I'd like to find out."

"What do you make of that box of letters?" I asked.

"Those letters," suggested Gwynn, "may be very interesting."

"I'll say they are!" said Andrew. "And so was the argument about the jealous sweetheart."

Gwynn, who had been pacing up and down, stopped in front of Andrew. "Can't you take my word for it that Barry Weston didn't kill Maxine Ainslee?"

Andrew bridled. "Why should I? If you know anything I don't know, you ought to tell me."

"Just a couple of pals," said Gwynn, running her arm through his—"never keep anything from each other. What's mine is his, and what's his——"

Andrew released his arm. "If you don't want to tell me what you think you know, I can't make you."

"But anyway, I've explained the tobacco and you can't feel so positive now that Barry Weston was here that night."

"I'll admit it's possible he wasn't."

"Good! Mayor of Hanaford discovers that two and two are four—while thousands cheer!"

"But what about his watch and things? There's nothing to prove he didn't come back later that evening."

"Except that we've just agreed it wasn't he who dropped that tin box out of the closet at eleven o'clock."

Suddenly Andrew looked over at Gwynn and smiled. "You've earned your hat. In fact, you've earned one with a feather. Just the same, you promised to give me a description of the murderer."

"So I did. Well, how about looking for a woman under average height, incapable of lifting a moderately heavy weight over her head? A woman who knew Maxine intimately enough to be familiar with her plans for Wednesday night, and to know that Marzi was supposed to be out. And," she added, "who had the information that Maxine kept a strong box of letters in her closet."

Andrew nodded several times. "A woman under average height—that might be about five feet four."

"Is that Doctor Weston's height?"

"Well, well," said Andrew. "I expect to hear any day that you're putting on a mind-reading act in vaudeville."

Being a man, he hated to admit that Gwynn could think circles around him. But being a just one, he couldn't deny it.

"I don't see why it didn't occur to Shelby about the stool, and why he didn't see the heel marks."

"Don't be too hard on Shelby. After all, he's only a man. By the way, this girl Barry Weston is engaged to—what's she lik ?"

"Sidonie Constance Saunders? She's a red-headed little amazon. She had a bad attack of pneumonia recently, from exposure following a fall from a second-story window, but she's completely recovered and spends her time tearing down B Street in a black Nash with red wheels."

"I've noticed her," said Gwynn. "By the way, did you ever notice how much the Nash coupé resembles the Hupmobile? I wonder whether they ran out of designs."

But Andrew was not considering the problems of the automobile manufacturers. "I really hadn't thought of Doctor Weston until now."

"The last time I asked you about the two ladies most interested in Barry Weston, you seemed tremendously impressed by their alibis."

"I'll have Shelby get busy at once on Doctor Weston's."

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On Saturday Andrew had a telephone message at breakfast from Bartlett, saying he had located Mrs. George Fraser in East Benton. But she had gone to visit her sister at Arrow Lake and was not expected back until the following Wednesday. Andrew said to let the matter rest until she returned.

Gwynn and I went shopping for the hat. We wound up in the French salon at Habermann's. It was the first time I had ever gone into the feminine regions of a department store and I was a little reassured to see another chap sitting beside a pretty blond girl.

He was a good-looking boy, with a small mustache and a scar across his left cheek. Gwynn appeared to be interested in this young couple.

I heard the girl say to her companion, "Maybe we'll have better luck in the *coats;* they haven't a *thing* in hats," which was not true, for there were half a dozen which I found charming on Gwynn. She insisted that I express some preference and I finally did so—for a soft green felt.

"I'll have to get a sport coat to wear with it," she announced, womanlike.

In the coat department, the blonde apparently had better luck, because she selected a garment and ordered it sent home. Gwynn came back from a tour of exploration with a green Burberry that was inexpressibly soft and inviting. She looked charmingly girlish in the youthful color and lines of the new ensemble, and I told her so. If she was pleased she hid it under her most provoking manner.

"I only did it, Colin, for your sake."

"Then you didn't do it in vain. I have seldom enjoyed a more satisfying æsthetic experience."

"I had a deeper motive," she interrupted, "than your transitory pleasure. It was to teach you that any time a woman tries to lure you into the purchase of a hat, she will wind up with a coat as well—*and* she probably has designs on you!"

"If she doesn't come through with anything more dangerous than conversation, I haven't anything to fear."

We called for Andrew at luncheon time and Gwynn insisted on going to the Grid.

"Whoever told you about the Grid?" I asked.

"Oh, I just happened to hear about it."

The Grid is a chophouse with wooden booths arranged along the wall and is a favorite eating place for men, but a sprinkling of women find their way in.

When we had ordered our dessert, Gwynn called Andrew's attention to a couple in the corner booth. I recognized the blonde we had seen at Habermann's.

"I think there's somebody you want to see, unless there are two Peggy Ann Frasers in this part of the world."

"How do you know?"

"Well, she was looking at hats this morning at Habermann's and I happened to hear the young man call her Peggy Ann. Naturally, I was interested and when she bought a coat I managed to be near enough to hear her give the name of Mrs. George Fraser. I also heard her suggest lunching at the Grid."

As we turned to look at her again, Shelby rose from a corner table and started out. Andrew beckoned to him and told him what Gwynn had said.

"I'll find out in a minute," Shelby volunteered.

"If it's she, ask her to come over to my office."

We had scarcely reached the office when Shelby was announced.

"It's her, all right. She'll be over after lunch."

While waiting for her, Andrew told Shelby what had transpired from the talk with Marzi and the conclusions drawn from the stool and the box.

"Well, I'll be——" Shelby was plainly disappointed that there was no longer any case against Barry Weston. "But," he added, "how about this Doctor Weston? Do you think she might—for the sake of the boy?"

"There's no direct evidence, of course," said Andrew, "but it certainly looks like a lead, when we consider that she would have morphine and a hypodermic needle and that she had access to the poisons at the Institute. And she's a little woman; I don't think she's quite average height. Suppose she found out that Maxine was trying to get hold of her boy and—by George!" He slapped the desk impulsively. "She threw something away, and then picked it out again from the waste can on Seventh Street!"

The captain was equally excited. "Your Honor, I think we're on the right track at last. These doctors don't think as much of a person bumpin' off as you and me. They see so much of it."

"Of course," Andrew interposed dubiously, "Magovern from the district attorney's office says she was at home all Wednesday night. He got his dope from a Miss Winkle, who shares the same apartment. She went into the doctor's room at about quarter after eight and found her already undressed, reading. A young lady called to visit her and Miss Winkle left them talking in the doctor's room. The young lady left about ten-thirty and Miss Winkle stayed up until midnight writing letters. She says the doctor couldn't have gone out without passing her. But I wonder——"

He did not finish the sentence. Shelby was already on his feet.

"We don't have to believe what she told Magovern. Say, if we found out that Doctor Weston was *not* home Wednesday night!" He reached for his hat as the telephone buzzed.

"Show her in," commanded Andrew; then added, to Shelby, "Wouldn't you like to hear what this Fraser woman has to say?"

Next Month—in Viola Brothers Shore's Murder Mystery—Gwynn Leith uncovers several important facts about the "Balloon Woman," and she follows her hunch about Crocus, handy woman of Hanaford's best circles

The Better Things of Life! (*Continued from page 65*)

still followed Jessie Wisben, for Barco was also a member of the Philosophist colony at the time and it was here that she first met him in all the brevity of his Grecian peplum. Unlike her other admirer, Barco's intentions toward Jessie Wisben, aside from murder, were strictly honorable, and for the first time in her religious life, she heard the ever-welcome love words of a proposal of matrimony.

After being married, the Barcos had other things to think of for a while, and having, so to speak, lost their need of the Philosophists, they quit the colony. However, married life wears out its novelty in time and, searching for new thrills, they one evening dropped into Angelus Temple, the spiritual home of the beautiful female divine, Aimée McPherson, and her Foursquare Gospel.

Here they saw a baptismal service that opened up to them a whole new world of thrills. Hip-deep in a concrete tank full of water, warmed to a comfortable degree of temperature, stood beautiful Aimée McPherson in her snow-white robes, like some lovely, smiling water nymph, her ruby-red lips arching gayly over pearly teeth. On her shoulder perched an exquisite sheaf of orchids and lilies of the valley, and as she begged and pleaded with her disciples to give themselves over to a life of the Spirit, she shook her multitudinous blond curls and puffs and little "lovelocks" with a gladsome lightness to one and all.

Now, in front of the lovely Aimée, there always stands the famous microphone, into which she shouts to the four corners of the earth the thrilling news of the "sheaves" as she gathers them in, giving everybody's full name, so that poor, humble, obscure souls suddenly awake to receive a meed of publicity that they have scarcely dared to dream of!

Is it any wonder that Cal Barco and his bride "saw the light" and did not rest until they, too, could enjoy the experience of standing on that stage in the pink spotlight, hand in hand with the divine Aimée, and hear her thrilling words to the vast radio audience as she called loudly into the microphone:

"Here is such a sweet honeymoon couple—Mr. and Mrs. Cal Barco! Oh, I wish you could see them now, all pure in their shining white robes! They are going to lead the life of the Spirit from now on, folks! They gave themselves body and soul to Angelus Temple on September the sixth! *Mr. and Mrs. Cal Barco is the name!* Glory hallelujah!"

And then, with one forceful push of her strong, yet gentle fingers, down, down they went together into the concrete tank full of tepid water, while the reverent throng cheered them to the echo. In fact, they were a "hit."

Now, after so dramatic an entrance into the Life of the Spirit, one might almost think that the regular nightly services which followed in Angelus Temple would have proved an anti-climax to the Cal Barcos. But that would only show one's ignorance of the Foursquare Gospel and of the vivacious Aimée's infinite variety.

For she is almost never the same, and so far as that goes, neither is her gospel, nor the "stage setting" which she causes to be erected around the altar, creating a delightful *"mise en scène,"* illustrative of the point she is trying to "get over" to her congregation.

For instance, on one night the stage setting may represent a storm at sea, with the altar disguised as a Lighthouse, and Aimée is the lovely Lighthouse Keeper in a "sou'wester," who, with golden curls peeping from beneath an oilskin cap, guides shipwrecked souls into the Heavenly Haven.

Perhaps on the next night the stage is set to represent a city street intersection and Aimée, in police uniform, as some lovely "traffic cop," actually enters on a motorcycle, takes her stand at the altar, which, on this occasion, is cleverly transformed into a "Stop-and-Go" sign, and directs the "traffic" of the Spirit toward the Soul's Salvation.

Well, at any rate Barco and his bride were never bored with the Foursquare Gospel and Barco himself remained a

devout worshiper clear up through the time of the murder.

However, it was unfortunate for the fair name of Hollywood as a spiritual center, that during the Barcos' membership in Angelus Temple, Aimée McPherson had been indicted by the county Grand Jury for conspiracy to obstruct justice, had gone through a pretty bitter public quarrel with her mother over the funds of the church, and had been accused by a certain wife of having eloped with her husband to Carmel-by-the-Sea (for a short period, however, even less than two weeks). But even though Aimée had been cleared of all charges, these unfortunate contretemps were certainly what *Marshall* would feature in *his* account of the part played by religion in the Barco murder case.

AND his irreverent and unfair mind would gloss over the fact so significant of our unlimited spiritual capacity, that Aimée McPherson, before reaching southern California, had wandered literally all over the United States for years, looking for a place to light permanently, holding her services in a mere tent, and in each and every city of the land running out of converts in about two weeks. Only on reaching Los Angeles did she find a spot where the supply never gave out.

It was here she found money to build her temple, the largest in all America, which is jammed to the doors with worshipers, not only on Sunday, but *every night in the week!* And this in Los Angeles, on the very border of "wicked Hollywood"!

But to get back to the subject of the committee meeting, the last member of the committee that I shall mention personally was the famous little motion-picture star, Miss Viola Lake, who on this worrisome day was accompanied by her manager, Mr. Goldmark, head of Goldmark Motion Picture Productions.

I had admired little Miss Lake for some time on the screen, but that I should ever be her champion—her Knight Errant—in a bitter fight to keep the smirch of scandal from both the hem of her skirt and the ears of her film fans, I little dreamed.

Although I had often become interested in her while looking at her on the screen, I had always thought of her as a carefree child of the cinema, uninterested in such deep things as reading. But now I was to learn that she had quite a serious side. The first thing she told me, after our introduction, was that she admired me and my writings tremendously and had one of my wall mottoes framed, hanging over her bed, and that she had grown to be superstitious about it, for she noticed that nearly every time she did wrong, it fell.

IN FACT, even in that solemn committee meeting little Miss Lake and I found so much to talk about which had no bearing on the meeting whatsoever, that Mr. Goldmark finally had to interrupt and remind us that "it was no time for twaddle," a chastisement we rather richly deserved, I fear.

So we had to get back to the main business of the meeting, and it was then I learned why little Miss Lake was likely to become involved in the Barco case. It seems that one of the women murdered by Barco had been cook in Miss Lake's employ for three years.

Now, it seemed that this cook, Mrs. Geiger, had not had a large amount of work to do, as little Miss Lake was always greatly in demand socially, and on several days of every week was away from home for dinner and breakfast.

With so few meals to prepare, time had hung heavily upon Mrs. Geiger's hands, so she had kept a diary. And having no social life of her own—that is, until she met Barco—she had jotted down the doings of Miss Lake.

This diary had been found and was now in the possession of the district attorney. *Suppose he allowed it to be read in Court! What then?* Why, Marshall would, of course, reprint it—with vile suggestions—and a lot of *double-entendre!*

My first suggestion to Goldmark was to go straight to the district attorney, arrange for him to meet Miss Lake personally, and have her make an appeal of the sort that she had made so successfully in her last screen production, "The Heart of a Flapper."

BUT Goldmark reminded me that the district attorney was a man of ironclad devotion to his oath of office, and that he would not hesitate to harm the Goldmark Film Corporation. So that suggestion went for practically nothing.

Then, as the other members of the committee outlined their fears to me, I realized that they were, each and every one, in a state of mind almost bordering on panic. And I must confess that in spite of my generally sunny spirit the case had begun to look rather dark before me. However, I quickly rallied my forces, for I decided that a little of my well-known optimism should be injected into the meeting.

Mr. Cahoon, clearly seeing by the expression on my features that I had an idea, called the meeting to order, and asked me to take the chair and let them have the full force of my suggestions. So take the chair I did.

"Friends," I said, addressing them, "I have a thought! Why not let us overlook the Barco murders, put our energies together and all go into this 'Santa Claus Lane' project in a bigger, better, brighter way than we had even planned? Let us place a giant effigy of Santa on the roof of every building on Hollywood Boulevard; let us unloose artificial asbestos snow from an airplane the full length of the street; let every lovely screen star in Hollywood spend one day riding up and down with Santa in an open sleigh, as 'Santa's Sweetheart.'

"In other words, let us smother the Barco publicity with a Hollywood Christmas Campaign such as the world has never seen!"

At this point, I was broken in on by riotous applause from every member of the committee save Goldmark. I soon realized that he was skeptical, for he spoke up and said: "Wait a minute, young fellow; have you read what this guy Marshall wrote last week?"

I told Goldmark that I had not indeed, as indeed I had not, for I had other things to think of.

He then handed me a newspaper clipping and told me that I had better look it over, then and there. Well, I read through Marshall's first paragraph, and I must say it seemed to me to be of rather a complimentary nature. It said:

> In order to understand the amazing human breed which has been achieved in *southern* California, it is necessary to go into its pioneer history and to show how, from the very start, it has been composed of elements which were bound to make it unique in the History of the Human Race.

On finishing this first paragraph, I took the opportunity to speak up and launch into a little discourse, saying that I saw nothing in it at which to take exception. We *are* unique.

But Mr. Goldmark told me to go on and read further. So on I read:

> The early settler of southern California was altogether different from the pioneer who went to the *northern* part of the state in the covered wagon of '49. This latter fellow generally had an imagination capable of being touched by the spirit of adventure, and a good-sized quota of guts to face a pretty tough trip. He also went through difficulties on the way which served as a final sifting-out process, for the only ones to reach the gold fields had to have enough brains and stamina to outwit Indians, buffalo stampedes, coyotes, hunger, thirst, disease and other impedimenta.

Well, that was the end of his second paragraph, and even *it* seemed to me to be fair enough. But Goldmark said to read on and "get the stinger" in Marshall's next paragraph. Well, here it is:

> BUT—the great swarm of settlers who squatted in southern California came later, after the railroad was built. There was no lure of gold to stir this pioneer's imagination, for the unbounded resources of this section were not yet realized. So he was led, not by the spirit of adventure, but by the fact that he was an industrial failure in his own community or a physical deficient who needed sunshine. And in order to get to this new field where he would find cheap living and a warm climate, all he needed was sufficient brains to procure a third-class ticket on a train, and a paper box full of enough acrid lunch to last six days in a fetid tourist Pullman car. As a matter of fact, he was probably supplied with both ticket and lunch, free of effort, by friends and relations who were keenly interested in his taking a long journey.

Now, I had to admit that this began to look prejudiced and I started to say so, in no qualified terms, when Goldmark signaled me to continue with Marshall's next paragraphs, which I did, and which I herewith quote.

> Now, one might think, offhand, that such a supply of low-grade mental stamina would have produced a humdrum civic spirit. For naturally this citizen, left in his native state, would have been held in check by an everyday struggle to make a bare living. But in the richly laden lap of southern California and in competition with morons no cleverer than himself, all he had to do was to reach out and take, for sustenance was freely given.
>
> And so, unburdened of financial worries, he blossoms forth, manufactures every luxury of gaudy clothing, freak architecture, cosmetically aided female blondes, rowdy exhibitionist religions and all the other loud amusements which his æsthetically five-year-old brain can conjure up.
>
> And as in the case of Cal Barco, under the amazing, life-giving, rejuvenating sun of southern California, his feeble moral nature oft awakes, leaps up, kicks off its nightshirt and dances out into murder, rape, kidnaping, incest and other crimes of the most intriguing incident, making life full of robust interest for the lowly student of human nature like myself.

I finished Marshall's scurrilous libel rather dazed; the hot blood of indignation mounted to my cheeks. Hands clinched, I faced them all and said:

"This is outrageous!"

And I was entirely in the right. It was outrageous! But here was the rub—what could be done? The article had already been published in San Francisco, our enemy city of the north. If I may use a figure of speech, Marshall's words had been spilled like poisoned beans and scattered to the always obnoxious winds of San Francisco.

However, I faced C. C. Cahoon, squared my shoulders, and I said: "C. C., I am at your service, and the service of Hollywood, heart, brain, brawn and pen."

Then I faced the committee as a whole, and I continued, for another idea had leaped into my busy mind.

"Friends," I said, "I have yet another thought. If you will appoint me spokesman for the committee, I shall go directly to Marshall himself and face him on his own stamping ground, which I understand to be the Brown Derby Restaurant, where he eats three times a day, but loafs only once—from breakfast time to closing hour!" (Derisive laughter.)

"Friends," I continued, "I will face this liar in a battle of wits! I will ask him a few questions which he will not be *able* to answer with irony. Then I shall publish the interview and show up his attitude for being what it really is—a mere pessimistic pose! Lansing Marshall will be forced to quit, or, at any rate, by the time I shall have finished with him, it is my earnest belief that he will accept a fairly moderate sum of money and leave town.

"And if he does, my friends, *do you realize what it will mean?* IT WILL MEAN THAT LANSING MARSHALL HAS GONE!"

As the full purport of my scheme dawned upon the committee, they once more burst into riotous applause.

Even Goldmark, who is generally full of difficult and, I may say, hard-headed objections to my ideas, spoke up and said that if I could argue Lansing Marshall into "laying off" any mention of Viola Lake in connection with the Barco trial, the Goldmark Film Corporation would back my arguments to the sum of ten thousand dollars.

I thanked Goldmark and told the committee I felt his generous support of a girl's good name called for recognition.

"In this gesture," I said, "Mr. Goldmark has expressed the true spirit of Hollywood!" (Enthusiastic applause.)

Then I motioned toward the little lady herself, and continued, saying, "Oh, my friends, think how easy it is for the public to misjudge the character of an *artiste* like Viola Lake! They see her in 'fresh' flapper rôles, playing 'love' scenes with different men in picture after picture. Who is to tell them that, in real life, Viola Lake is a refined little *lady!*"

Applause broke out and continued until Miss Lake had to rise, "take a bow," and she might even have been forced to speak a few shy words of acknowledgment if her chauffeur had not at that moment entered and called out, "Hey, Vi, we'll have to hurry. You're going to be late for your lunch party!"

So the gracious little star had to make her polite excuses all around and leave the meeting, which itself came to a close after appointing me to represent them in getting rid of Lansing Marshall.

And the meeting broke up in a far, far different mood from that in which it had opened, for as C. C. Cahoon so forcefully remarked, "Thank goodness, Elmer is on the job!"

Well, full of a deep devotion to southern California, I walked out into its glorious sunshine and headed straight for the Brown Derby Restaurant, there to face Lansing Marshall in a battle of wits and will power which was to be historic.

The battle of wits in the Brown Derby between Elmer Bliss and Lansing Marshall will be related in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

The Count of Nine *by Royal Brown*

(Continued from page 57)

looked like a museum, but that was to be expected. Almost at once Jimmy found himself listening to the taxidermist. In fact, as Jimmy suspected, there were few visitors to the house who did not listen to him.

Not that he talked shop. Instead:

"One of these days," he informed Jimmy, apropos of nothing, "you'll see land on this part of Fifth Avenue selling at prices as high as at Forty-second Street now."

Jimmy's vision did not encompass that but he made polite noises.

"Take Mount Morris Park," went on Hilda's father, almost belligerently. "One of these days land will be more valuable there than it is on Park Avenue."

Hilda said nothing.

"My father landed here when I was three," Wrenn went on. "He was a taxidermist, and a mighty fine one. His name was Wennerblad but he cut off the end of it——"

"And fortunately inserted an *'r'* into what was left for euphony," interpolated Hilda. "It *would* be a trial to be referred to as 'Miss Wenn.'"

"He settled out here because he saw that the city would grow," her father went on, ignoring her. "He put his savings into land because land is the one thing you can be sure of. Banks may fail, stocks crash, but land always increases in value eventually."

"Eventually—but why not now?" murmured Hilda.

This but started her father afresh. Land was his mania. It was going to make them all rich some day. So much Jimmy grasped. But what he and her father had in common he had yet to discover.

"I do hope you enjoyed your evening," Hilda said, when his visit ended.

Of course she was just bedeviling him. But all he said was:

"Immensely. But I wonder if you would let me take you out to dinner and a show sometime soon."

Hilda gave him one of her direct glances. Then: "I might, if you'll leave the details to me. I'll buy the tickets and you can settle with me. We can arrange about dinner when we meet."

Jimmy had agreed, only to discover, when they met, that she had first balcony seats for a show that was *not* all sold out to speculators.

They had dinner at a little place off Fifth Avenue, where anybody who tried to eat more than two dollars' worth would soon become a candidate for an eighteen-day diet. Nevertheless, Jimmy enjoyed it.

"Why did you say your father and I had so much in common?" he demanded.

"Because Father's a millionaire, too—on paper," she retorted. "We've lived where you found me all my life. Mother has wanted many things, but try and get them. Father won't even sell our house. Instead, he figures how much it's going to be worth *some* day."

"Hey! *That's* not like me," interrupted Jimmy. "I have a car, as you know, and a decent apartment."

"And a butler?" she suggested.

Jimmy grinned. "Not yet; I still have a sense of humor."

"Preserve it," she advised. "You may need it later."

The point was that she had feminine notions about the stock market. She stuck to her belief that Jimmy was going into a nose dive sooner or later. There were innumerable reasons why she was all off and Jimmy knew them by heart. They proved conclusively—in August, 1929—that not only were the high stock prices justified but that they would go higher still.

Jimmy spent fifteen minutes explaining that to Hilda. "And that's not just my half-baked idea," he concluded. "It's the essence of what some of the biggest men in the country are saying."

He looked at her expectantly, but she only smiled.

"At least you'll agree that the country is sound," he said.

"The country is sound enough, but you're not, Jimmy. I don't care what you say. It doesn't stand to reason."

"How about——"

"How about the theater?" she cut in deftly. "We'll miss the first act if we don't move along."

And what could you do with a girl like that? The answer was plain and Jimmy knew it. Yet he came back again and again. They argued continually until one day he was so angry that he called her a darned little squarehead to her face.

Twenty seconds later he proposed to her for the first time. Right in the midst of a Saturday-afternoon mob at Coney. Coney was the only thing she would ever do with him.

"You act as if I were a forty-dollar-a-week clerk," he had just flung at her bitterly.

So bitterly that a very young man with mustard on his face paused in the engrossing occupation of consuming a hot dog to look up to see what was consuming the tall guy in gray flannels.

"I wish you were," retorted Hilda unwisely.

Unwisely, because Jimmy stopped in his tracks. A buxom matron bumped into him, but he didn't even notice her.

"You—you mean——?" he babbled.

"Oh, gosh! I just mean I wish you had your feet on something solid," protested Hilda. "Come on, Jimmy."

But there was something that had to be settled then and there. And settled it was, to the great interest of the very young man who, having finished his hot dog, could give the matter his full attention.

It did not suggest Romeo and Juliet to him. To the contrary: "Gee whiz, but he's sore!" he mused. "I'll bet he'll hand her one." In the social circles in which he normally moved such a development was not without precedent.

Jimmy, however, crossed him by grinning instead. It wasn't a whole-hearted grin but it at least testified—to Hilda—that Jimmy had not forgotten that a

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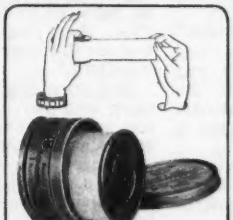

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rejected suitor is supposed to take the decision like a man.

"I see. My intentions were serious but yours are not," he remarked. "Sorry to have bothered you. I won't again."

Nor did he, for all of seven hours. Then, toward midnight, he brought his car to a stop outside her house. It was almost September now, one of those soft mysterious nights that breed strange yearnings. Hilda, who usually said good night at once, lingered—and impulsively put her hand over his.

"I'm really awfully sorry, Jimmy," she said. "I *am* fond of you."

"I know; just like a sister," he contributed dismally.

"No, a friend. A very good friend," she persisted.

"Don't. That hurts," said Jimmy. He gripped her hand tightly. "I'm sorry but I can't bear to see you any more. I just can't—now. I'm checking out."

"You know best," said Hilda.

He drew her toward him. "Just once—for good-by," he begged huskily.

It was the first time he had kissed her. She hesitated, then surrendered.

And then: "Oh, Hilda, wouldn't you, couldn't you change your mind?" he babbled. "I—I can't bear——"

But Hilda couldn't. She was breathless, but she stuck to it. And so they parted—forever.

It was noon when he called her up the next day. But it had seemed forever. He was willing to promise anything, to be just friends, if she'd go on.

So they went on, though Hilda should have known better. Perhaps she did.

Through September they were friends. As a friend Jimmy suggested a dynamite bomb apt to go off at the slightest provocation, which was why Hilda let him kiss her now and then and offered no protest when he held her hand. Even so, they parted forever several times before the month was over. It was life pitched at its highest key for both.

Then came October and the stock market got nervous. Hilda wondered about that. But Jimmy was saying little about stocks to her these days. His heart was no longer in Wall Street.

Of course he reported there every morning and, through business hours, gave a creditable imitation of a successful, argumentative young man, a chap to whom everybody listens.

Then, in late October, the crash came and for four days Hilda heard not a word from Jimmy. He was but one of the many marooned in that port of missing men, Wall Street.

"Well, I suppose your young stockbroker friend is stripped clean," said her father.

Hilda said she hoped not. But she didn't believe it.

"Land is the only safe investment," her father added.

Hilda did not even hear him. It was Sunday and she was listening for the phone. She expected Jimmy might call. She felt sorry for him. But perhaps it would prove a valuable lesson.

Then came his voice. Tired but not perturbed. "I sold out early this month," he told her. "I didn't like the smell of the market."

"You never told me, and I've been worrying my head off."

"Picturing me in the bread line?" he suggested, and without television she could see his grin. "Could you come in for dinner with a *very* tired business man?" he asked.

Hilda could and did. And for once Jimmy managed to spend a little money on her. He was one of the few young men connected with Wall Street who could afford to that Sunday, he told her.

"I'm glad you're out. I only hope you'll stay out," was her reply.

"Out? I'm back in again—up to my neck," he confessed cheerfully.

"Why, Jimmy Foote, you said——"

"Oh, I sold out early this month but I went back last Thursday. And this time I *will* clean up."

"But supposing stocks go lower still?"

"Good grief, they can't!" Jimmy assured her.

But he was wrong. Black Thursday was succeeded by Black Tuesday. When, on October twenty-ninth, the ticker had run its course Jimmy knew he was wiped out. But he was too busy even to figure how much he had lost.

It was six days this time before Hilda heard from him. His voice was again tired but it still refused to be depressed. He had made up his mind it shouldn't be. Even though he had just taken stock of his assets, which were as follows:

His wardrobe, which was very good.
His personal accessories—toothbrush, razor, et cetera.
His health, which would be restored by a few days' rest.
Not quite fifty dollars in cash.
A silver framed picture of Hilda.

His car, never paid for in full, would be sold. The apartment was to be sublet. The firm for which he had been working would suspend Monday. In brief, Jimmy had run into a series of straight lefts and rights and he was down—but not yet out.

"They may count nine on me—but no more, let's hope," was the way he summed up the situation.

The first thing he had done was to phone the head of the construction company to whom he had been introduced in June.

"Oh, yes," the latter had said, when Jimmy had identified himself. "I think I can place you. Not this minute, of course. But I feel sure that by the first of the year——"

"Happy New Year!" thought Jimmy, hanging up. "And what shall I do in the meantime—travel?"

There were several angles to that, he perceived, inasmuch as he had to eat. What would his next move be?

Borrow money?

"Try and do it!" mused Jimmy.

Go back home?

"No fatted calf for me there—only crow," he decided.

Get another job—*any* job?

"It probably would be *any* job at that," ran his thoughts. Jimmy was seeing New York from another angle now. "And while my prospective employers might consider me a hero if I waited on table or shined shoes in the meantime, they might, on the other hand, wonder if I were not just another morning-glory."

And then there was Hilda. He might have told her the truth, but that was too much to expect of any young man of his age. Instead:

"Jimmy, are you all right?" she demanded instantly.

He had expected it. "Never better," he assured her evasively.

He did not mean what she thought he meant. She proved what that was by saying, "I suppose you're hopeless now. You'll just keep going back into the market until you *do* lose."

"Not me! I'm through with Wall Street for keeps," he assured her. "I haven't even a job there."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get another job, of course. There's a construction company that——"

"You mean here, in New York?"

"The firm is, but I shan't be definitely in New York for a couple of months probably. That's why I called you up. I—I may not see you for a while. But I hope to be back by New Year's."

That sounded funny to Hilda. Why, he wasn't even coming out to say good-by to her! But she certainly did not mention that. Instead, she said she was glad everything was going well with him and that she hoped he'd have a pleasant trip.

But after he had hung up she went into conference with herself. She realized that she hadn't seen much of Jimmy lately. Conditions in Wall Street might explain that. And again they might not, wholly. "He may have found another girl," she informed herself. "One who really appreciates him."

But she didn't believe it. And though he had said nothing about writing, she was not surprised to hear from him. The letter came from Chicago and she found it waiting when she returned one night.

Her impression was that it sounded funny somehow from start to finish.

> I shan't be sure of my address for a while (the letter ended), but perhaps you'll write me sometime. I'd like awfully to hear. If you'll send it to me care of the Yale Club it will reach me.

It was all like that. Curiously colorless. The hope-you-are-well-and-hope-to-see-you-soon stuff.

Hilda deliberately let days slip by before answering it. In fact, she was about to write when a second letter came, this time from San Francisco. It told her a lot about that city and practically nothing about Jimmy.

"It reads as if he were giving a Burton Holmes Travelogue," decided Hilda.

The only thing that suggested Jimmy was a postscript.

> Now you owe me two letters. Aren't you ever going to write?

Instead, she waited until almost Thanksgiving before she made any acknowledgment of her debt. And inasmuch as she had been given a dose of San Francisco she gave him a dose of New York, devoting most of her letter to a description of a wonderful sunset she had seen from Fifth Avenue.

To which she finally added merely the assurance that she was sincerely his, Hilda Wrenn.

In December, she received another letter from Jimmy, who was apparently still lingering in San Francisco; why, he did not say. He did say, however, that he had enjoyed her letter but might have enjoyed it more had it not been the sort of stuff that could be written on a post card.

"Well, nobody would guess from that letter that I'd rejected him a dozen times," Hilda assured herself, almost vindictively. "Is he afraid I'll sue him for breach of promise?"

It was almost Christmas when she answered that letter, with Santa Clauses on every street corner and wreaths in every show window. Hilda so assured Jimmy and if it was all something she could have written on a post card again, what of it? She did, however, assure him that she hoped he'd have a Merry Christmas wherever he might be, adding that she was sorry her letter was short but she was awfully busy with her Christmas shopping.

Of course she had no gift for him. What could she send a young globe trotter who had almost everything? The greater part of her Christmas appropriation was being spent on her mother, anyway. On Christmas Eve, leaving the

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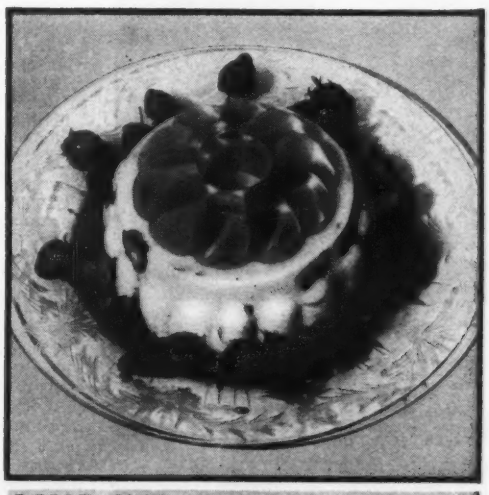

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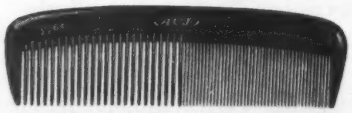

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office a bit earlier than usual, she emerged into the street and in her hurry all but plunged into the arms of a man just passing.

Or rather, where his arms should be. The creature had no arms visible. She had seen him—or it—before.

"He advertises something. I never happened to notice what," Hilda explained to her mother that night. "He's got up to look like a giant clown, walking on his hands, with his feet 'way up in the air over everybody's head."

"I don't see how——" began her mother.

"What looks like the clown's hands and arms are just the man's legs and feet," Hilda elaborated patiently. "And what looks like the clown's legs and feet are something stuck up on his shoulders, I suppose. The clown suit—it's big and covers everything and there's a false head with a clown's hat down where his head should be—like this."

Hilda tried to stand on her own hands, to illustrate.

"Hilda!" protested her mother. Then added, "But how can the man see where he's going? Perhaps he couldn't see the taxi."

"I think there's a slit in the clown suit somewhere, where he can look out. There must be."

"Perhaps you stunned him when you bumped into him."

"You mean he stunned *me;* he's prodigious," protested Hilda. "It wasn't my fault. He'd walked half a block before we came to the crossing. He was just behind me when the taxi hit him."

"Was he much hurt?"

"I don't know. I didn't stop. I was in a hurry."

"It seems too bad, happening on Christmas Eve," said her mother. "I hope he hasn't a wife and family."

"You would worry about that!" said Hilda, giving her a swift kiss.

"You think of such things when you get older," her mother maintained. "Especially when you've been married."

Hilda's father interrupted them. He entered bearing a florist's box, which he handed Hilda.

"Suppose you've got no idea who it's from," he remarked humorously.

Hilda wasn't absolutely sure until she had opened the box. A flash of yellow loveliness—tulips—and Jimmy's card. He had written on it:

> I say it with flowers—do you know their language? Probably not, but just the same I hope you have a very Merry Christmas. And I hope, too, to see you soon.

Hilda knit her pretty brows. Tulips? What could they mean?

"They used to mean something special," her mother contributed. "But I can't remember what."

The effort to recall engrossed her but Hilda's interest shifted back to the card. He hoped to see her soon. Did that mean he was back? The flowers came from a Park Avenue florist but they might have been wired. On the other hand he might phone any time.

The possibility added something definite to Hilda's Christmas Eve, always colorful. Once Hilda's mother had trimmed Christmas trees for Hilda's joy; now Hilda trimmed them for her mother's pleasure. Colorful balls and bangles here and there, tinsel everywhere until the little tree fairly glowed.

Then it was bedtime, but sleep did not come to Hilda at once. She was excited; she always was on Christmas Eve. She thought about Jimmy and wondered again what yellow tulips might mean.

Perhaps it was the spirit of Christmas that made her admit that she missed him and would like to see him.

Finally, she yawned and then—Christmas morning! She blinked and glanced at her alarm clock, then sprang out of bed and dressed. She always helped her mother with breakfast on Sundays and holidays, and she heard stirrings below.

But it was just her father retrieving the morning paper.

"Merry Christmas!" she called and continued to the kitchen.

She was pouring cereal into a measuring cup when her father came in.

"Look—look at *that!*" he commanded, excited. He thrust the morning paper under her nose.

"Now you've made me spill it," she protested. "I——" She stopped short, dropped package and cup and grabbed the paper. "Why—why, it's a picture of me!" she gasped incredulously.

The picture, in fact, she had had taken just before she met Jimmy. There it was, on the first page, with "Who Is She?" over it.

"It was in that clown's pocket—the one you were telling your mother about last night," her father was saying. "It says——"

But Hilda was already reading what it said. In snatches, like this:

> Clown make-up . . . hit by taxi . . . unconscious . . . internal injuries . . . taken to hospital . . . no identifying papers on him . . . just small picture of a girl . . .

"Small picture?" protested one segment of her bewildered brain. "Why, it was a *large* picture."

She read on:

> At the hospital the latest victim of New York's traffic problems recovered consciousness long enough to say that he could not quite remember his name but that his address was 384 Appian Way and that he was a favorite nephew of Julius Cæsar's. The hospital authorities added that there was no trace of Christmas wassail about him.
>
> He is expected to recover.

"Where do you suppose he got your picture?" demanded her father. And getting no answer, added, "Hey, where are you going?"

"It's Jimmy; he's hurt. I'm going to the hospital."

He pursued her into the hall. "You can't go off this way—before breakfast."

"Try and stop me," retorted Hilda—not in words but in action.

She grabbed her hat, tore her coat from the hook and shoved by him.

He heard the car start in the garage, saw it turned downtown.

"She better go easy," he murmured, knowing the car's condition.

But Hilda didn't. Every bump and hollow on upper Fifth Avenue was familiar to her, and she hit most of them. She was relieved to reach Central Park still intact.

Fifth Avenue was all but deserted but the traffic lights were working.

"Darn it!" said Hilda as the red light flashed against her.

It seemed silly to heed it so she didn't. Twenty seconds later a motor-cycle cop appeared like a genie and forced her to the curb.

"You seem in a hurry," he suggested.

"I am. I'm on the way to the hospital."

"Hospital?" he echoed. "Which one? Okay; I'll rush you through."

Peace on earth, good will to men! A motor-cycle cop to give the ancient bus a royal right of way. They turned here and there, and then:

"Here you are," said the cop.

Hilda's acknowledgment died stillborn on her lips. For: "Jimmy!" she gasped.

For there he was, standing in front of the hospital as if considering his next move—which he was. He was not the well-tailored Jimmy she remembered; he wore a cap and an overcoat that looked as if it had seen better days—perhaps even a night or two on a park bench.

But it was Jimmy. He gaped at her. "What are you doing here?"

"I saw about you in the paper."

"In the paper?" he echoed, puzzled.

"The newspaper," she explained. "They had my picture."

"Your picture? How did they get——" He paused, moved a hand impulsively toward an inner pocket and grimaced.

"You're hurt," she said quickly. "You shouldn't be up."

"I've only got a bashed rib," he assured her. His hand, moving more gingerly, reached its goal and his face went blank. "Why, they must have taken it! I had a small picture made from the big one. I thought it might be"—he grinned—"more convenient while—traveling."

Of course he hadn't been traveling at all, she knew. But other things were more important.

"It said you were in the hospital and I thought——"

"They've just chucked me out. Hospitals are busy places, especially at Christmas. They wanted my bed."

"You mean they made you get out?"

"Absolutely. I thought I might wangle a Christmas dinner out of them, but nothing doing. And they call that the Christmas spirit!"

"You get right into this car this minute," commanded Hilda. "I'm going to take you home."

"Oh, I say!" he protested. "I had an idea I might call you later today, but I wanted to change my clothes first. All my visiting clothes are checked over at the Grand Central."

"You can get them some other time. You shouldn't be out and——"

The cop, who had been taking all this in, interrupted. "Do what the lady says before I run you in," he grinned. "And a Merry Christmas to you both."

They compromised. It was decided that Hilda should take Jimmy home but stop at the Grand Central for his bag.

"You haven't been out of New York at all," she accused, as they started.

"Didn't you get my letters—from Chicago and San Francisco?" he countered.

"You had somebody remail them for you. I thought all the time they sounded funny."

"Not half as funny as the truth might have," he commented.

"You've been here all the time, and you never tried to see me."

"I saw you often. Almost every day. Only you didn't recognize me."

"You mean in that clown suit? How could I?"

"That's what I thought—you couldn't."

Hilda gave him an exasperated glance. "But you said you hadn't lost your money."

"I didn't say that at all. You asked me how I was and I said never better. I thought you were inquiring about my health."

"You know very well I wasn't. And you said you were going to work for a construction company."

"I am. It's all settled. I start next Monday. They promised me a job the first of the year back in October but I had to live in the interim, so——"

"Why didn't you tell me the truth in the first place?"

His eyes met hers. "You can have any of three guesses," he said. "They'll

Surprise

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"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—
against irritation—against cough

all be partly right—and all three will make a complete explanation."

"You mean you thought I'd say——"

"That's number one," he said.

"And you felt——"

"Number two—I did."

Hilda hesitated. Then, "I can't guess the third," she murmured.

"Oh, yes, you can," he said.

Hilda blushed in spite of herself. But all she said was, "Here's the Grand Central. I'll get your bag. You can't carry it yourself."

"And neither can you—it's a young trunk. We'll get a porter."

They did so. "But why was your bag there?" asked Hilda, as they drove north.

"I had to keep it somewhere and the hotel where I was stopping wasn't the safest place for it. But then," philosophically, "what can you expect for twenty cents a day?"

It was lucky Fifth Avenue was traffic free that morning. "Jimmy Foote!" gasped Hilda. "You don't mean that——"

"It wasn't so bad. I saved money—and perhaps my soul, as you once suggested might be wise. I've learned a lot about New York these last few weeks. In fact, I clinched my job and got something better than I might have had, by telling my boss-to-be a few things about floating labor and even skilled workers that he'd never heard before."

"But you have so many friends," persisted Hilda. "I should have thought you might have asked them to help you."

"I might have but—well, it would be a case of 'You know Jimmy Foote? Well, the poor chap's on the rocks. One more night-blooming cereus.' I had it figured out and—no thank you!"

"But how could you explain what you were doing?"

"My dear child, nobody ever explains anything in New York. It's not necessary. New Yorkers take everything for granted. I could go to the Grand Central, take my bag to a dressing room, change my clothes and drop into the club, and for all anybody knew I'd just come back from Palm Beach."

"Then you were seeing other people?"

"Who were far less clever in guessing things were wrong than I knew you'd be," he explained. "And I always intended to come back, you know."

To that Hilda said nothing. They were back at her home, anyway. She drew up at the curb, shut off her engine.

"I'll have Father bring in your bag," she said, slipping out of the car.

But Jimmy did not move. "Good grief—how are you going to explain my landing here this way, luggage and all?"

It struck Hilda suddenly that that was something she had not considered. How *could* she explain it?

And then the only explanation possible came to her. Her eyes met his.

"I'll attend to that," she promised. And added, "Come."

He obeyed, dazzled by what he hoped he had glimpsed in her eyes. She opened the front door and shut it behind them. Then she put her back to it and looked up at him. Her lips were parted as if she were breathless.

"There should be mistletoe here, don't you think?" she suggested shamelessly.

"Mistletoe?" he echoed. And then, "Hilda! You—you don't mean that——"

"What else can I mean?" she said recklessly. "You've compromised me horribly. My picture in the paper and—and besides——"

"But you wouldn't marry me when I had something to offer."

"You didn't have a thing to offer then. But now!" She lifted her lips. And:

"Ouch!" gasped Jimmy involuntarily, as he grabbed her. But he added hastily, "No, no; it doesn't matter. My rib just hurt for a second."

From the kitchen came a voice. "Is that you, Hilda?" her mother called.

"Erummm-mm," managed Hilda, handicapped.

"Well, I just remembered what yellow tulips mean——" began her mother triumphantly, her voice coming before her like a herald.

"Jimmy, she's coming!" warned Hilda.

"What of it?" demanded Jimmy.

"They mean 'hopeless love,'" added her mother. "Do you think he meant that——" She stopped there, open-mouthed. She had reached the threshold and—why, there was Hilda, flushed and rosy, in the arms of a young man she did not recognize at first glance.

"Why, Hilda Wrenn!" she gasped.

"It's all right, Mother," said Hilda. "It's Jimmy and—we're practically engaged. At least I think we——"

"We're absolutely engaged," amended Jimmy.

"But your tulips!" protested Mrs. Wrenn. She had spent hours running tulips to earth and could not understand this. "They mean——"

"I know," said Jimmy. "But"—he drew a deep breath and his shining eyes went back to Hilda—"perhaps," he suggested, "we can get the florist to change them for orange blossoms."

The Dark Horse *by Irvin S. Cobb* (*Continued from page 82*)

boastful. "Wuz'n' I de master hand at foragin' w'en de rations give out?"

"Marshall," stated Judge Priest, "I've bragged about it often behind your back and I proudly repeat it to your face: We had some accomplished chicken robbers, some gifted hawg stealers in our regiment but I claim you were the best thief, white or black, in the Confederate army."

"Dat I wuz!" exulted the veteran proudly. "Den, suh, sich bein' de case, how-come dat boy jest now stand yere an' say I can't go? Dat boy don't realize hit, bein' young, but he'll shore tek a heap of lookin'-after onc't he gits to livin' on de country.

"So tell me, jedge, whut's to hender me frum goin'—me dat's all alone in de world, 'scusin' dat gallivantin' grandson of mine, William McKinley—whut's to hender me frum goin' 'long wid him, 'specially w'en I done got my mind all made up an' my heart an' haid so set on it? Who goin' l'arn him de insides of campaignin' ef 'tain't somebody lak me? Answer me dat!"

But before he answered him that, Judge Priest insisted on shaking hands again. And the answering took patience and several toddies. Still, it was a dubious and a disappointed oldster who eventually remounted his mare for the sixteen-mile jog back to a lonesome cabin behind Buzzard-Tail Swamp.

Partially he might have been consoled by the promise that he should share with the judge the honor of seeing the captain off when the latter started North, and likewise the honor of meeting him when the young man returned, but even so the high spirit which had fired him, like the martial pose which had marked him as he rode into Clay Street that morning, altogether had vanished as he rode out of Clay Street that afternoon. He rode all slumped in the saddle, at intervals shaking a bewildered white head.

As for Captain Pitman, he had a busy and a happy week before he departed. Among other things, he carried on a swift courtship—courtships moved fast in those stirring days of 1917—and negotiated an engagement with little Florrie Temple who, by common vote, was not only one of the prettiest girls but one of the nicest girls in town. This pleasant affair had the cordial indorsement of the young gentleman's great-uncle, who was heard to proclaim that, were it possible to slough off a mere trifle of fifty or sixty years, he himself would be giving that nephew of his some powerfully strong competition in a certain quarter.

So between the young lady and her ancient admirer a bond was linked which continued to endure. Whenever he heard from the captain he promptly carried the letter to her and let her read it, and whenever she heard from her lover she carried her letter to the judge's house and read it aloud to him; and if she chose to skip certain passages, he so thoroughly understood the reason for skipping that each time this happened he walked over to her and kissed her.

When, early in the following year, word came from overseas that their soldier had won his majority, the two of them rejoiced together. And when still later news of an altogether different sort reached them, they grieved together.

There was a cruel twist of irony in it that this blow should fall on the very date of the Real Armistice. With impromptu parades and band concerts and community singing; with a sudden breaking-out of bunting; with joy everywhere except perhaps in a score or more of homes where those tragic small gold-starred flags hung, the whole town was astir before noon.

On his own motion, Judge Priest adjourned Circuit Court for the remainder of the week and was just quitting the courthouse to join the whooping, horn-tooting crowd who had turned Legal Row into a separate carnival, when a messenger boy trotted up and handed him a telegram. It was from official sources.

It regretted to state that Major Randall Pitman, A. E. F., having been gravely wounded in action Somewhere in France, was under hospital care at an undesignated place. Continuing advices touching on his condition would be forwarded in due course of time. Signed, So-and-So. And that was all.

So the old man, instead of being part and parcel of the holidaying, trudged slowly to the Temple home to show little Miss Florrie the grim message and let her have her first cry out inside his enfolding arms. For these two ensued, then, a racking period of waiting, with the judge telegraphing frequent queries to Washington and to foreign points asking—without result—for further information.

And Florrie bravely stanched her tears and threw herself with a feverish intensity into her work under the local Red Cross Chapter, playing truant from labor though at frequent intervals while she telephoned the judge to inquire whether he'd heard anything more. Night and morning also, before she went to headquarters, she called him up. All he ever could say to her was that no news must be good news.

But one blowy evening toward the end of the third week of this woeful suspense, he finally had from abroad a direct response to all his anxious cablings. He

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was in the act of wriggling into his ancient cape-overcoat with intent to drive at top speed to her house, when she burst in his front door, a tremulous, weeping, happy creature with a scrap of yellow paper squeezed up in her hand.

The major wasn't dead and he wasn't dying, either. He said so himself over his own name. He had no intention of dying. He wasn't badly disfigured; he would not be hopelessly maimed. Machine-gun bullets, three of them, had hit him, in the chest and in the shoulder and in the right elbow. He probably would have a stiffened arm—but that was the worst of it.

"I can wait on him!" cried out Florrie. "Oh, judge dear, all our lives I'll have that much more of an excuse for waiting on him!"

The major went on to say he was doing splendidly. He shortly would be invalided home. By the time these dispatches of his reached them, he probably would be aboard a transport, America-bound. And that was the best of it.

For all their soldier's promise of a speedy return, more than two months elapsed before they saw him. Even in the case of a decorated and an honorably mentioned line officer, craving to hurry to his sweetheart, there must be a considerable reefing-in of red tape and no little stamping-on of sealing wax.

Had Judge Priest so much as hinted for it, the town would have turned out to welcome this native-born young warrior of hers. Congressman Dabney Prentiss would have been only too delighted to head the reception committee. The mayor and City Council; the twelve surviving members of Gideon K. Irons Camp of Confederate Veterans —Judge Priest himself, no less, being their commander—and the four surviving members of the G. A. R. Post under their commander, Major Ashcroft, who was one of the judge's closest friends; the Spanish War Veterans; that moldy and fragile centenarian, Mr. Orpheus McGarr, sole living reminder of the Mexican War left in the county; the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls; the four-minute speakers and the Victory Bond sellers; the affiliated female knitters of clubfooted socks for soldier laddies; the populace at large eagerly would have grasped at an opportunity to parade forth as they eagerly had grasped at sundry similar opportunities.

But the judge ordained that the homecoming be ordered differently. That the lovers should be reunited in the midst of a public hullabalooing was not his idea of the way the thing should be done.

From him, therefore, was no broadcast of information touching on the expected day and hour of his nephew's arrival. Among other desirable qualities, little Florrie Temple had the faculty of keeping her mouth shut; hence there was no leaking-out of the news beforehand.

To the station, on a bright and warmish afternoon early in February, four persons rode in Judge Priest's dingy car. Marshall Pitman, colored, sat alongside Jeff Poindexter, also colored, who was at the steering wheel. At the back was the owner of the car, and with him a girl who alternately flushed and paled as the tires jolted over the rutted gravel of Depot Street; whose eyes, being spangled with big tears, were like two pansies with the dew still on them.

Never was there a charioteer of more prideful bearing than Jeff Poindexter, nor a prouder-appearing passenger than his silent fellow occupant of the front seat. Perhaps the judge hid his feelings better than these two but, even so, he was near to bursting.

In a competition with his present companions he, on points, would have won the first prize for being terribly proud. That is, he would have won it up to a certain subsequent stage. After that, all contestants whatsoever were to be outdistanced by an added entry—a dark horse, as the saying is, and in this instance a saying made doubly true by the factors of pigmentation.

At the "White" end of the station platform the crowd seemed no larger than common whenever the Cannonball was due. At the farther end, the end marked "Colored," was a denser swarm. For your average Afro-American, a fast train chugging in with the bell ringing and the steam 'scaping and the wheels grinding, always has had a lure, he being at heart a confirmed traveler.

This winter, trains, and especially trains coming from the North, had for the colored inhabitants an augmented fascination inasmuch as they so often brought returning veterans of the late war who, if of their race, almost surely would have tales of high adventure and thrillsome experience to narrate. Today's collection of expectant black folk was a sizable one—at least fifty individuals of assorted sizes and ages who clustered alongside the south-bound track.

Since the judge's delegation was as to complexions a mixed delegation, its four members halted midway of the abbreviated train shed and waited there. They did not have long to wait. This day the Cannonball was on time.

Yonder, where the rails melted together in a V, she whistled. Now she was in sight, a gleaming bug which grew into a gleaming monster. Now she was in, and had stopped, and her passengers were climbing off. At the last, from the Pullman, came the young major.

Through her misted eyes the girl saw, and with a quick little gripping sensation among his chest muscles the judge likewise saw that it was his left arm which he waved. In another moment that left arm of his was around Florrie and unashamedly he was kissing her.

The judge, impatiently teetering on his stout legs like a tethered pachyderm as he awaited a chance to do a little hugging on his own private account, was dimly aware of a tugging at the rear skirt of his cape and of the tense voice of Marshall, the old black man, repeating certain words again and again.

For Marshall had seen a thing which the rest of this party had missed. He had seen that it was a stocky colored man, a uniformed soldier in his middle twenties, with a whole breast-load of decorations, who had with deft touches helped Major Pitman down the steps of the coach and who, having taken over the major's hand luggage from the car porter, was now approaching their little group, heavy-laden and broadly smiling.

"De Pitmans sticks by de Pitmans." That, in the reverent, rapt way of one who has just beheld a miracle, was what the old Negro was intoning over and over. "Dey mout not 'a' been 'lowed to go wid deir own to dat war but, praise Gawd, dey brings 'em back!"

For the briefest of spaces he stood there motionless, as though rooted fast. Then the spell that was on him was loosened. He flung himself toward the nearing soldier, crying out:

"Buddy, dis is me! William McKinley, dis is me!"

"W'y, dog-gone ef 'tain't gran'pap!" admitted this stranger and, dropping his burdens, he suffered himself to be embraced and joyously pawed over.

With arms intertwined, the elder being oblivious of all things save one tremendous thing, his junior alertly aware of

everything, including the impression he was making, the pair vanished past the upper corner of the depot building.

"Come on, children, let's get out of this mob," the judge presently was saying. "Jeff, you bring along the baggage. Lawsy, whut a to-do! Four of us start out figgerin' on one family reunion and we wind up by havin' a couple of 'em. Old Marshall like' to had a fit."

"I missed the second one, being otherwise engaged, but I sort of gathered what was taking place behind my back," said the major. "Golly, but it's good to be back!" He drew Florrie closer.

"Where'd you pick up the ginger-colored prodigal?" asked Judge Priest, as he crossed the platform with the lovers, Jeff trailing behind. "At the front?"

"Him? Not a chance." And the young major chuckled. "That chocolate drop never got any nearer a fighting line than the docks at Brest. The draft caught him down in Louisiana somewhere—so he told me—and he served in a labor battalion and took good care, I reckon, to stay in a labor battalion."

"But all those shiny medals and jinglin' things on his coat!" said Judge Priest. "He looked like he must 'a' had about two pounds of 'em."

"Oh, those? He bought that lot out of a Brest pawnshop. He confided as much to me after we met up this morning. I'm to keep mum, though; made him a solemn promise to that effect."

"This mornin'? Then you didn't bring him over from the other side with you?"

"Never knew he was along until after we left Louisville. It was just by chance that we happened to be traveling together on this last lap. Some way he found out I was on board—you know how darkies find out these things, or rather you don't know; you only know they do find 'em out—and he sent me word by the conductor that a colored soldier of the same name as mine craved the favor of an interview.

"So I got curious and went forward to investigate. And right away I recognized him as that rapscallion descendant of Uncle Marsh's. He adopted me on the spot—for personal reasons, I figure. That's why he was on hand to usher me off here like I was a basket of eggs; he'd fixed it up with the train crew so he could stand by.

"He had a through ticket to New Orleans, having been mustered out, but he decided, after he saw me, that he'd stop off and visit the haunts of his childhood and also do a little free-hand lying—anyhow, that's my guess. He didn't try to fool me about his military record, but judging by the admiration he'd aroused in the Jim Crow section, he must be a gifted romancer.

"As a matter of fact, I'm already under pledge to back up his play, no matter how far he shoves it. I reckon you'll have to do the same thing, Uncle Billy."

"Natchelly and ez a matter of course," assented the judge. "'Us Pitmans stands together,'" he quoted softly in affectionate mimicry of another's tones.

"You said it!" declared the major. "So that goes for you, too, honey. Inside of three weeks you'll be a Pitman—if I have anything to say about it."

"Why the long delay, Mr. Boss Man?" asked Florrie, snuggling still closer.

"Halt the parade!" ordered her lover. "Regardless of spectators, the front rank is about to do some more kissing."

"Tell you whut, children," decided the judge when they reached the clamorous parking space. "Jeff'll run you two on downtown and I'll go see whut's become of old Marshall. I'll hire a hack or

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a car or somethin' and fetch him along. Go on now and do like I'm tellin' you," he bade them, seeing that they hesitated. "Don't you two spooners crave to be alone fur a little spell?"

He turned his broad back on them and waddled away. He had reached the north end of the bricked platform when, from near at hand, certain commingling sounds—a dominant voice uplifted in recital, a fervently muttered sub-chorus of pious ejaculations—made him flatten against the station wall.

"Amen, hallelujah to His Name!" he heard from a clerical throat. Delivered with the approved pulpiting quaver, it must be issuing from a clerical throat.

He heard this, in the friendly manner of one on terms of intimacy with Deity: "Heah 'im, Lawd! Heah 'im tell it! Jesus, draw Yo'se'f down frum On High an' hearken unto burnin' words!" But that plainly must be a female bystander breaking in. And through it all, potent above these listeners' interjections, the moving narrative continuing on and on, smoothly, graphically, brilliantly.

Judge Priest inched cautiously along until he could peep past the corner.

Fifty strong, perhaps sixty strong, they were, and all of them were black or brown or yellow. And their ears and their eyes and their thoughts were sharp-set upon ex-Private William McKinley Pitman, where their scrooging, swaying bodies ringed him closely in, and he at the center, alone in that constricted space except for the tall gaunt shape of an aged Negro who reared behind him.

This older man's hands were clenched on the young man's shoulder; and the older man's hat lay on the earth and his neck was craned back until the twitching throat muscles stood out like cords. His glorified face was upturned toward the blue, while from beneath his clamped eyelids the tears streamed down the wrinkly black cheeks.

The believing and worshipful grandfather standing there, so. And Judge Priest on tiptoe edging unobserved into the thralled audience's outer fringes—so. And the glib, proud grandson, his bedizened bosom expanded to the full, warming up to it, thus and so:

"——so I wuz in the front row of the secont wave, same ez I allus wuz endurin' an attack, lak I jest now told you-all. De fust wave clears the way but the secont wave is the one w'ich follers 'long an' does the real moppin'-up wid the nakid bay'nit."

"Jesus, sweet Jesus, is You lissenin'? Better be lissenin' clos't, Jesus!"

"Well, we goes ahaid, aimin' right fur the spot whar 'em Huns is the thickest—the pick an' flower of the cullid troops, fo' thousand fightin' fools frum the Dark Brown Bear Cats."

"*Umph uh,* 'em ole Huns better start flinchin' now!"

"They flinches all right, friend, onc't we gits clos't 'nuff to give 'em the cold steel an' the iron butt. But befo'han' they gives us ever'thin' they got in stock; 'at ain't stoppin' us Bear Cats, though; ain't even slow us up."

"Praises to His Name, brethren! Praises be unto Him, sistren!"

"Yas, indeedy, they shore gives us the whole works—scrapernel, gas, bungshells, high exploserives. Right over my haid—*ker-bluee!*—one of 'em ole Minnie Werfers busts an' the red-hot pieces showers down all 'round——"

"Minnie w'ich?"

Ex-Private William McKinley Pitman graciously deigned to explain:

"Tha's one of the mos' deadlysome contrapshuns they is, w'ich it's named fur a Hun lady name of Minnie Werfer. They got a cannon name' fur 'nuther lady—Big Bertha. Huns is great on namin' devilmint fur they lady frien's. Well, jest after I gits th'ough shakin' dem smokin'-hot pieces offen the top of my good ole dented-up tin hemlet, I stumbles right over a young w'ite off'cer layin' there kind of fainted 'way whar he done drap.

"So I sees somebody got tote him to the rear 'fo' he gits shot up wuss'n whut he already is. So natchelly I hates to quit the battle even temporary, 'cause by now my fightin' blood is boilin' inside me. Still, a true soldier got do his duty, no matter whut his pussonal leanin's is."

"Lawd of Hostes, heah him tawkin' it now!"

"So I sez, yellin' out to my gang, I sez: 'You boys go on an' do the best you kin till I gits back to you, 'cause I p'intedly got to lay off long 'nuff to pack this yere young wounded w'ite off'cer to the rear.' So they yells back at me an' sez: 'Go 'long, effen go you must, but hurry right back 'cause we sho' does need you.' So I sez: 'Carry on,' I sez; 'carry on till I returns.'

"So wid that I heaves him up over my shoulder thisaway an' away we goes. The bullets come thicker then. An' they cuts my shirt offen my back. They rips my sleeve offen my arm. They grazes my fo'haid. They goes *ping! ping!* on my ole tin hemlet."

"The Lawd's hand wuz in it, brother!"

"Must 'a' been, rev'ren', 'cause I ain't tek nary deep scratch. So w'en I gits him safe to the rear, I lays him down kind of gentle, an' that same indentical minute he comes to hisse'f an' he looks up at me, speakin' his thanks fur me havin' saved his life on the fiel' of battle; an' lo an' behole an' dog-gone ef 'tain't our ole Jedge Priest's ever-lovin' nephew frum my own former stampin' groun's yere in this town—an' him an' me both wid the same last name!"

"Amen!"

"Shout hallelujah!"

"Well, 'bout that time up come the Commanderin' Gin'ral hisse'f an' finds out whut-all's done happen so curious-lak. 'Well, I do declare!' he sez. 'This yere sho' do beat my time!' he sez. 'All the yeah an' a ha'f I been projeckin' 'round this World War I ain't never struck nothin' lak this,' he sez.

"Then he tek an' onpin the bigges' medal they is on his bosom—this yere shinin' gold one is the one—an' he pin it onto my bosom an' he sez to me, he sez: 'Heroic soldier, you done done 'nuff in this war fur eny one man,' he sez. 'You done fetch yore wounded w'ite friend frum outen the very jaws of death——'"

"Oh, Lawd, whutever You do, don't miss this, please, suh, Lawd!"

"'——outen the very jaws of death,' he sez. 'So now then,' he sez, 'I'm goin' hand you yore hon'able dischargin' papers on the spot,' he sez, 'so's you kin 'scort him on back to your-all's own home-folks soon ez ever he gits able to travel,' he sez. An' so——"

"Art—just pure art!" murmured Judge Priest to himself. "And to think this is the first rehearsal! It's beautiful already and it'll git more beautiful every time."

His murmur sank to a husky whisper.

"Yes," he whispered, "and yonder's something else that's beautiful!"

He was looking now at old Marshall's upturned, transfigured black face.

Judge Priest again displays his cunning in a ticklish situation—and wins a new title—in Irvin S. Cobb's "A Treeful of Hoot Owls"—Coming Soon

Meadow Lark

(*Continued from page 35*)

doorsill and he will be afraid at first, but he will hop nearer and nearer, though at the slightest sound he will fly away. But pretty soon he will not be afraid, and he will come every day to eat, and then one day we will reach down softly, softly—and have him, and hold him.

"Bertha invited us to dinner Sunday, Pa and me and you. It will be nice I don't have to cook a big dinner once on Sunday."

"I don't want to go."

"Theo, what is got into you! That poor Bertha, she fixes all week we should come to dinner on Sunday and cheer her pa up a little. I guess you can do that much for somebody that has got trouble and not always have to sit in that shed with your face full of grease from a engine, and your clothes. It's bad enough to wash farm clothes clean without your dirty engine clothes that the grease won't come out at all."

He went, sulkily. The Muller girl received them and it was as though she were panting with a breathless energy. She went back and forth between stove and table, though they had a hired girl.

Bertha's cheeks were pink with the heat and excitement. There were tiny beads of moisture on her upper lip and her temples and in the cleft of her firm round chin. She had the short sturdy fibula of the energetic woman and seemed to take more steps and to come down harder than was absolutely necessary.

"My, this is good!" chanted Ma Trost, over and over. "My, Bertha, did you cook this all yourself?"

"Every bite." Her firm cheeks flushed pinker. She glanced at Theo. His eyes were on his plate.

"Well, I thought I was a cook, but I guess you make me take a back seat, all right. Dumplings I can never get light like this. Some man is going to be lucky some day."

"Oh, now, Mrs. Trost!"

"Pa Trost will be complaining about how I fix his eating after this, with mayonnaise and whipped cream and puff paste and such little finger rolls and what."

"You cook good enough for me," Pa Trost muttered, somberly. Both he and Theo had pushed the golden crown of mayonnaise off their unaccustomed salad with an investigating fork, had looked down at the mixed fruit mass beneath and had sat back with the mien of the male who disdains feminized food.

The paralytic, silent through most of the meal, at this unfortunate moment piped up in his reedy voice.

"Now'days boys don't marry girls because they can cook, like when I was young. They would sooner eat out of a tin can and a paper bag from the delicatessen in Wichita if she is got a cute shape and can switch her hips around when she walks."

Pink deepened to red in the Muller girl's cheeks.

Mrs. Trost bridled. "I'm surprised, Mr. Muller, how you can talk like that in front of Bertha here and Theo."

The boy, hearing his name, looked up. "What?"

"Mr. Muller, talking like that."

"I didn't hear him," said Theo.

What could you do with a boy like that?

Bertha tried the wiles of those other girls—the new farm girls of the district with their bobbed hair and small close

How 98% of the Lovely Screen Actresses—

Photo by Manatt, Hollywood

MARION DAVIES, adored M. G. M. star, uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly and says: "This nice soap is wonderful for keeping the skin as silky-smooth as it *must* be for the close-up."

keep their Skin Exquisite . .

"Witchery in soft, smooth skin," say 45 Hollywood directors

THE CLOSE-UP! How compellingly it holds the attention of thousands of eager eyes—*critical* eyes! What a cruel test of beauty—of the power to win and hold admiration—it is!

That is why, 45 Hollywood directors declare, skin of flawless loveliness is absolutely essential to a screen star's success. "Whatever else she has," says Clarence Brown, director in the great M. G. M. studio, "a star *must* possess a genuinely lovely skin."

And so you may be sure the beautiful screen actresses guard the allure of lovely skin most jealously! Long ago they discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives just the gentle care that is necessary, and now, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to this fragrant white soap!

On Broadway, too, the stage stars are enthusiastic about it. And now even in the European capitals the screen stars are using Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. Surely *you* will want to try it!

JOSEPHINE DUNN, lovely M. G. M. star: "It's wonderful for the skin."

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hats and silk stockings and silk dresses bought out of the window of the department store in Wichita. She knew. Those other boys who had come courting Bertha had pressed against her meaningly with a knee, a thigh, a hard-muscled arm or shoulder. So now, on those rare occasions when she rode with him in his quivering car, or walked down the road with him and sat with him a moment in his work shed as she visited the Trost farm on some flimsy neighborly pretext, she experimented, using age-old instinct as her guide.

Goaded, doubtless, by Ma Trost, Theo had driven Bertha into town one evening in late May. They had heard and seen one of those new talking pictures that still were something of a novelty in Wichita. They had had an ice-cream soda at the drug-store counter. Now they were driving back to the farm in Theo's home-made and feverish car. Its whole frame was shaken as by a palsy when you started its engine, but it leaped like the mad thing it was, once set going.

THE Kansas sky hung low. From the east a crouching storm, about to spring, showed its fangs from time to time, and growled in warning. As they rattled along the road they passed the signal lights that marked the aviator's course toward the landing field. It was well past eleven o'clock.

"Let's us go out to the field and see the mail plane come in, huh?"

"Oo, it's going to storm. Look. And anyway, it's late."

"That's anyway a half an hour off, that storm. I can tell. Come on. Let's."

"Well—all right, Theo."

As the generations before them, wide-eyed, craving adventure even at second hand, had lounged down to the railway depot to watch Number Nine or Number Twelve rush, panting, into the town and out again, coming from strange lands east and bound for unseen plains west, so now these of the newest adult generation achieved a vicarious thrill from the arrival and departure of that traveler of the air—the midnight mail plane.

Bertha Muller inched her way cautiously toward him as he sat so quiet, so quiet and remote, at the wheel of his crazy car. She had known the warm prickling thrill that had come when those others had met her in momentary contact—those other boys of her virginal experience; hearty fellows, strong, with the good hard flesh on them from manual labor and the plain plentiful food of the region—bread, pies, pork, mashed potatoes, beans, gravy. So she pressed against him a little as they sat there side by side—not boldly, but hopefully, askingly—a warm touch of the knee, the soft hip, the shoulder. But when she pressed against him like that it was like pressing against steel, so hard he was, so unyielding, so unresponsive.

She, too, fell silent a moment. Nothing. Well, she would try another tack.

"I always think," she began, in her prim normal-school accents, "how wonderful it is that we should be driving along like this, farmer folks that we are. Here we have been into town and seen a movie, and are coming back and going to see the night plane come in, and all. Electricity on the farms, and all kinds of modern inventions.

"We don't have to work like your ma and pa did, and mine. That's all past, that kind of slaving on a farm. When I think of my folks. My mother never had any fun in her life—anyway, not after she married. But now'days farming is fun, really.

"I would be perfectly happy on the farm, really. I used to miss my teaching, and the—uh—mental contacts I had. If I only had somebody to help me, and advise, and look to. Papa won't live long. I might as well face that, because it's coming, and you have to face the facts of life. And then I will be left all alone, with that big valuable farm on my hands—a woman, alone."

"Yeh," said Theo. "That's tough."

She gave an impatient movement, then controlled herself, relaxed again, patient, patient. "I suppose I could get married to one of the boys that's always hanging around. But I'm not the kind of a girl that would marry just to have a man on my farm. My, no!"

"Good a reason as any," said Theo, and stepped on the gas. They shot into the parking space behind the low shed that marked the landing field.

There was always a gathering of people on the field on warm summer nights, to watch the midnight mail plane come in. Something of mystery still was in it, and romance, and daring, even to this community accustomed to the wheeling, whirring, swooping things in the sky above their farms and houses. People drove out from Wichita itself.

The shed was warmly lighted, and stifling. Outside stood little scattered groups. The landing-field light went off, and on, and off, and on, a Cyclops eye turned toward the sky. But the gravel-covered landing field itself was flooded with a strong white light, made more unreal and blinding because of the brooding darkness just beyond.

The sky now was heavy and low and black and ominous. The jagged thrusts were more venomous, more frequent, and the growl louder, more urgent.

"He better step on it if he's going to make it," the onlookers said, peering into the blackness. Women's figures in light summer dresses. Men smoking and looking up at the sky. Their faces were strangely pure, raised like that to the heavens, with something of wonder in them, and expectation.

A tiny light, closer and closer, out of the east. "Here she comes."

A man ran out of the shed, shooing the crowd back to safety. Keep away, folks. Keep clear. Don't want to get hurt. Get back, now.

Nearer, nearer. A movement of panic; a darting back to safety. The incredible thing swooped down out of the air, came scuttling along the field like a giant barnyard fowl, scattering dust and gravel in a cloud as it came to a stop.

A lean young figure in corduroy and leather slung a lank leg over the cockpit. He unstrapped from about his waist a clumsy-looking contraption that the wise knew to be his parachute. His shoulders, in the limp blue shirt, slumped. He walked stiffly toward the shed.

"Hello, Fred."

"Lo, Otto."

"How's she blowing?"

"Pretty good. Guess I can make Denver before she hits me. Got to step on it, though."

The crowd closed about the birdlike thing, curiously, as though they were seeing its like for the first time. Inside the shed the boy in the blue shirt made his report, deposited his sack, gathered up the west-bound mail. He emerged again, quickly, with a final bite of ham sandwich bulging his cheek.

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hard palm, climbed into the cockpit, was off, with another scattering of gravel and dust, another backward surge from the crowd. Off. Up, up. Higher. The growling, snarling, flashing animal was close behind him now, leaping just behind him from the east, showing its fangs like a ravenous thing. The tail-light suddenly turned. He was coming back.

He encircled the field once, in farewell. Showing off. The crowd, sensing this, laughed with a kind of excited admiration, such as they would give a lion-tamer who plays with the ferocious animal in its cage at the circus. The tail-light grew smaller, dimmer, winked once, vanished into the high blackness.

The crowd gave a sigh, deep, as though awakened from a dream. They stumbled a little as they walked toward their waiting cars.

Theo and Bertha climbed into their little car, were off with a shiver and a leap. A tight cold band of steel was tightening around the girl's heart. She laughed in mirthless pretense of laughter.

"Well, I'd rather it would be him than me," she quavered, forgetting her normal-school training. "I'll take my farm and my nice safe bed, thank you."

The boy said nothing. Absolutely nothing. If he had protested; if only he had sneered at her fear, or laughed at her, or defended this lean sky-god in the soiled blue shirt. But he said nothing, sitting there, tight-lipped, at the wheel.

But he was, after all, human and male. And here was a woman—admiring, wondering—in whom to confide the secret of his strength. So, a scant quarter of a mile before they reached her farmyard, this young Samson confided in his Delilah.

"I'll be up in a day or two."

"Up?"

"Don't you let on to my folks. Pa and Ma, they don't understand. I been making a plane. I been a year at it. That's why I come out tonight. I wanted to get away from her for one evening, to get fresh, so I could look her over tomorrow with new eyes. She's in the lean-to, behind my work shed. Nobody knows, but you. I kept that door locked. Day after tomorrow I knock out the whole side of the lean-to, and trundle her out, and up in her at sunset, after supper."

"But Theo, how do you know—maybe it isn't right, or something—what if you fall? Oh, Theo, your ma—you ought to tell your ma, anyway."

"That's right. Go on and blab."

"I won't. I won't."

But he left her angrily at the gate, not troubling to get out of the car to help her. He was off, the thing snarling and chattering down the road in a fury of anger against her, against all womankind. She stood there, in the farm gateway. The rain came; great pelting drops, heavy, like warm lead.

HE SEEMED to sense that in her love for him he could not trust her. She cared more for his bones than her honor.

Next evening, after supper, she left the sick man and was down the road in her own car toward the Trost farm. She drove swiftly and well, her strong brown hands capable at the wheel.

Ma Trost was watering her flowers. Pa Trost, in his slippers and shirt sleeves, was smoking an after-supper pipe in the cool of the kitchen doorway.

"Hello," called Bertha, very casual. "Hello. Where's Theo?"

"Hello, Bertha. How's your pa?"

"All right. He's all right. Where's Theo?"

Ma Trost laughed her hearty laugh

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just *three* simple gestures

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Odorono keeps your underarm dry and sweet throughout the hottest days. It is so simple to use and so sure. A physician made it for his own use. The clear antiseptic liquid leaves no greasiness to rub off on delicate dresses, no stickiness on the underarm. Just use it this easy way:

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Its color has passed the rigid tests of the United States Government—a delicate shade that blends magically with your complexion, giving it the lovely bloom of *youth*.

It is the smoothest powder made. Created by a marvelous new French process, it *prevents large pores*—protecting the skin against the rough aged look. MELLO-GLO does not irritate the skin, or cause a pasty, flaky look.

For a smooth girlish complexion—use MELLO-GLO. There are no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has this secret formula and the new process. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello Glo, Dept. 13 Statler Bldg., Boston.

that shook her vast bosom. "In that shed of his, tinkering. Go back, once, and talk to him. My, you look cute in that pink dress. Don't she, Pa? Like a rose."

From the shed came the sound of hammering, loud on the still evening air. Hammering, and boards being rent from their nailings. A sudden premonition seized Bertha Muller. Her whole body stiffened as she stood there. The hammering ceased. A whirring sound then, loud, loud, louder. Her pink cheeks went putty-colored.

"Come!" she screamed suddenly, like a madwoman. "Come. Quick. It's Theo. He's going up."

She began to run. The man and the woman stared at her a moment. Then they, too, began to run toward the roaring, whirring sound, clumsily, heavily. They looked ridiculous, running like that, the fat woman in her apron, the paunchy man with his pipe.

The thing, awkward yet fleet and somehow graceful in its awkwardness, careened across the open field as they reached the ruined lean-to. A tiny winged thing, almost moth-like against the green of the field.

Across the field it went, into the meadow beyond, wheeled, turned, came toward them, so that they ran back fearfully; turned again, made off at higher speed, wheeled, turned, again and again and again and again, so that the three standing there in an agony of fear and suspense finally realized that this winged thing was tied to the earth—that its wings were powerless to lift it. Again it came toward them, turned, made off, turned, raced back. Stopped.

Theo stepped out of the tiny cockpit. His face was set and terrible. He looked at the man and the woman and the girl. He seemed not to see them.

"She won't lift," he said simply. Then, suddenly, in a louder voice, "She won't lift." His set expression broke, then, in a grimace of sickening disappointment and impotent rage, so that the three involuntarily turned their eyes away, ashamed to look upon his agony.

Ma Trost went toward him then. "Oh, Theo, what do you—how you can scare me like that?"

"Leave me alone. Leave me alone. She won't lift. She's no good. God damn it! God—she's no good." He began to cry—the horrible crying of a man betrayed by the thing he loves.

Here was a situation for Pa Trost's handling. He advanced on the boy, his face darker than was its wont. His great hands were clenched into fists. "You try to go up in one of them things again I break every bone in your body. You hear me! I smash it into a thousand pieces, that *Gott verdammte Ding!*"

Theodore picked up a hammer from the ground near the work shed. He raised it high, threateningly. "You touch it and I'll break your head. Yes, you!"

Then, as his father stood, open-mouthed, purple with rage and astonishment, the boy swung the hammer back and brought it down on the wings of the frail light craft—down, and up, and down and up and down and up, until the white cotton stuff, so strong, so flimsy, fluttered in ribbons.

"Oh, Theo!" whimpered Bertha Muller; and covered her face with her hands.

The boy threw the hammer far away into the field. He faced them then, set and stern. His hysteria was past. "Look," he said. "I'm going to the factory. I'm through."

"Through!" echoed Ma Trost feebly. "What—through?"

"I'm through farming, see? I'm going to get a job in the factory and learn to make planes right, not like that piece of junk. And fly. I'm going to fly a mail plane yet. You'll see."

Pa Trost again. "You crazy, you! You crazy! You stay here on the farm and work, you fool, you. I've got enough now of this airplanes. You with your airplane, it won't even go one inch off the muck in the field. A fine airplane flyer you are. You go in the house now, and first you take that junk and kindling and old rags off of my good field. I show you who is a flyer in this house. I make you fly, all right, with my foot behind you."

"Good-by," said the boy. He walked past them.

"Theo, where are you going?"

"You come back here, *du Narr du! Du—du Verrückter!* You stay here or I make you."

"Yeh? How you going to make me stay? Put me in jail!"

The Eagle Aircraft Company's plant had, curiously, the brilliant airy look of a huge playroom. It was all windows, or almost all, so that the golden Kansas sun shone on steel and wire and on pieces of wood that were broad and thick, and yet light as a feather when you lifted them. Spruce, or balsa from South America, weighing no more than paper.

You saw other boys there, like Theo, with the look of the farm still on them; corn-colored hair, cornflower-blue eyes, working patiently at this or that menial task, the brimless crown of an old straw hat atop their heads as they worked. They dreamed of the clouds as they worked, but they worked carefully, none the less. Large printed signs were tacked up here, there, everywhere.

Report All Mistakes Immediately. Failure to Do So May Mean the Death of a Brave Man.

They set him to mopping floors, this farm boy who had been the pet of the woman-ridden household, the apple of his mother's eyes. And he scrubbed them. He was farther from flying than he ever had been in his work-shed days on the farm. They wouldn't let him go near a plane, or scarcely.

Theo come home your pa will forgive you you are breaking my hart your ma.

Bertha wrote, too, in her firm round hand:

Dear Theodore, I am writing to you, though you haven't written a word to poor me, because I think somebody ought to tell you how your mother is grieving, and your father too, though he doesn't let on. I think you ought to remember that they are old people now, and that we young people ought to make life happier and easier for them . . .

He answered his mother briefly; Bertha, too.

When you see me flying over the farm you'll know I am willing to come home. But not to stay home. I will let you know.

They paid him an infinitesimal wage, and he pulled in his belt and lived on it. Sometimes, at night—and in the daytime, too—he dreamed of the bountiful steaming noonboard that Ma Trost had always spread.

He was a natural mechanic, and a natural flyer. Born in the age of flying, in the region where flying was thickest, it was as inevitable that he should one day learn to fly, and fly always thereafter, as that another should learn to walk.

He picked up the trade slang and work phrases readily enough. He learned to call the cockpit the "office." Aileron. Dural. Dope. The three types of plane that stood all about the huge bright room in every stage, from the metal skeleton to the completed ship, had, for him, the definite personalities of so many human beings.

The mail plane, big, substantial, businesslike, dependable, a thing built to stand the daily grind, summer and winter, in all kinds of weather. The sport plane, like a pretty, frivolous girl, made for pleasure—a butterfly thing, white and scarlet and gay. The army plane, gray, grim, sinister.

One day they let him hand things to a friendly pilot. Weeks passed. One day they let him clean a spark plug. Weeks passed. He got a ride now and again, and was silent. He had a feel for the air as a born automobile racer has a feel for the road.

One day a silent, good-natured pilot took him up and in a burst of generosity let him have the controls for one moment, when they were high enough to be safe. Theo took them, his young face stern. The pilot watched him narrowly, though he appeared casual enough. Once he had been up with a kid who froze to the sticks, and he had barely had time to hammer and wrench the kid's fingers loose and grab the controls himself, and right her.

Six months. Ten. A year. Ma Trost had driven out to see him, of course, many times, and had brought him baskets, napkin-covered. Bertha Muller, too. But always his face had set in those lines of resolve. Pa Trost never came.

The Trost telephone rang at half past five on a June night, as Ma Trost was getting the supper. Her hearty chuckling laugh was heard less often, these days.

A mysterious voice over the telephone. A voice strange to her. "Tonight at half past six over the farm three times."

"What?" shrieked Ma Trost, who always talked too loudly on the telephone. "What you say?"

"Tonight at half past six over the farm three times. Watch the sky."

"What?"

But the voice had gone.

She knew. She telephoned Bertha then. She tried to get Theodore at the airplane factory, but there was no answer; at his boarding house. He was not there.

Bertha arrived, white and shaking. "Did you tell Pa Trost?"

"No. I don't know should I."

"I wouldn't. Call him out. No—you'd better tell him first."

She told him. Half past six, over the farm. Three times. He said nothing.

Pa Trost ate his supper as usual; silent, somber. Ma Trost ate nothing. Bertha explained that she had had her supper early. The two women listened. The man pretended not to.

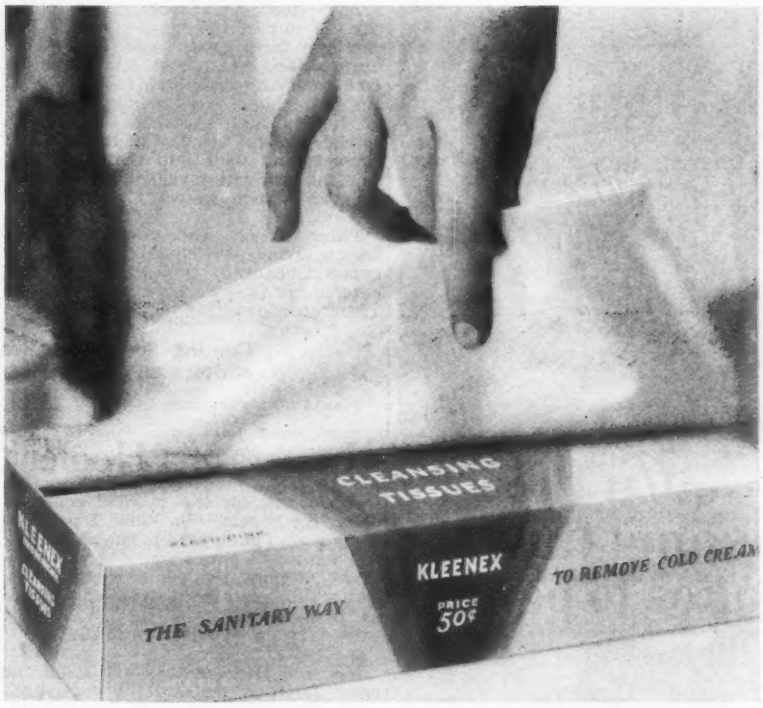
The two women went to the back porch and stood there, in the June evening light. The man stayed within. The smell of his pipe drifted out to them.

They heard the humming, the buzzing, the roaring before they saw it.

Their sharp eyes, accustomed to distances, saw him then, a speck, a tiny winged thing like a meadow lark high up in the evening sky. Then it came lower, lower still.

"That's him," said Bertha simply, reverting. "Here. Do you want the glasses?" She had brought a binocular with her.

"I don't need no glasses . . . Pa! Pa, come out. It's Theo. Up there."



Be *safe*... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that are so dangerous to complexion beauty.

And Kleenex is so *very* absorbent. The delicate tissues simply blot up the surplus cream, along with lingering bits of dirt and cosmetics. No rubbing is needed.

Kleenex tissues are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft . . . and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better to use a tissue, then discard it, than a germ-filled handkerchief.

Ask for Kleenex at the toilet goods counter of any drug or department store.

Lovely Helen Wright, Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reasons for removing cosmetics with Kleenex: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleansing cream very thoroughly — it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."

Helen Wright

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to: C-7

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

In the same time it takes to powder

IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

They stood, their faces raised to the sky. It circled the farm once. It circled the farm twice. Old man Trost drew a deep breath, like a sob, and his face went the color of dark red wine. He shook his fist in the air, a gesture of futility and baffleement. Then he turned, walking heavily in his soft felt slippers, and went into the house and shut the door with a violence that caused the two women watchers to start and cry out.

Three times. And now the graceful, whirring, wheeling thing dipped, swooped, banked, spiraled. Ma Trost covered her face with her shaking hand. Then, fascinated, she must look up again. Her left hand, with the broad gold band deeply embedded in the flesh of the fourth finger, pleated and unpleated her kitchen apron in an agony of terror.

"I'm afraid for him. Look how he makes! I'm afraid he is killed. I'm afraid he drops down in the field, and is killed."

The winged thing, its third circle completed, darted off now toward the west.

Bertha Muller lowered her binocular slowly. She looked, suddenly, old. Her voice, when she spoke, was hard and without life.

"Don't you worry. He won't come down. He won't—ever come down."

Coming Soon—Rex Beach's powerful story of a white man's ostracism in the Dutch East Indies

Letters of a Hoofer to His Ma (*Cont. from page 49*)

feeling sorry for the railroad company about the towels. For what I paid for those seats I'm entitled to the chairs too, if I wanted to take them.

Well, I think I've got everything covered. Adrienne and I are going out to eat now. Bonsoir,

Toujour votre fils,

Jacques

P.S. Tell Dad not to worry about the cane; it threw me and the dog's head got broke.

Charlestown, Mass.,
April 24, 1910.

Dear Son:

The tailor from across the street was over looking for you. He says you owe him for six presses and for taking the shine off your blue suit. And I think before I bought any more French books, I'd pay my debts.

You've got your poor father worried to death; what with your learning French and carrying a cane he thinks you're getting to be a sissy. He was wondering if it wouldn't be better if you used a different name on the stage; not that he isn't proud of your work, son, but he thinks you might get ahead quicker with a fancy name.

If you care anything at all about your mother you'll stop running around with that animal trainer. If she could do tricks with that dog like she can with you she'd be playing at the Hippodrome in New York. I'm sure it's the same woman I used to see with the mice, because she had a foreign accent, too. She's got the dog to support her and I don't see why you should be buying her meals.

Another thing I don't understand is how you can tell a joke that Danny Mann uses and think nothing about it when I saw you hit that Devine boy with a baseball bat for telling your joke at the Elks' show, the one about the two Irishmen. I forgot how it went but it wasn't yours, anyway; you got it out of some English magazine.

I'm glad to hear the audience liked your act. It must be a different one than I saw you do at the Austin and Stone Museum. I hope you've stopped telling those dirty jokes.

There's nothing the matter with your bags and you'd do much better to find yourself a nice furnished room. Any of those farmers will put you up and I don't see what's wrong with being interviewed in a parlor. I think it's just some more ideas that woman is putting in your head. I got the towel and it was very nice but you should have sent the other one and I could have sent it out to the laundry, although I don't approve of taking people's property.

I'll be expecting some money in your next letter although the way you've been carrying on with that La Tour woman, it will probably be little enough.

Love,
Your poor Mother

South Framingham, Mass.
April 25, 1910.

Stopping at the Winthrop House.....
Rate 1.25
Fare from Manchester..... 1.52
Tips (.15c to porter; .10c to bell hop) .25

PRINCESS THEATER

1. Jack Donahue
2. Dave Winnie (Gymnast)
3. Motion Picture
4. Motion Picture
5. Young & Holberton Voting Contest

Dear Mud:

Got in South Framingham, Mass., this afternoon. Not a bad little town. Passed the Reformatory for Women in Sherwood. I was going to stop in and see Effie, but figured that somebody might see me. A guy in my position has got to be careful and not get mixed up in any scandal.

They've got the first Normal School in the United States here and there's a lot of good-looking girls in town studying to be teachers but I've felt blue all day. There was no one to talk to, coming up; only men on the train.

I couldn't get a seat on the coach and had to ride in the smoker all the way. To make it worse, I had a drunk sitting alongside of me and he kept falling asleep on my shoulder. How is Father?

I got to thinking what a sad life an actor really has. Here today and gone tomorrow. You play on the same bill with somebody you like and just when you get to know them, you've got to move on and maybe never see each other again.

Adrienne was supposed to be on this bill with me but at the last minute they found they had already booked Fink's Mules and they couldn't have two animal acts on the same bill. So Adrienne is playing in Lynn the first half. Gee, Mud, I feel so low I'll stop now and finish this after the show tomorrow; besides, I'll have more news then.

Monday Night

Well, here I am again, Mud, just finished the last show and it sure was a tough day. Nothing seemed to go right. In the first place, you know I gave away my iron and I forgot to send out my laundry in Manchester.

At the last minute I had no clean socks so I had to rub out a pair and wrap them around the electric bulb to dry. There I was sitting with all my clothes on waiting for the socks to dry when I heard my cue and I had to put them on damp and you can imagine how a hoofer feels working that way.

There wasn't much of a house there anyway, just a few people, and they must have sat through the three shows because on the last show they were telling the answers to the jokes before I could get to the point. And then they stuck in a voting contest before I went on; if I'd have known that I could have at least let my socks get dry.

They're trying to find out the prettiest girl at the straw factory and they hand out blanks to the audience. Naturally, that takes their minds off the acts and they keep rattling those blanks and I've got to put up with it.

I'm getting $17.50 for these three days and when you figure that's clear money after I send my commission you can see that it beats the Navy Yard proposition although there are plenty of heartaches. The other real act on the bill is a fellow named Dave Winnie. He does a barrel-jumping act, but he's a good guy. We had breakfast together this morning and he picked up the checks.

I was up to his room, Mud, and he's got just the kind of a trunk I want. It's a genuine Taylor Triple Camel Back with three trays. My bags can't last much longer; you should see the look the clerk gave me when I checked in this place.

I'm stopping at the Winthrop House and it's run by a donkey by the name of O'Connell. I'm paying $1.25 a day and I'm supposed to be getting a rate. But I doubt it. Not when they give you a room with two windows facing a hallway and the bath is two flights up.

I lost your letter and I can't remember if there was anything else you wanted to know. I'm going to drop a line to Adrienne now to cheer the poor kid up.

Always your son,
Jack

XX—2 kisses.

Charlestown, Mass.
April 27, 1910.

Dear Son:

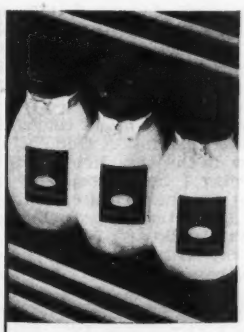
It looks to me as if you were trying to avoid all my questions. You don't seem to pay any attention to the advice I give you. I didn't get any money in your last letter and you promised to send me something every pay day.

You get that iron back from that La Tour woman or I'll find out where she is and tell her where you got it. I just missed it this morning when I went up to do a shirt for your father. I was wondering where you got an iron but didn't think you would do anything like that. I'm certainly glad you got away from her and by the way you are mooning around you must have been pretty far gone on her.

Your father didn't like the way you mentioned him in your letter just after talking about a drunk and the way you called that Mr. O'Connell that runs the hotel a "donkey." He says it's better to be a donkey than a "narrow-back" that was born on this side and likes to make fun of his own people.

You actors wouldn't be so sad if you stopped getting mixed up with women. If Effie hadn't been hanging around the stage door at the St. James she wouldn't have got in that trouble in the first place. She just wouldn't go to school.

You can never make me believe that isn't the same La Tour woman I saw at the Howard when I was a girl. That's



DON'T LET HAPPY OUTDOOR DAYS CAUSE YOU WHOLE WEEKS OF ANGUISH!

QUICKLY, cruelly, the blazing summer sun burns your lovely skin. That means hours of agony for you, and weeks of after-treatment for your parched, coarsened skin. Why endure all this when there is a safe, comfortable way to *prevent* sunburn?

You needn't bother with hats, parasols, or sticky, greasy preparations. Just use Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream before going out of doors. This creamy lotion disappears into the skin, leaving no trace of stickiness to annoy you and stain your frock. You can enjoy the outdoor days in comfort. The sun will not burn you, because Sunburn Cream actually absorbs that part of the ultra-violet ray which causes burning. Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is the *only* preparation which prevents sunburn by this scientific method. It is the result of years of research and experiment. Under a normal application of Sunburn Cream, the skin will gradually take on a smooth, becoming tan. Should you wish to avoid even the suggestion of tan, use Sunburn Cream very generously.

Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is sold at all leading shops. It costs two dollars.

DOROTHY GRAY
Dorothy Gray Building
683 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Paris · Chicago · Los Angeles
San Francisco · Washington · Atlantic City
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the worst thing you could do, son, to go around with wet socks on; that's what gave your father chillblains.

I think that contest was very nice; what was the prize and who won it? Why don't you take your bags over to the straw factory and have them fixed up? You don't need a trunk. What would you put in it if you had one?

You couldn't have been much of a hit in Manchester if they gave you $20.00 there and you're only getting $17.50 now. It looks like you'll be back even sooner than your father was afraid of.

How long does that commission business last? When your father got that job in the Navy Yard I think he paid three dollars for it but that was the end of it. Your railroad fare is getting bigger and your salary smaller and you'll soon see how foolish you were not to take that job with your father.

I wouldn't let anyone be buying me meals, son. You'll only have to pay them back one way or another and you'll find it would have been cheaper to buy your own. What is a barrel-jumper? I can't imagine anyone doing that for a living.

I don't like to bother you but you've got to send me some money or I'll have to tell all these people where you are. Your father won't give me any more money to pay your debts.

Your fond Mother

P. S. Never mind the kisses—it's cash I need.

Taunton, Mass.
April 29, 1910.

Stopping at Boarding House.
Mrs. Bouvet (with breakfast) .75
Fare from So. Framingham..... .72
Tips (.15c to porter)..... .15

BROADWAY THEATER
No. 1. Two Men Acrobats (Didn't see act)
No. 2. Jack Donahue (Way over their heads)
No. 3. Mohawk Trio (Jugglers, I guess, didn't watch)
No. 4. Feature Picture

Dear Mud:

Got your letter yesterday but didn't get a chance to answer it till now. I had to get up at six o'clock to get a train from So. Framingham here and I'm all in. I took your advice and went to a rooming house so it looks like I'm going to be able to send you something this pay day.

There's some kind of a convention here; the hotels are full of Odd Fellows. One of them is the City Hotel and the other the Park; I tried them both and they wanted to charge me a straight dollar and a quarter a day. Being a recognized vaudeville act, I wouldn't let them get away with it.

This is a very old town. They say the first white settlers came here in 1647 and they had the first Iron Works in the country here. They even used to make iron money. Can you imagine, Mud, if I got paid off in iron money I wouldn't be able to carry it away! The reason I got less money in So. Framingham was on account of that voting contest; they had to put on extra ushers and everything and the actors suffered.

I'm stopping here with a Mrs. Bouvet, a French-Canadian woman, and you'd love her, Mud; she certainly knows how to make you feel at home. And the best part of it is, she's a dead ringer for Adrienne, only a lot older. She must be thirty, if she's a day, but still she looks nice and fresh. I imagine that's how Adrienne will look when she's that old.

Her husband was a whaler but he stuck himself with a harpoon and died of blood poison a year ago tomorrow. She says he was a big powerful man and that I remind her a lot of him.

She promised to help me with my French after the show tonight and the best part of it is the whole thing with breakfast is only going to cost me .75c a day. Anybody that comes around looking for me tell them I'll take care of them soon. Don't forget I'm only working a week and what do you expect?

The theater here is a joke, Mud; they call it the Broadway but it used to be a skating rink and the only difference now is they put down some camp chairs and made a stage out of the band stand. The audience still think they're in a skating rink; they're all dizzy.

How's that, Mud? I'm getting very good at ad-libbing but it's over their heads in a town like this. The bigger the town the better I go.

A guy just tells me there's an Insane Asylum here with 1000 people in it. Half of them must have escaped and come down to see my act. They were all laughing in the wrong places.

Just to show you what kind of rats there are in this business I'm sending you a write-up from South Framingham. Get that where the writer says, "Jack Donahue might have got more laughs if his jokes hadn't been told by Jack 'Clothes' Nelson last week."

After all the trouble I had putting my monologue together some guy steals my material and they give him the credit. All the dough I wasted looking in magazines for original stuff.

If you get any mail for me, honey, send it on. I gave Adrienne my home address as you never know when your route's liable to be changed. I can't understand what happened to the kid. If I don't hear pretty soon I'll have to call her on the long-distance phone; it may cost me a couple of dollars but it will be worth it to find out that everything's all right with her.

I know I'm not getting the laughs I should be getting with my act. But you can't expect a guy to be funny with that kind of stuff on his mind.

Don't ever write her about that iron. I'll get it back for you in a roundabout way or send you the money for a new one. I'm sorry I hurt Dad's feelings when I wrote about that drunk, but you know I didn't mean it that way; besides, I know he signed the pledge. I've got to get a trunk but I'll wait till I get to New Bedford and pick one up cheap.

The whole show looks very bad this week. It's the agents' fault for booking all men in here, not a woman on the bill. That makes it bad for all of us. My dancing was about the only thing that went on the bill.

Well, Mud, I've got to duck out front and pass Mrs. Bouvet in. She's going to see the show tonight.

Your loving son,
Jack

P. S. Adrienne taught me how to write kisses in letters. Kisses mean a lot to French girls.

Next Month Adrienne La Tour has "Our Jack" worried when she doesn't write—but when she does there's even more trouble in store for the poor "hoofer" because his ma gets the letter first!

The Day Dreams of Dolores de Voisin-Perella *(Continued from page 93)*

I'll tell your dad," quoth Herman. "First thing you'll be getting stuck on him and you'll get in trouble."

Dolores de Voisin-Perella put her hands on her hips and looked slightly ill—that is, passionate. "How do you know," she said, "that we are not already in love with each other?"

Herman blinked. The green-eyed monster had slipped into his eyes; his blink was not quick enough. "I'm gonna go right now and tell your dad!"

He started across the jail lawn. She made a quick, hard football tackle and dropped him, heavily.

"Leggo, Lucy. Now. You leggo."

"You going to squeal?"

"Yes."

"Are you, you dumb Dutchman, are you?" She dug her sharp fists into his ribs.

"Quit. I'll pinch you."

"Pinch, then."

He set a big fat hand on her wrist and squeezed. She bit her lips and her eyes burned him. He released her and got up. Her eyes still burned him. Her silence was ominous.

"I'm sorry I pinched you, but you hadn't ought to hit me."

She continued to stare at him. He kicked at the grass and moved away.

"Sore? Huh?"

Still no answer.

It was enough to illustrate to Herman's lovesick mind what silence for years and years would be like. "Where's the old magazine? I'll take it."

"You'd better," said Lucy Belle, handing it to him.

On the title-page of the most romantic story she had indited this message:

Have your parents disowned you? I will write them to forgive you, if you will write your address on this paige.

Two days later, on Sunday afternoon, a prisoner's wife handed the magazine to Lucy Belle with the explanation, "A boy in there asked me to give it to you."

She hurried up to her room to search for his answer. It was on the same page as her message, scribbled almost illegibly.

The old man is doing a ten-spot in Joliet. The old lady run off with another guy. Don't know where she is. Stake me to another pack of cigarets, will you, girly?

Lucy Belle tried hard to be Dolores de Voisin-Perella and to consider this message as one of sentiment from the son of a Spanish grandee languishing in the bowels of the Bastille. But somehow it wouldn't work. One last effort she made. Going to her bank, she extracted another fifteen cents. She went to Jake's drug store herself and bought a package of Humps, explaining, "Joe sent me after them. He can't leave."

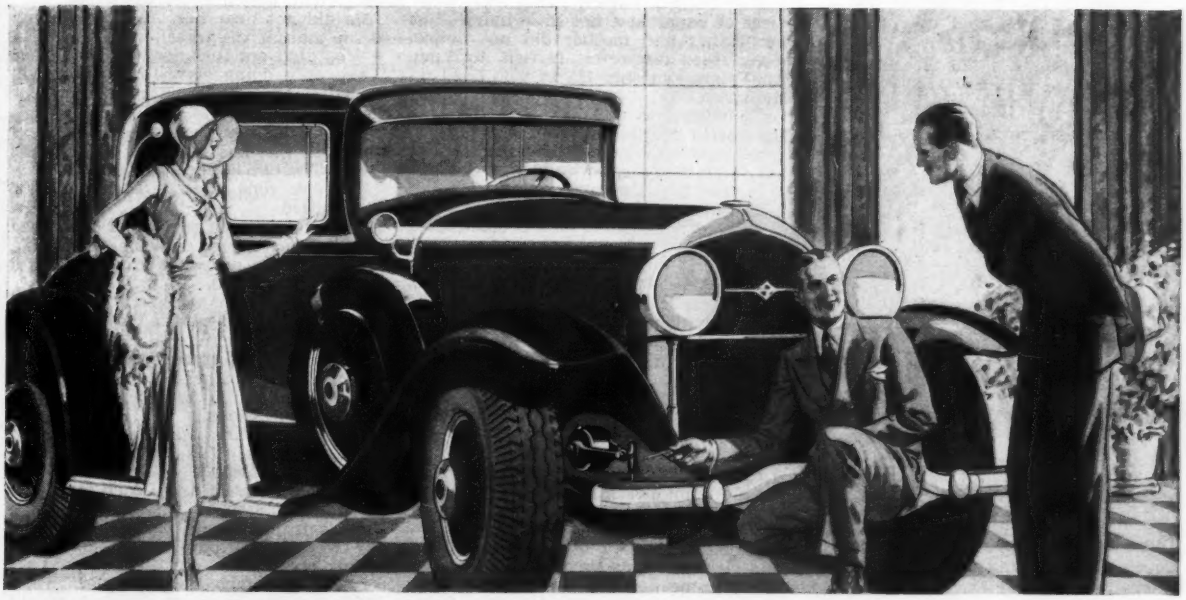
Back in her room once more she tucked a note into the package.

I love you, Harry Smith. Will wait for you.

Lucy Belle Hayes

There! She'd show Herman. She'd show Tannertown. Maybe he wasn't the son of a Spanish grandee. Maybe he wasn't even the son of an American millionaire. But he had lovely tousled black hair and long eyelashes and slender, springy legs and he knew cities. She would wait for him and he, inspired by her love, would

When the dealer says . . . .



"This car is equipped with HOUDAILLE Shock Absorbers"

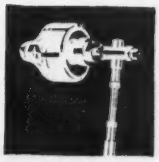
PRONOUNCED "HOO-DYE"

You know that the maker has enough regard for his customers' comfort and safety to protect them with the most efficient and expensive shock absorbers made.

He is eager to have you try a rough road demonstration to prove how the worst of rutted roads are reduced to velvet smooth undulations at speed that might spell disaster to a car not so well equipped.

Insist on a Rough Road Demonstration

The Houdaille dealer in your locality is ready to show how you can have added comfort and safety in your present car



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BUFFALO, N. Y.

A DIVISION OF HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION

Pioneers and World's Largest Producers of Hydraulic Double Acting Shock Absorbers

Today women know more . .

about feminine hygiene

A HIGHER standard of cleanliness and hygiene is the rule among the modern women surrounding you on every side. There is a more general recognition also among physicians and nurses of the benefits of feminine hygiene.

This is the age of antiseptics, and a great deal of the credit is due to *Zonite*. For this famous product that came out of the World War has taken the antiseptic idea completely *out of the poison class*.

Zonite is non-poisonous, non-caustic—safe to use on the body and safe to have in the house, even with little children around. Yet Zonite is actually stronger, far stronger, in its effect than *carbolic acid itself* in any dilution you would dare use on the body.

Get Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada; in bottles, 30c, 60c, and $1.00. Also send coupon below for small-sized booklet full of feminine hygiene information. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION CG-01
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name .....
(*Please print name*)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(In Canada: 389 St. Paul St., W., Montreal)

reform when his term was up, and would go away and do something fine and come back and take her away from Tannertown and Herman.

It required a bribe of a quarter to persuade old Thomas to take the cigarets in to Harry Smith and smuggle back his answer past the watchful eyes of Joe. He managed it by supper-time.

Below the tablecloth at supper, Lucy Belle read his note.

> Love you to deth, girly. Be on the porch at nine oclock this p.m.
>
> Harry Smith

She flushed guiltily, and balled the piece of paper in a hot little hand. But her father and mother did not notice. They were discussing a visit to Lucy Belle's grandmother Hayes who lived up the street.

"You want to go, Lucy Belle?" asked the sheriff indifferently.

"No, I'll stay home," she said. "I've got some studying to do."

On the porch at nine o'clock!

How Harry Smith expected to get out of jail with Joe and Mr. Bruenmueller on guard and everything locked up Lucy Belle didn't know. He would manage it somehow, because he was so wonderful, and when he had talked to her on the porch awhile she would say, "But Harry, don't you think you'd better be going back to jail?" And a bit later she would remind him again, saying, "Really, dear, it's time for you to be back in your cell." And he would go back to serve out his sentence while she waited for him.

It wasn't that way at all.

Lucy Belle, sitting a little breathless on the front porch in the quiet Sunday evening, was startled by two shots from the jail. Bang, bang! went the shots and they were followed by cries and thuds and curses, the pad-pad of running feet and a rising bedlam.

She sprang up and just then a figure vaulted onto the porch. It was Harry Smith.

"Come on, you!" he yelled.

He grabbed her arm and jerked her down the steps. Other figures were waiting on the curb. She was pulled into this group and Harry yelled: "Let's go."

She was dragged and carried across the street to the filling station, where two automobiles had stopped to get gasoline. Behind them someone yelled, "Halt!" and someone else screamed, "Don't shoot. They've got the girl!"

Lucy Belle was shoved into the back seat of a sedan with Harry Smith and a big Negro. Two other men piled into the front and the car shot away.

"Drive like blazes. Give her the gas," Harry Smith said to the man at the wheel. "They're coming."

Ahead of their car Lucy Belle saw another car filled with escaping prisoners. She could not look back as her head was jammed under Harry Smith's arm. She struggled to free herself. His grip around her neck hurt.

"Sit still, kid," he said. "We ain't going to hurt you if you don't make trouble."

The car lurched around a turn and straightened out on the hard road into open country. The car ahead was drawing away, fast, and Harry urged his driver again to "Give her gas."

She felt the Negro turning his body to look back. He chuckled and reported, "We'se suah losin' 'em. Man, man, dat was close! Thought we was *nevah* gwine t' git away f'm dat station."

"Did you shoot that guy, kid?" one of the men in front asked.

"Bored him high," Harry Smith replied. "Didn't croak him. The one Sambo clouted is prob'ly worse off."

The Negro said, "I suah ma-aa-shed him. Hot dawg! Whewee-ee. Wha's we gwine, huh?"

"Watch 'em up front," said Harry. "If they turn one way we'll turn the other. Then we'll ditch the car and the girl and scatter."

Lucy Belle spoke. "Let me up. I can't stand it. You're hurting my neck."

The youth relaxed his hold and she straightened on the seat beside him.

The roaring, shivering rush of the car and the tense attitudes of the four men filled Lucy Belle with the zest of a new game.

She looked at Harry Smith and giggled. "Oh, they'll *never* catch us!"

He did not hear her. He was talking to the man at the wheel.

"You ain't got that down to the board. We're only doing sixty-four. This will do better than that. Kick it down, or you'll get this!"

Lucy Belle saw a sliver of blue steel flicker in the darkness near the driver's neck. The car lurched forward faster.

"They've gone ahead. Turn off!" the youth cried.

Brakes shrieked and tires screeched and the car swung off the road in a cloud of white dust and lunged forward onto a gravel road.

"I know where we are," Lucy Belle said. "This is the road to Captain Kidd's cave."

Harry Smith gave her his attention for the first time. The pallor of his face, the nervous fear in his eyes, jumped up in bold impressions.

"How far to the nearest railroad?"

"Eight miles. You can get the Burlington at Downley. But there's only one accommodation train each way. The others don't stop."

"A cah jest went pas' dat tu'n-off," the Negro reported. "It's chasin' dem othah boys."

"Are those guys good people?" asked Harry of the man sitting next to the driver. "If they're caught, will they snitch?"

"Don't know them boys," the man replied. "Nobody'll know who did the shooting or anything. It was too dark."

"Well, we're all good people, ain't we?" Harry said.

The two in the front seat said, "Sure." Harry whirled on the Negro.

"How about it, Sambo? You gonna snitch if you're caught?"

"Who? Me? Nossuh. I'se keepin' mah mouf shet! Yessuh."

Suddenly Harry thought of something. "Oh, Lord, what will we do with her?"

There was silence.

Lucy Belle broke it by saying, "I'm no squealer, either, Harry."

The car bumped over a culvert. There was a clatter from underneath and Harry yelled, "We've busted the springs."

The Negro added, "Theh's a cah comin' aftah us, boys. Let's light out f'm heah."

"Run into that cornfield!" Harry ordered.

"Hurry!" Lucy Belle yelled. "We'll have to hurry. That's Daddy's car. I can tell by the sound!"

A bumping, rattling, headlong lurch and the car stopped.

"Douse those lights!"

But the men in the front seat had leaped out and were running toward the woods. The Negro piled after them. Harry leaped from the seat and ran to the switch, turning off the lights. Then he hesitated, listened and started off.

"Harry! Wait!" Lucy Belle scrambled out and ran after him.

"Stay at the car, kid," he yelled, "and if you tell which way we went I'll wring your neck."

The rumble of the pursuing car came nearer across the countryside, like an

angry fate. Lucy Belle ran after Harry and clutched his arm.

"Let's beat it for the cave. I know just where we are. They'll never find us there. We're on Tod Stumpf's place. Right over there is his pasture. We go down by the sorghum patch and up the creek to the cave. I'll show you."

The other prisoners had vanished in the gloom. Racing ahead of Harry, Lucy Belle called back, "Come on!" She heard Harry's feet pounding behind her.

At the cave they flung themselves down, gasping for breath. Harry was in worse shape than she. His shoulders heaved convulsively.

Lucy Belle listened. "They've gone on," she said. "They didn't see the car. The brush hid it behind the fence-row. They're down by Al Wilson's gate."

Harry fumbled for a cigaret. She gripped his wrist.

"Don't smoke. They'll see the light."

"Sa-a-ay," he said, "what the devil! Are you the sheriff's kid, or ain't you?"

"Yes. Sheriff Hayes is my daddy."

He peered at her curiously. "What you helping us beat it for, then?"

His question stopped Dolores de Voisin-Perella, just as she was planning a last stand against the posse. His voice sawed through her dancing bubble.

"I don't know. I—I—thought you wanted to get away, and—you won't squeal on me, will you, if we get caught?"

"I ain't a snitch," he said. "But you've got to beat it, see? I've got to make the Burlington tonight. If I'm caught with you it'll be worse. See? Now beat it. I'm much obliged and all that, girly, but you beat it now. Go on."

"Let's run off together, Harry. You meant what you said in the note, didn't you? *I* did, Harry. Didn't you mean it?"

He rubbed irritably at a bruised and bleeding knuckle. "I was just kidding you, girly," he said. "Now, you go on back. You're a nice kid and all that, but I ain't going to get caught with you." He rose and looked about for the revolver.

Just then her ears, better trained to the sound of woods at night, told her something. The posse was coming. She heard cautious footsteps advancing.

Quickly she reached for the revolver and tossed it far into the cave.

"Hey," said Harry, "that's mine."

"Shhhhh!"

He heard the footsteps and bolted. But a shot rang out and voices cried, "Hands up!" "Halt!" "We've got you!"

Lucy Belle was at Harry's elbow when the flashlights found them. She saw her father, a revolver in each hand, and near him six or eight men with shotguns and rifles. Then she saw Herman.

"I told you they'd make for the cave!" said Herman. "Where are the others?"

Lucy Belle stamped her foot. "You big Dutch slob," she said.

Sheriff Hayes clicked a pair of handcuffs on Harry.

"We'd better not take him back to town, sheriff," a man said. "They're ready for a necktie party there."

"Ought to be a necktie party right here," growled Herman.

"Shut up, Herman," said Sheriff Hayes.

And Lucy Belle screamed, "Yes, you just shut up, Herman!"

"Did they hurt you, Lucy?" her father asked. She saw that he had carried tears on the rims of his eyes. The seriousness of the night overwhelmed her, of a sudden, like a black flood. Her father put an arm about her and hugged her.

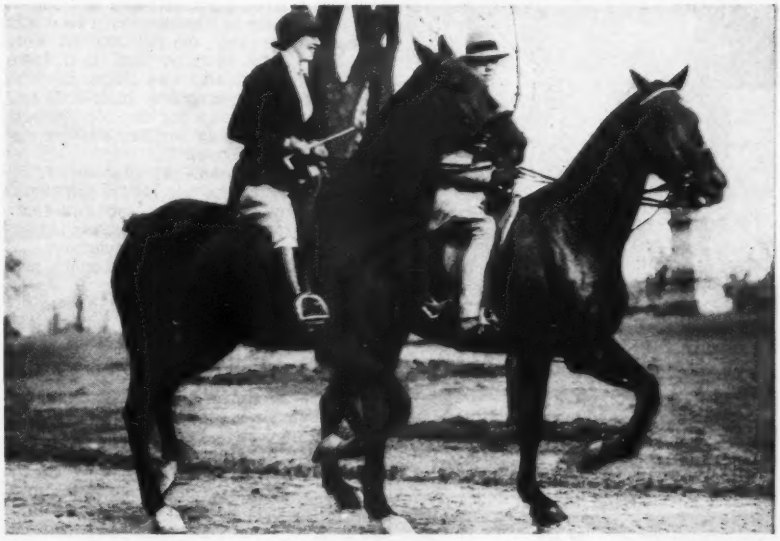
"No. They didn't hurt me," said Lucy Belle. "They would have if it hadn't been for Harry."

"What did he do?" asked Herman derisively.

"Think I'd tell *you?*" said Lucy Belle.

A PLEASANT-TASTING, REFRESHING BEVERAGE THAT COMBATS THE HEADACHES AND SICK FATIGUE OF

INTESTINAL TOXICITY



MANY of us, as soon as we get a headache or suffer the curious sick fatigue usually the warning of intestinal toxicity, jump at the emergency pretext of taking ordinary drastic cathartics. This may bring temporary relief but it also usually shocks the system and tends to cause undesirable habits.

But there are an ever-increasing number of informed people who are turning to more natural means in their efforts to defeat intestinal toxicity. A balanced diet, with green vegetables and roughage, exercise and fresh air, and plenty of pure drinking water usually will serve the purpose. If a little extra assistance is needed, ENO, taken regularly, will help keep one fit and eager without exacting penalties for taking rigorous, bitter-tasting, habit-forming drugs.

ENO, which really is unlike the ordinary bitter salts . . . being a pleasant-tasting and refreshing beverage . . . is gentle and thorough in action, never leaving one "all dragged out." It flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and assists normal action. It does not gripe or disturb the day's routine. You will appreciate the way it sets you up for the day.

Try ENO for a week every morning or evening. You will then realize why it has met with such wide favor for more than half a century. You will give it a regular place on your bathroom shelf once you have experienced the sense of vigor of those free from the attacks of intestinal toxins.

This famous, pleasant-tasting, effervescent salt is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto; Paris; Berlin and Madrid. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th Street, New York City.

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ENO—health aid—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO *in a glass of water. This sparkling saline, taken regularly, helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take* ENO. *At soda fountains everywhere.*

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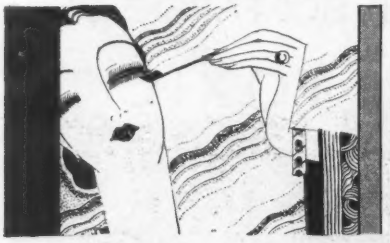

The new Cake Winx *looks* as if it had come straight from the Rue St. Honoré in Paris . . . so smart, so sophisticated, so clever in its slim silvery compact.

But until you *use* Cake Winx, you can't judge its truly French finesse: it lends a dark, enticing beauty to eyes. . . a beauty that is absolutely natural—and so different from the "make-up" look that ordinary preparations give. Cake Winx is easy to apply. It keeps eyelashes soft. It never burns the eyes. You must try it . . .

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Cooling, antiseptic Zemo stops skin itching—soothes summer rashes, insect bites, prickly heat, ivy poisoning, toe-itch, sunburn. First application instantly relieves, heals—retards infection. Keep Zemo handy for cuts, bruises, after shaving. It's safe, greaseless, invisible. Any druggist has 20 year famous Zemo. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

They took Harry Smith to jail in a neighboring county seat while the hunt went on for the other fugitives. Lucy Belle rode home in Herman's coupé.

All the way she tortured Herman by a frozen silence. Before her eyes was the picture of Harry Smith being led away to jail, handcuffed—and she heard the mutterings of the posse.

"He'll get life for this. Kidnaping. There's a hanging penalty for that. They'll all get life—that's sure. If I was on a jury I'd vote to hang every last one of 'em."

Hang . . . Harry Smith, of whose love she had boasted to Herman Stoemkessel . . . Harry . . .

He was given a preliminary hearing in the courthouse in Tannertown two weeks later, before any of the others were caught. They brought him into town heavily guarded and had extra deputies stationed in the crowded, high-ceilinged courtroom. It was a big day for Tannertown and a big day for Prosecuting Attorney Milford Lovel.

Up on the bench sat grizzled Judge Hinkle. Before the bar, dirty, disheveled and seemingly friendless, stood the accused, Harry Smith. Prosecuting Attorney Lovel looked at him ferociously.

"Call your witnesses, Mr. Lovel," said the judge.

"Miss Lucy Belle Hayes take the stand."

Dolores de Voisin-Perella walked elegantly to the witness stand. She looked at Harry Smith, who avoided her eyes in hopeless misery, and she glanced down the aisle at Herman Stoemkessel. Herman's mouth was open, an item which Dolores de Voisin-Perella noted with an expression of condescending amusement.

"Now, Lucy Belle," said the prosecuting attorney, when preliminaries were over, "tell in your own words just what happened on May eighteenth between the hours of nine P.M. and ten-thirty P.M."

The witness arranged her dress—Sunday best and helped along with her mother's coral necklace.

"That night," she said, "Harry Smith was in jail. He overheard several other prisoners plotting——"

"Just a moment, Lucy Belle. Did you overhear them plotting, too? Only tell what you heard and saw, yourself."

"Harry Smith told me what he overheard, afterwards," said Lucy Belle.

There was some discussion of this and the judge ruled it competent testimony. Lucy Belle gathered that she might go on with her story.

"Harry Smith told me he overheard the other prisoners plotting. He said they were plotting to get out of jail—escape, I mean—and they had a conspiracy to kidnap me. They were going to take me with them so the posse wouldn't shoot for fear of hitting me.

"When Harry Smith heard this he was angry. He said to them, 'That is a foul deed and I will not permit it to be executed.' They told him, 'You are powerless. You cannot prevent us. If you make a false move we will bore'—yes, that's what Harry Smith said they said—'we will bore you.' Meaning——"

"Never mind what they meant," interjected the prosecutor nervously.

"Harry Smith saw they were desperate men and it would be his death to oppose them just then. So he pretended to fall in with their plans to escape. He told me he convinced them he was in favor of the plot and they asked him to join the conspiracy. But he told them, 'There must be no bloodshed, men. Any man who harms Joe'—he's the turnkey—'and Mr. Bruenmueller will answer to me.' So they promised him they would not hurt anybody.

"They all broke out of jail after putting out the lights and in the darkness some of the men defied Harry Smith and hurt Joe and Mr. Bruenmueller. But he couldn't stop them because the foul work was done in the dark. He had his hands full protecting me. He——"

"Just a minute, Lucy Belle. Did he tell you all this? Were the words you quoted his words?"

"N-not—exactly. I can't remember all his own words but it was what he said."

"You may proceed," said Judge Hinkle.

"When they all got out of jail Harry Smith made them let him take me with him in the second car. They had two cars. There was a Negro and two other men in the car with us. They were desperate characters.

"We hadn't gone much past the filling station when the Negro said, 'I'll get the girl.' Harry Smith said, 'You'll get the girl over my dead body. The first man who touches her dies!' He had a revolver and he made the Negro leave me alone."

There was a murmur in the courtroom, and Dolores de Voisin-Perella might have counted a dozen other open mouths besides Herman Stoemkessel's.

"Harry Smith hadn't wanted to escape from jail," the witness continued, talking swiftly and not looking at Harry Smith. "He just escaped to foil their dastardly plot to kidnap me. When we got to Tod Stumpf's place the driver stopped the car.

"He and the other man in front and the Negro all said, 'We want the girl!' Harry Smith replied, 'Over my dead body you get the girl.' There was a terrible fight. Harry Smith knocked the Negro down and hit one of the other men so hard it skinned his knuckle all up——"

"Just a minute, Lucy Belle," said the prosecuting attorney. He walked over to the defendant and looked at his hands. Then he walked back, looking crestfallen, and said, "Proceed."

"There isn't any more to tell," said Dolores de Voisin-Perella, "except that after a terrible fight Harry Smith got me away from them and we ran to Captain Kidd's cave and hid until the posse found us."

The defendant's lawyer said he did not care to cross-examine the witness.

Judge Hinkle cleared his throat. "Any other witnesses, Mr. Lovel?"

"Joe and Bruenmueller did not see the men who did the shooting and slugging, Your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney. "The State is surprised at the testimony of this witness. I might say that I had been led to expect a different line of testimony."

A rap for order quelled the buzzing in the courtroom. Lucy Belle stepped down from the stand. Her heart was swelling up in her throat. There would always be, she knew, this moment to remember.

"The defendant is discharged," said the judge. "He is remanded to jail to serve the remainder of his original sentence. I shall recommend, however, that he be paroled in recognition of his fine conduct. Court is adjourned."

That afternoon Lucy Belle's father told her Harry Smith wanted to see her.

The interview was not what Dolores de Voisin-Perella would have expected. Harry Smith grabbed her hand awkwardly and said:

"You're an awful little liar, but you're a good kid. I sure am much obliged."

Would he go away and reform and come back and take her away from Tannertown and Herman Stoemkessel? Dolores de Voisin-Perella knew better, now.

"Don't mention it," she said, in a hard, dry little voice. The rich contralto of Dolores de Voisin-Perella was dying in her throat. Soon it would be no more.

The Bracelet

(Continued from page 89)

milady!" Anne Marie drew back from the dressing table, not without a hint of hurt self-respect.

Lady Bettine joined her, threw a feverish glance over the wide table. There was no bracelet there.

"But where is it?"

"I couldn't tell you, milady."

"But it was here, around the owl! I put it here myself."

"It isn't here, milady. Are you sure you didn't put it away before Miss Mansfeld called?"

"Of course I didn't! D'you think I don't know what I do and what I don't do?"

"Well, then, milady, where is the bracelet?"

"You've never seen it. I've only just got it! But no one has been in my room! How could it——"

"I thought you said Miss Mansfeld had called, milady."

"So she did, but——"

Lady Bettine stopped speaking. Anne Marie was looking grave.

"Where did you keep the bracelet, milady?"

"In the deerskin case."

"Would it be as well to look there, milady?"

"No!" said Lady Bettine sharply. "The bracelet was on the dressing table when Miss Mansfeld came to see me."

Anne Marie said nothing more. She was now looking grim.

After an instant of silence Lady Bettine said, in an unsteady voice, "This is really too awful! No one has been in my room except Miss Mansfeld."

"No, milady."

"What *are* we to do?"

"I suppose, milady," said Anne Marie, "Miss Mansfeld didn't go to the dressing table while she was here?"

"But I told you those are her chrysanthemums! Who could have put them there but Miss Mansfeld? Of course she went to the dressing table."

"Indeed, milady!" Anne Marie began to look distressed.

"But it's impossible—impossible!" exclaimed Lady Bettine.

"You ought to get back to bed, milady."

Anne Marie threw a glance at the bedroom door. Lady Bettine saw it. She ran swiftly down the room and got into bed just as there came a tap at the door.

This time it was Colonel Fayne to ask how she felt. They had a brief conversation. Lady Bettine forced herself to act cheerfulness and resignation. But directly her husband had gone she cried out with almost hysterical desperation:

"What am I to do? It's inconceivable that—but what else could it be? Nobody has been in this room while the bracelet was on the dressing table except Miss Mansfeld."

"I have never heard of the bracelet till now, milady."

"No one knew I had it, but—this is in strict confidence—it was given to me by Mr. Brett Arden. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, milady."

"Why do you look like that, Anne Marie? What is it? What do you know about Mr. Brett Arden?"

"Nothing at all, milady."

"You do! I can see it."

Anne Marie was silent.

"Anne Marie, you owe it to me to tell me anything you know that could possibly help me."

"I don't like to, milady."

"Then there is something?"

"It has nothing to do with a bracelet, milady."

SHE MERELY CARRIED THE DAISY CHAIN

. . . YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SO fragile, so freshly feminine, so altogether lovely—the very Spirit of Youth and daintiness to all who beheld her—

Yet even as she trod the velvety green of the campus, a tiny twinge reminded her of that slight rash-like redness that she had noticed lately between her smaller toes—noticed and *worried* about, for the persistent eruption seemed such a slander upon her daintiness.

She doesn't know it, of course, but her affliction is a most common form of ringworm infection, known to millions in America as *"Athlete's Foot"!*

Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichopbyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 266 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

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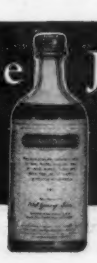

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"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

"Has it anything to do with Mr. Brett Arden?"

"Please, milady!"

"It has! It has! You don't know Mr. Arden, do you?"

"Only by seeing him, milady."

"Seeing him? Where? About London? He's been here once or twice. Have you seen him here?"

"No, it wasn't here, milady."

"Then where was it?"

"Milady, really I—it has nothing to do with the bracelet."

"I'll judge of that. Go on."

With apparently distressed reluctance Anne Marie slowly said, "I saw him one day in Miss Mansfeld's studio."

"Which day? When?"

"I saw him there the day you sent me to help Miss Mansfeld."

"Nonsense! He couldn't have been there that day, if he ever was there. He went to the studio for the first time when I went to sit to Miss Mansfeld for my portrait. And that was several days later."

Anne Marie was silent.

"What's the matter? Why don't you speak?"

"If milady doesn't believe what I say!"

"Do you really mean to tell me that Mr. Arden was in the studio when I sent you to help Miss Mansfeld?"

"No, milady."

"There—I knew!"

"But he came to see Miss Mansfeld while I was at the studio. And I left him there with her when I left."

Lady Bettine lay staring at Anne Marie. Her face had become austere.

"If that's the case——" she began. She stopped; then she said, "Why didn't you tell me this long ago?"

"It was no business of mine, milady. I didn't think it was for me to speak about Miss Mansfeld."

"Olly!" exclaimed Lady Betty. "Olly!" She lay still for a moment. Her face had become hard. Her jaw looked cruel. Presently she said, "Go and bring me something to eat, Anne Marie, and bring me a bottle of champagne."

Anne Marie was going out of the room when Lady Bettine called her back.

"You say you left Mr. Arden in the studio with Miss Mansfeld that day?"

"Yes, milady."

"What time did you leave?"

"I don't know exactly, milady. It was evening."

"But I remember distinctly you told me that there was no one at the studio that day. I asked you, and you said No."

"I said Miss Mansfeld kindly gave me tea, milady. And you said was anyone there, and I said there was no one at tea with us."

"You were certainly discreet," said Lady Bettine with bitter sarcasm.

"I thought it was my duty to be so, milady."

"Really! Say nothing about what has happened today to anyone."

"Of course not, milady."

When Anne Marie had gone out Lady Bettine said again:

"Olly! *Olly!*" Then she lay still, looking hard, almost evil, and terribly sad. Now and then she repeated, "Olly!"

Anne Marie brought her something to eat. She had little appetite, but she drank a lot of champagne.

When she had finished she said to Anne Marie, "Take it away, and then come back. I must speak to you."

"Yes, milady."

When Anne Marie came back Lady Bettine was sitting up against her pillows.

"Get a chair. Sit down!" she said.

Anne Marie sat down by the bed.

"You've been with me a long time, Anne Marie, and of course I know I can trust you."

"I hope so, milady," said Anne Marie, with quiet dignity.

"I want you to give me your promise that you won't say one word about this bracelet affair to anyone."

"Certainly I will not, milady."

"I'm unhappy about it—very. It's not only the bracelet, though I valued it very much. It's—it's the——"

"Milady, may I speak to you?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"I do hope, milady, that you are not taking a wrong idea in your head."

"What d' you mean?"

"I mean, milady, it couldn't possibly be Miss Mansfeld."

"Did I say it was?" said Lady Bettine. There was a sharp edge to her voice.

"No, milady, but you said there had been no one else in the room."

"Nor was there."

"Well, what could I think, milady?"

Lady Bettine sat up more stiffly in the bed. "Think?" she said. She seemed to hesitate, then to come to a resolution. "Think?" she said again, in a hard voice. "What's the use of thinking? Miss Mansfeld *must* have taken my bracelet."

"Oh, no, milady, never!"

"How dare you say that to me?"

"But Miss Mansfeld, milady—your ladyship's best friend, such a kind, good young lady!"

"Apparently!" cried Lady Bettine.

"But——"

"Be quiet! You irritate me."

Anne Marie folded her lips.

"I'm not fit to stand much more tonight. It's useless for you to stick up for Miss Mansfeld. She has deceived me grossly. That I *know!* D' you hear? I *know* that. And a woman who can deceive a friend who trusts her can—but she *has!*" Lady Bettine cried out, with a sudden violence that was almost hysterical. "What's the good of pretending when one knows a thing? The bracelet was there!" (She pointed.) "Miss Mansfeld went there, stood there. I remember now I was surprised at her standing before the table. I called out to her, and she moved as if she was startled. Yes, yes, she did! And when she went—she left in a great hurry; I remember that too!—the bracelet went with her, my bracelet!"

"But milady, are you positive you didn't put the bracelet away and——"

"Anne Marie, if you say much more I shall have to send you away. I shan't be able to bear the sight of you. Look for yourself. Here's the key!" She pulled a thin chain frantically over her head. A small key was attached to it. "Go and open the deerskin case, you fool!"

Anne Marie took the key, crossed the room, found the case, opened it.

"The bracelet is there, of course! Isn't it?" said Lady Bettine with intense sneering bitterness.

"No, milady, it isn't."

"How extraordinary! When of course I put it there—without remembering!"

Anne Marie softly closed the case, shut the drawer and came back with the key.

"And now if you ever say again that I don't know where I put a thing, if you ever dare to tell me I've no mind, no memory, and no knowledge of what goes on in my own bedroom *when I'm in it*, you can leave me. I won't have you about me.

"I have told you that my bracelet was on the table around the owl. Nobody went near it except Miss Mansfeld. She went to it. And when she left my room my bracelet was gone. Therefore it went with her. Now go away! Don't come near me till tomorrow morning!"

Anne Marie left the bedroom without

another word. Had she not defended Miss Mansfeld to the best of her ability?

When the night of Lottie Solesby's party arrived Lady Bettine's feverish cold was cured. She was no longer physically ill. In mind, however, she was ill. Her normal insouciance had left her. She was keen-edged and bitter.

She had not communicated with Olivia during the days which had elapsed since the loss of the bracelet, and no word had come to her from her former friend, whom she thought of now as an enemy.

"I shall meet her tonight," said Lady Bettine to Anne Marie. "I know she's going. Unless she's afraid and gives it up; if she doesn't, how will she meet me?"

Anne Marie made no reply. She had become extraordinarily reticent.

"Why don't you say something? You have no sympathy with me in this dreadful affair!" said Lady Bettine angrily.

"Milady, I have indeed. But really, milady, I cannot think that——"

"Oh, don't repeat that idiotic parrot cry! You know as well as I do that there was no one to take the bracelet but Miss Mansfeld, and yet you keep on with this ridiculous assertion that she's such a nice young lady."

She sank into an armchair and sat there staring at the carpet.

Olly a thief! Olly a trickster! Olly secretly intimate with Brett Arden! That day in the studio Olly and Brett had played a comedy to deceive the woman who trusted the one and was madly in love with the other.

It was all too horrible. It was almost incredible. And yet it was true.

"Milady, I hope you won't overtire yourself," said Anne Marie.

"D'you think I'm looking ill?" Lady Bettine went to a mirror. "More hideous even than usual!" she murmured.

And she remembered a remark she had made in Olivia's studio, "How dreadful I should be in grief!" Now grief had come to her and she was dreadful.

"What's going to happen tonight?" she said, turning around. "Pray for me, Anne Marie. You're a Breton. I'm sure you pray." She twisted her lips in a violent smile, then went out of the room followed by Anne Marie.

Colonel Fayne wasn't going to Mrs. Solesby's. He was dining at the Guards' Club.

There was still deep snow on the ground. In the foggy night the lamps of Berkeley Square looked pale, shedding patches of faint light on the snow.

"Be careful, milady; it is so cold. I could almost wish you were not going," said Anne Marie at the door.

"So could I!" said Lady Bettine, and she hurried to the motor.

It seemed to her less than a moment before the motor drew up before a long awning on either side of which stood linkmen in coats with capes, holding lanterns. At the open door powdered footmen were visible.

Linkmen — powdered footmen! Evidently old Lottie was doing herself proud.

Lady Bettine's large eyes were feverishly alert as she entered the house, went to the cloakroom. Though she didn't know it, they were extraordinary in their piercing watchfulness.

In the cloakroom, going up the stairs, everywhere, she saw people whom she knew. One of them was Roger Chumley. As she greeted him she thought, "If *he* knew what Olly is!" Like most women, she had intuition, and she was sure that Chumley was in love with Olivia, partly because he had a high opinion of her character. If he knew!

If everyone here knew what Olly really was under that straight look of hers!

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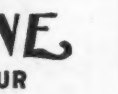

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She saw that Chumley was looking at her with strong inquiry in his eyes.

"I've been ill," she said hastily. "I got out of bed to come here. You were thinking I was looking seedy, weren't you?"

"No, really I wasn't," Chumley said. "To tell the truth, I was thinking you looked as if you were in trouble. You don't mind my saying that?"

His voice sounded sympathetic. She felt oddly touched.

"Chumley!" she said. "I am in trouble, great trouble!"

"I'm awfully sorry."

"I wish I could tell someone, but I can't. Not anybody!" There was sympathy in his eyes and she was suddenly aware of tenderness in him. "If I *could* tell anyone I believe it would be you," she murmured, "because I believe you're straight and very much a white man."

"Thank you," he said gravely.

She made a move to go upward; then said, "By the way, have you seen Olivia here—Miss Mansfeld?"

"Yes. She's somewhere upstairs. D'you want her? Shall I——"

"No—no!" she said sternly. "I'll go up and find her."

She moved on up the staircase. Chumley followed her with his eyes.

At the top of the stairs stood Mrs. Solesby. "That's right, Bettine!" she said. "I knew you wouldn't give me the knock. How's your cold?"

"Gone. I've stayed in prison for you, to be sure of being here tonight."

"René Bock is singin' in there," Mrs. Solesby said. "His first thing was shockin'. What his last will be one doesn't care to surmise. They seem pleased with him. Hullo, Dick!"

A famous sporting peer had reached the top of the staircase accompanied by a pretty Frenchwoman. And at that moment a hoarse voice, suggestive of Paris streets, became audible a little way off. Lady Bettine edged through the crowd, keeping a fixed smile on her lips.

In the distance on a platform covered with a lovely Persian carpet she saw a large, stout, swarthy, coarse-looking man, gesticulating with fat white hands as he sang. Far down the long room she saw Brett Arden smiling with narrowed eyes. And then, almost immediately, she saw Olivia.

Olivia was not smiling. Her face—Lady Bettine saw it first in profile—had an expression of cold severity which, as the song continued, deepened into a colder disgust.

As the song ended Olivia turned her head and saw Lady Bettine looking at her across the crowded room. She smiled and nodded. It seemed to Lady Bettine that there was defiance in the smile. Yes, there surely was defiance.

"She is going to brave it out!" That was Lady Bettine's startled thought. "She's going to stick to it. Olly's *bad!*"

And by the cold trickle of horror that went through her she knew that she must have cherished a hope that Olly would explain, that she had made some terrible mistake, that—she didn't know. But she must have been hoping something. And that strange look of defiance in Olly's face had slain that hope.

René Bock was evidently singing his repertoire. To Lady Bettine it seemed as if his audacious improprieties would never come to an end. But at last he retired from the Persian carpet amid applause, and everyone began to move, inspired by the expectation of supper.

Lady Bettine had a curious impulse to get away. This seemed foreign to her temperament and she wondered at it. It was almost as if *she* felt guilty. It was a failure of her courage in the face of Olly's evil. The shock enfeebled her, but she fought with herself and talked to various people, always conscious that Olly was coming towards her.

What would happen when Olly came up? What could happen? With its strange power of rapidity her mind ran through many inventions. This would happen, be said, or that—or that—or that. But what did actually happen was not anticipated by her active mind.

This happened.

Olivia came up to her. "I'm glad you are able to be out, Betty," she said.

She extended her hand and bare arm in a way designed to draw attention. Why? For a moment Lady Bettine wondered. Then she looked and saw that Olly was wearing her bracelet.

For an instant that seemed to her drawn out into an interminable length, she stood with her eyes fastened upon the glitter of its diamonds and emeralds, her diamonds, her emeralds, on Olly's arm. Then she heard Olly whisper coldly, defiantly:

"You see! He gave me a bracelet, too!"

And then, speaking to some man who perhaps was going to take her down to supper, Olivia was gone.

Lady Bettine, too, spoke to someone. For a moment she didn't know who he was. Then she saw that he was her host, Mr. Solesby.

"Let me pioneer you into the region of the loaves and fishes, Lady Bettine!" he said. "I couldn't understand a word of Bock's songs. Could you? But everyone was laughing, so I suppose they were what people wanted."

And then an intervention took place. Lady Bettine found herself without Mr. Solesby and with Roger Chumley.

"Will you go down with me?" he said.

"Yes. I'd rather go with you than with anyone else tonight."

She had a desperate feeling that she must speak of what had just happened. But of course her *savoir-faire* told her that she mustn't. She was shaken by Olly's outrageous impudence. She felt that during the intimate intercourse of years she had never known Olly at all. It was frightening to have been so deceived.

They found a tiny table in an alcove.

"Lottie really is a marvel," murmured Lady Bettine, sitting down. "And she doesn't look a bit clever." She sipped her soup. "But people, I think, often look the opposite of what they are."

She could not speak about Olly, but she could, and must, glide along the edge of truth. There was an imperious force laid upon her to do that.

Chumley didn't agree with her. They got into what should have been a polite and amusing argument. But because of what had happened, because of Lady Bettine's secret violent excitement and sense of outrage, the argument became too animated, and to his surprise Chumley found Lady Bettine angrily insisting that she was right, and that faces and manners, looks, bearing, even the sayings of human beings were utterly deceptive.

"I believe in no one," she said. "I trust no one."

"I can hardly believe that. No doubt some people are rotters, but——"

"I make no exceptions!" she interrupted sharply. "I don't know one soul I could trust, not one!"

"Then I'm sorry for you," Chumley said gravely. "I pity you."

"Perhaps you live in a fool's paradise," she said. "Perhaps you think people are trustworthy."

"Not people—only some people."

"What people? Anyone I know? Mention one—whom I know."

"I wasn't going to mention any particular man or woman."

"But I want you to. Then I can judge whether you aren't hopelessly off the rails in your appreciation of character. Tell me one." She looked at him, and it seemed to him that in her eyes there was a shining of mischievous greed. "Give me one name. Perhaps, after all, I may be able to agree with you. But I don't think so."

"Well," he said firmly, "it seems to me that your own friend, Miss Mansfeld, is a woman worthy of trust and confidence. One has only to look at her to be sure that——"

Lady Betty's long white fingers were laid on his wrist, compressing it.

"You poor man!" she said, in a low intense voice. "You poor man!"

She stared at him, and he thought her eyes were horrible. There was such a fierce satirical expression in them.

"But Lady Bettine," he said coldly, "do you know what you are saying? You are practically condemning your own friend. You can't mean to do that."

"You don't know Olly. No one knows Olly as she really is except me."

He looked more astonished. "I am sure Miss Mansfeld has a fine character," he said, with determination.

Lady Bettine laughed. "Never mind!" she said. "Don't be upset about it. One couldn't expect you to—— I thought just as you do, thought so for years. By the way, where is Olly?"

"I can't see her. But she went down to supper with Bob Colney, I think. I saw them together."

"Is Mr. Arden anywhere about?"

"I expect he's in one of the other rooms. There are three supper rooms."

And then he began to talk with grave determination on impersonal subjects. Lady Bettine knew that he did not choose to continue the horrid discussion. And the force in his bright blue eyes warned her. She had nearly told him. Yes, she had nearly spoken out.

And why shouldn't she? Why was she to hold her tongue and let Olly get off scot-free with her lie and her plunder, with her abominable treachery and deceit? Why must truth be suppressed?

Surely Olly must be punished. She had earned punishment. But if nothing was said by her, Lady Bettine, there would be no punishment for Olly.

She saw her bracelet gleaming on Olly's arm. She thought of Brett; of that visit to the studio; of those two tricking her, pretending, laughing at her.

"No reason why I should keep silent! No reason at all!" But somehow she didn't say anything explicit to Chumley.

She ate nothing and drank a good deal of champagne.

Jazz music sounded from the ballroom upstairs. People were moving away.

"You really won't eat anything?"

"No, I mustn't. Have you finished?"

"Quite. Shall we go?"

"Yes. The band makes me want to dance. But not with you."

"But why not?"

"I feel you are condemning me. But—you don't know!"

"I am quite in the dark," he said.

His voice sounded cold. Lady Bettine knew that he was thinking of her as a false friend. Perhaps some day he would know. And then he would know exactly where the falseness lay.

As they entered the ballroom Brett Arden came up to her.

She was startled. She had not made up her mind what line she would take with him. She was furious with him, but as she did not know how she was going to act in the matter of his deceit to her, she concealed her anger. When

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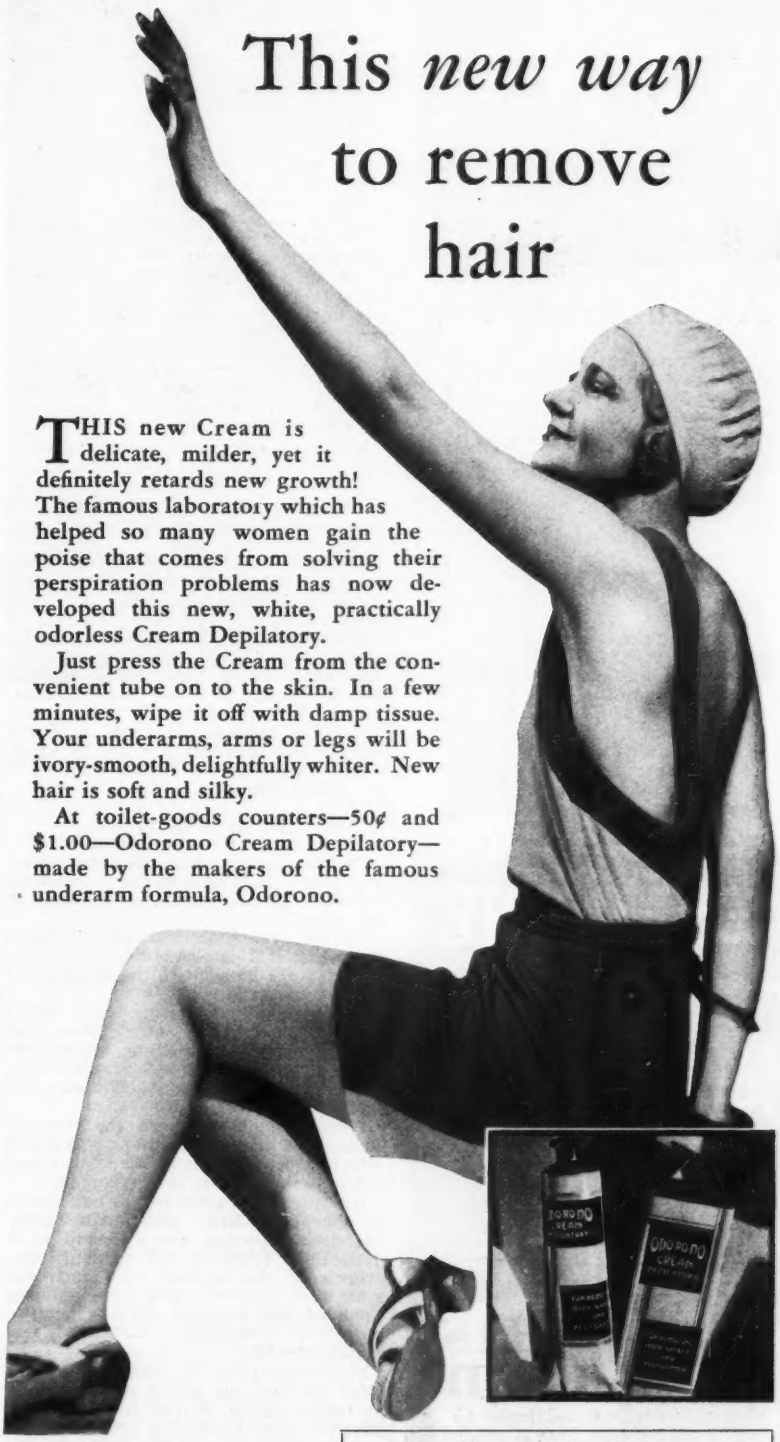

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he asked her to dance with him she agreed.

Apparently he was unaware that there was anything wrong. His manner was as gay and as careless as usual—in spots. Presently, however, she noticed that he was preoccupied, perhaps worried about something. But he did not seem to be uneasily self-conscious with her. And she did not for some time understand why he was at moments ill at ease.

Eventually, however, something happened which made her realize that his preoccupation was caused partly by her.

They had been dancing and she had said she wanted to stop for a moment.

"Let's sit here, then," he said, stopping near some chairs.

But suddenly he put his arm behind her again, and obliged her to go on dancing till they came to the far end of the ballroom.

"Better sit outside," he explained. "No people dancing over one's feet there!"

She shot a keen glance down the room and saw Olivia sitting with a man near the place where they had stopped first.

Without making any remark, she went out into the corridor and into a room out of sight of the ballroom. There she sat down on a sofa. Brett Arden sat beside her. He was now looking as usual, cool and self-possessed.

At that moment she hated him. They had tricked her. He was playing with her now. And unfortunately she was still violently in love with him.

"How well Olly's looking tonight!" she said.

Instantly he looked furtive, embarrassed. "You've seen her, then!" he said.

"Only in the distance." The lie rose to her lips inevitably. It was as if she had to tell it. And she hardly knew why. "Have you been dancing with her?" she added carelessly.

"No."

"Aren't you going to?"

"Why should I? You are here."

Curiosity crept in her. Had Brett been near Olly? Had he seen the bracelet he had given to one woman on the arm of the other?

"Haven't you spoken to Olly tonight?" she asked, still carelessly.

"Just for a moment in the crush coming in," he said.

She couldn't resist giving him a sharp look of inquiry. He didn't meet her eyes. There was something the matter with him tonight. But she couldn't guess exactly what it was. She only felt that he was uneasy, preoccupied.

Perhaps he hadn't seen the bracelet. Or perhaps he had seen it and was angry with her, believing, as no doubt he must, that she had lent it to Olly to wear.

But how much more reason had she to be angry with him! She felt strangely friendless. Having lost a friend in a particularly frightful way, suddenly, unexpectedly, she realized how much she must have depended upon Olly. Though she must hate her now, she was going to miss her frightfully. And how few friends one has!

She would never be able to have another because she would never be able to believe again in the *bona fides* of anyone. As to lovers, she could take the measure of them with the man now sitting beside her. Unfaith accompanied sexual love, and always would. But it was tragic not to be able to have even one true friend. Lady Bettine felt confused, lost, and suddenly she got up.

"I'm rather tired."

"But surely you aren't going yet."

"It must be nearly two o'clock. Good-by." She said it in a cutting voice and left him abruptly. If she had stayed longer she must have spoken.

Her intention was to get away, to go home. But she must see Lottie and explain that she got tired easily after her cold. Where was Lottie?

"Where's Lottie?" she asked, coming upon Mr. Solesby at the entrance of the drawing-room.

"Lottie? She's over there with an editor or something."

Lady Bettine saw Mrs. Solesby standing not far off in conversation with a smartly dressed and complacent-looking man, who was remarkably brown. She didn't know him. It was Mr. Blades Bircham, Olivia's sometime employer.

Lady Bettine went towards them. As she came up to them she heard Mr. Bircham say:

"Yes. I noticed that she is wearing a wonderful bracelet."

"Diamond bracelets are bein' worn in Paris by the smartest cocottes," said Mrs. Solesby.

"But this bracelet is of a unique pattern. I specially noticed. I assure you—unique!" said Mr. Bircham.

"Good night, Lottie. It's been a lovely show. Most amusing."

"But you can't go yet."

"I must. I haven't quite got over my chill, even now."

"What's the matter, Bettine? Mr. Bircham—Lady Bettine Fayne. Excuse us for a minute, will you?" She moved away a few steps with Lady Bettine. "What's the matter, Bettine?"

"What makes you think anything is the matter?"

"Your eyes. Something happen here?"

"Yes. Lottie, I feel as if I must tell someone. But I oughtn't to. And yet"—her voice hardened—"I don't see why I shouldn't."

"Do just as you like. Can I help?"

"Oh, no. No one can."

Lady Bettine paused, hesitated. Perhaps even then she would have gone away without saying a word, but at that moment she saw Olivia with Brett Arden. Then Brett must know now. And yet he was with Olivia.

What had she told him about the bracelet? How had she explained? She must have said that it had been lent to her.

An immense desire to punish Olivia took possession of Lady Bettine, mastered her. In a few hurried words she told Mrs. Solesby the story of Olivia's visit to her bedroom and of the disappearance of the bracelet, without of course saying that the bracelet was Brett Arden's gift to her.

"But you don't mean that it's the same bracelet she's wearing tonight?"

"But it is!"

"Well, for audacity!" said Mrs. Solesby. "Isn't it? Isn't it?"

"A man gave you the bracelet?"

"Well, yes."

"She didn't give any explanation?"

"She did. She said, 'He gave me a bracelet, too.'"

"That was adding—but it must be a joke, a nasty kind of joke. Did she know who gave you the bracelet or only guess?"

"Evidently she found out."

"It's a joke. She'll return the bracelet tomorrow. You'll see. I know she will. I'd bet on it. Tomorrow night you'll have it. Telephone and tell me."

"And if it isn't a joke?"

"It must be. Such a thing couldn't be anything else. Think of the danger she'd run if it was a serious theft."

"I suppose she banks on our old friendship," said Lady Bettine, with intense bitterness.

"It's a joke!" Mrs. Solesby repeated. "I'm miserable about it. Of course, say nothing. I oughtn't to have told

you, but there are moments when one has to speak. Good night, Lottie."

"Be sure you telephone tomorrow."

"Oh, yes."

As Lady Bettine went away she saw Mr. Blades Bircham's brown eyes fixed upon her with ardent curiosity.

On the following day Brett Arden left England for Paris. Like many of his kind, he often "ran across the Channel." On this occasion he flew. The wind was strong. There were a good many sideslips: his name for the peculiar drop an airplane accomplishes unexpectedly when it meets with a pocket of air. These sideslips made him feel unwell.

When he got to Paris he went to see a doctor who advised him against returning to London while the winter was on. He decided to go on to Cannes.

Perhaps it was as well for him to be away for a while. Things were becoming complicated in London, what with Olly and Lady Bettine. When he was in his usual health he enjoyed complications connected with women. The dexterous dealing with them gave him a sensation of mastery. But now, his vitality being lowered, he felt an odd, frightening need of complete rest. And women wouldn't let you rest.

He sent a couple of affectionate, blarneying notes to Lady Bettine and Olivia, telling them he was bound for the Riviera. They were angry with him. He knew it. At Lottie's party he had become aware of thunder in the air. Better be away from them both for a while.

Mr. Blades Bircham had at length come up to the scratch with Olivia about a new series of drawings for Modern Days. This time women were to be ousted by men. At Mrs. Solesby's party Mr. Bircham, meeting Olivia with Brett Arden, had arranged for a business talk at his office to draw up a list of names of desired sitters. He had fixed an hour in the afternoon of the following day, but put Olivia off over the telephone, and asked her to come four days later.

Four days later she went.

Mr. Blades Bircham, she thought, looked unusually solemn, but also extremely alert, with an inquisitive light in his brown eyes. As he greeted her, those eyes seemed to be probing her.

For a moment he talked about skating, the probability of the frost's "holding," the despair of the hunting set. Then Olivia mentioned the new series and asked what names he suggested for the list of male sitters. To her surprise Mr. Bircham answered:

"Oh, well, time enough for that!"

"But you asked me to come to arrange about it!"

Mr. Bircham's eyes looked as keen as well-sharpened knives. "Oh, I admire your work. It went well in the paper."

"But you don't want the second series immediately?"

Instead of answering the question Mr. Bircham leaned forward and observed: "A well-known paper, Miss Mansfeld, like a well-known person, has that airy, fragile, impalpable but exceedingly important possession, a reputation. This reputation it is the business of its editor to guard with the utmost care. A breath against it and a catastrophe may happen. The circulation may fall. You understand?"

"I don't understand what this has to do with me," said Olivia.

"Let me explain. I want your new series. Our subscribers like your work—so far. I hope to be able to continue with you. I say—I *hope*."

"Please go on. I have no idea why you are saying all this."

"Oh, Miss Mansfeld!"

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Mr. Bircham gently moved his sleek brown head from side to side. He was smiling slightly. Nevertheless, an ugly thrill went through Olivia—a thrill of apprehension. Something in Mr. Bircham's words, look, manner, startled her.

"Please explain what you mean."

"That would be difficult. I prefer to leave this to your own conscience."

"My conscience! How does my conscience come into a matter of business?"

"But"—he leaned forward—"surely you know what is being said?"

"Being said? About what?"

"About yourself."

Instantly Olivia's mind went to Brett Arden. Had her association with him suddenly been discovered? Was it being talked about in London?

"I don't know. Please tell me."

"You really—no, you don't." He seemed to Olivia to be slightly embarrassed. "It's difficult to speak about. An editor, you know, in my position has to hear every rumor that percolates through the world of society."

"Mr. Bircham," said Olivia, with decision, "please tell me at once what rumor about me has come to your ears."

"It's in connection with the bracelet you wore at Mrs. Solesby's party."

"What have they been saying about my bracelet?" asked Olivia.

"Well, you know how silly even well-bred people can be when they set their minds to it . . . they seem to be saying it isn't your bracelet."

Olivia sat staring at him. He wondered whether she understood all his plain statement implied.

"Ridiculous, isn't it?" he murmured, to break the uncomfortable silence.

"Not my bracelet? But if it isn't mine whose do they suppose it to be?"

"Naturally, Lady Bettine Fayne's."

"Naturally! This is beyond my comprehension!" said Olivia.

"Oh, Miss Mansfeld! Considering that Lady Bettine has lost a bracelet exactly like the one you wore."

"Betty's lost her bracelet?"

"Well, it disappeared from her bedroom."

"When?"

"I understand—don't quote me, please! —I understand it disappeared when you were visiting her one evening while she was ill. Didn't you see it?"

"Yes, I did. It was on her dressing table."

"But not after you left her! That is the silly thing they seem to be saying."

"They? Do you mean"—her voice was hard—"do you mean that Betty—Lady Bettine—is saying that?"

Mr. Bircham shrugged his shoulders. "How did the rumor get about?"

"That is what I am asking you."

"Ask yourself, dear Miss Mansfeld. I have nothing more to say."

Olivia got up. "About the series for Modern Days," she said. "I came here about that, so we'd better understand each other before I go. You haven't been absolutely explicit even now, but I suppose what you mean is this: you don't want to issue any more work by me until I clear my reputation of an accusation of theft. Is that it?"

"Well, it would be better for the paper, and surely for you, too, that there should be no silly ambiguity about this matter of the bracelet. People are so ridiculous—English people. You are an artist and I, though unfortunately not one, am, I hope, not entirely deprived of artistic sense. What does it matter to us whether a man or a woman who can do good work in the arts is this or that, has done, or has not done, this or that? All *we* look to, all *we* care about, is the quality of the work.

"But the English mass, to whom we must look for our circulation, still mixes up art with morality. There must be nothing public against the character of the favorite. And so you see——"

"I see—yes. Well, I can soon clear up this—I believe you called it ambiguity."

"The word seemed to fit the case."

"Perfectly. But first I must make sure who started this rumor."

"Don't quote me!" said Mr. Bircham.

When Olivia had gone he sat for a moment looking meditative. "A very odd business! I wish I could be the first to get it into print carefully. Perhaps it's too dangerous to handle, but it would be a marvelous scoop for the paper!"

Outside the office Olivia signaled a taxi man and told him to drive to the nearest public telephone. They were there almost directly. As she got out of the cab her legs felt weak from the startling shock she had just had. The whole thing was incomprehensible to her. That Betty should be capable of——

She rang up Brett's number. She knew he was going to Paris, but did not know for how long. The hall porter at Savoy Court answered her call and informed her that he had just received a telegram from Mr. Arden to send on all his letters to the Cercle Nautique at Cannes.

Cannes! That seemed much farther than Paris. She drove to the studio. Her intention was to write a letter to Brett.

While she was writing it she kept the taxicab. The studio was cold. She felt as if the whole world were cold.

When she had posted her letter Olivia told the chauffeur to drive to Berkeley Square. She must at once get to the bottom of this matter with Betty. It would be hideously unpleasant, of course, but it must be done.

Cator opened the door. Her ladyship was out, he informed her. Wasn't his manner embarrassed?

Olivia stood for a moment. Then she said: "Is Anne Marie in?"

"Yes, miss."

"May I see her for a minute?"

Surely Cator was embarrassed. He seemed to hesitate before saying, "Certainly, miss."

He showed Olivia into a sitting room, went to fetch Anne Marie. In two or three minutes Anne Marie came in.

"Bon soir, mademoiselle." Anne Marie looked calm, self-possessed, and as usual slightly satirical.

"I wanted to see Lady Bettine."

"Her ladyship is out, Mademoiselle."

"When do you expect her back?"

"She did not say when she would be back, Mademoiselle."

"Well, I want you to tell her that I *must* see her as soon as possible."

"I will give your message, Mademoiselle."

It struck Olivia that there was an unusually cold sound in Anne Marie's staccato voice. What did Anne Marie know about the inexplicable matter of the bracelet? Perhaps nothing. Yet Olivia felt positive that Anne Marie was not as usual, and that therefore she must be aware that something had occurred to interfere with the long friendship between her mistress and Mademoiselle Mansfeld. Olivia had a desire to push this strange woman into speech.

"Is her ladyship better?" she asked.

"Yes, Mademoiselle; much better."

"I'm going straight home. Ask her to telephone to me without fail. I shall stay in all the evening as I must speak to her."

"I will say so, Mademoiselle."

Yes, there was a great frigidity.

Olivia was at the room door about to

go into the hall when it occurred to her that there surely could be no objection to an inquiry as to whether Betty had lost anything. She might put the question casually.

"By the way, Anne Marie, someone told me today that her ladyship lost a jewel or something. A bracelet, I believe it was. Have you heard anything of it?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle." The shining gray eyes were fixed steadily on Olivia.

"What was it?"

"Her ladyship has lost a diamond bracelet, Mademoiselle."

"Really! Was it valuable?"

"I believe so, Mademoiselle. But I have never seen it."

"No?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

And that was all. Olivia couldn't say anything more just then. She was involved in the dark maze of a nightmare. Had the bracelet she had seen round the owl, then, really disappeared? Or was it possible that Betty—but no, surely that wasn't possible. It wasn't possible! Some malicious fool must have heard of the loss and coupled it with her name out of sheer passion for gossip. But Betty must set matters right at once. Olivia would go home and wait for the telephone call.

She went home; she waited; but no telephone call came.

At half past nine she could bear the uncertainty no longer and rang up Berkeley Square. Cator answered.

"Is her ladyship at home?" Olivia asked. "I am Miss Mansfeld."

"No, miss. Her ladyship is dining out; with Mrs. Solesby, I believe."

Mrs. Solesby!

"Is Anne Marie in, Cator? I should like to speak to her, please."

"I will fetch her, miss."

In a moment Anne Marie said, "Yes, Mademoiselle? Did you want me?"

"Yes. When her ladyship came in did you give her my message?"

"I did, Mademoiselle."

"Her ladyship hasn't telephoned."

"No, Mademoiselle?"

"No! . . . Well, good night, Anne Marie."

"Good night, Mademoiselle."

As Olivia put up the receiver she was conscious of a strange sense of doom. Her mind felt confused, and even her heart. Her brain worked busily, striving toward comprehension yet not reaching it. But one thing was constant. Darkness was lowering about her.

Her parents were dining out. She was still sitting up when they came home at half past eleven. She heard them talking as they came up the stairs towards the small drawing-room where she was.

Her father opened the door. When he saw her he said: "Oh, there you are!"

Her mother came in. "Olivia!" she said.

"What's the matter, Mother?"

Lady Mansfeld looked at her husband. "We don't know exactly. But——"

"There's an extraordinary rumor going about London in which your name is being mentioned, Olive," interrupted her father. "It's all nonsense, of course, but —Lady Bettine's lost a diamond bracelet, they say."

"Who says?"

"Anne Latimer told your mother tonight after dinner—at the Greytons'. I had noticed something. People seemed uneasily interested in *us*."

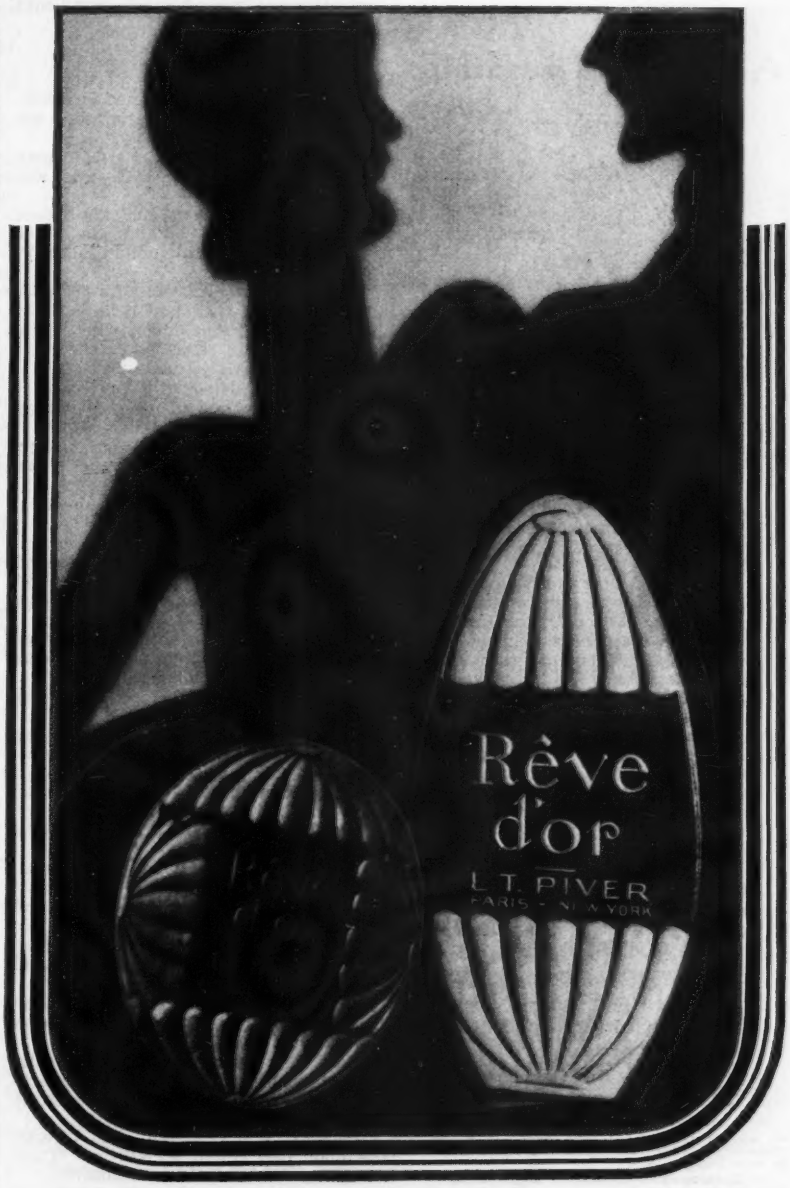
"Yes?"

"You don't know anything about this bracelet, do you?"

"I've seen it."

"Where, dear?" said Lady Mansfeld.

"I saw it in Betty's bedroom the other day. She was in bed with a chill. It was on the dressing table."



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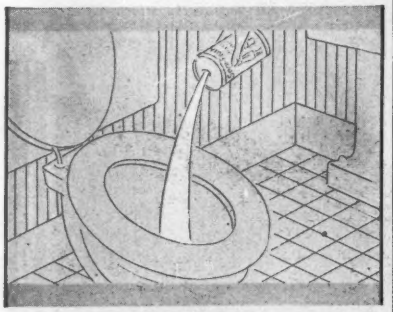

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"That's what Anne Latimer said," said Lady Mansfeld.

"Anything else?" said Olivia.

"The bracelet has disappeared."

"Yes, I know."

"How d'you know?" exclaimed Sir Leith.

"Betty's maid, Anne Marie, told me today. I called to see Betty."

"I wish you had seen her. Of course she'd have cleared up this—this absurdity."

"Olive," said Lady Mansfeld, "when you went to Lottie Solesby's the other night, did you wear a diamond bracelet?"

"Yes."

"Your father and I have never seen it."

"No. I've only just had it."

Sir Leith fidgeted about the room. "But how did you get it?" he asked.

"It was given to me."

"Who gave it to you?"

"If it's necessary, and it seems it may be, I shall say."

"But why not now?" said her mother.

"I don't want to now. What else has Lady Latimer been saying?"

"It isn't Anne. The fountainhead is Lottie Solesby—apparently."

"Well?"

"Betty Fayne's losing a diamond bracelet and your wearing a diamond bracelet just like it at her party! She has been talking."

"This will end in an action for slander if we aren't careful!" exclaimed Sir Leith, with sudden violence.

Olivia had never before seen her father so agitated.

"Don't upset yourself, Father," she said. "And don't say any more, please. Tomorrow I shall see clearly into all this, and then I shall know what to do. I was given a diamond bracelet. That has nothing to do with Betty Fayne's losing one."

"Of course not!" exclaimed Sir Leith. "How could it have?"

"The giver of it has only to speak and this nonsense drops to the ground."

"Of course!" said Lady Mansfeld. "But I don't like your accepting diamond bracelets, Olive."

"Mother," Olivia said calmly, "don't let us talk any more tonight. I'm sorry you are upset by this silly gossip."

"Dangerous gossip!" said Sir Leith.

"The person who gave me the bracelet will of course say so if I wish it. Good night."

"Person!" said Lady Mansfeld, directly the door had closed on Olivia. "Olive accepting diamonds from a man!"

"If she has!" exclaimed Sir Leith. "If she has!" He put his hands to his temples. "This is the most dreadful thing that has ever happened to us! Of course it will be explained. But if the explanation damages Olive's moral character! Who is the *person?*" And then he added in a slow dragging voice, "If there is one!"

"Leith! How can you say that—of Olive?"

"I feel this is a subterranean affair. And between two women! And such friends as those two have been! We are only in the beginning."

That night Olivia was sleepless. When the morning came she sent a telegram to Brett Arden, addressing it to the Cercle Nautique, Cannes. Then she went to the telephone and called Lady Bettine's number. Presently she heard Cator's voice saying, "Hullo?" and she gave her name and asked to speak to Lady Bettine.

"I will tell her ladyship, miss," said Cator.

A moment later Anne Marie spoke. "Her ladyship is engaged, Mademoiselle. I can take any message."

"I wish particularly to speak to her ladyship, Anne Marie. Please say so."

"I am sorry, Mademoiselle, but——"

"Does her ladyship know I am asking for her?"

There was a pause. During it Olivia knew that Anne Marie was consulting with Lady Bettine.

At last Anne Marie said: "Yes, Mademoiselle, her ladyship knows."

"She won't speak to me?"

"Her ladyship's extremely sorry, Mademoiselle, but——"

Olivia rang off. Her cheeks were burning. The end of a friendship! And what an end! But all this was impossible. It couldn't be happening.

"What are you going to do about this dreadful affair?" said her father, coming into the room at that moment. He looked at her furtively, as a man may look at a stranger about whom he is doubtful.

"You know the world, I suppose, better than I do, Father. What do you advise me to do?"

"Aren't you going to Lady Bettine?"

"No."

"Then I think you had better go to Mrs. Solesby and ask her to explain about these wicked and absurd rumors."

"I might do that."

"And if the explanation is not satisfactory it will be necessary to give the name of the person from whom you accepted that bracelet. This may cause a scandal. It's a man, of course?"

"Yes, it's a man."

"Not—not Captain Chumley?"

"Of course not."

"Then who is it?"

"You'll probably know today. I have telegraphed."

"To this man?"

"Yes. I must wait for his answer."

"And you will go to Mrs. Solesby?"

"You are sure she was the person who launched this ridiculous rumor, Father?"

"It seems so."

"And Betty?"

"What about her?"

"From whom did Lottie Solesby obtain the information that suggested her lie to her, Father?"

"Lie! Well, yes, of course it's a lie! But I can't believe—nor can you, I'm sure—that Lady Bettine can have——"

"Father, I just telephoned Bettine and asked to speak to her. She refused to speak to me. She gave no reason."

"Who spoke?"

"Anne Marie, her maid. I consider my friendship with Bettine at an end."

"This is all dreadful!" said her father. "Go to Mrs. Solesby, and take the matter up with her. Or shall I?"

"No. Whatever has to be done I'll do."

"Your mother is ill this morning."

"No reason to be ill. This absurdity will soon be finished and done with."

"But the name of the man!"

"Don't worry, Father. The man is abroad, but I should hear from him before night."

"Abroad? That's a pity."

"Everything seems to be a pity just now. But I shall have a reply to my telegram, of course. Now I'll telephone to Mrs. Solesby."

"I'll wait and hear what the answer is."

The answer was that Mrs. Solesby was sorry but she had arranged to go out of town that day. Pressure from Olivia only brought reiteration from Mrs. Solesby's butler.

Butlers! Lady's maids! Again Olivia's cheeks burned with anger.

"Evidently," she said to her father, who stood by in a condition of growing perturbation, "the only way to deal with all this is to give the name of the man

who gave me the bracelet. But I must have his permission first."

"Of course he'll give it. He must. Why should he refuse?"

"He won't refuse. But I prefer not to speak till I've heard from him."

"Can't you tell me?"

"I'd rather not."

"Then all we can do is wait for his telegram." Again he looked at his daughter furtively. "I'll tell your mother."

That evening an answer came to Olivia's telegram, but not from Brett. It seemed that she had fallen irretrievably into the servants' hall. The telegram was from Brett Arden's valet, Wacher, and was as follows:

> Sorry to have to say Mister Arden too ill to reply your telegram following motor accident bad heart attack is in nursing home Wacher

Sir Leith came into the room while Olivia was still reading it, rereading it.

"Well?" he exclaimed sharply. "Well?"

Olivia looked up from the paper.

"What's the matter?"

"The matter is, I must go to Cannes."

"Cannes! Then does he refuse to——"

"He doesn't refuse or agree. He's too ill. Perhaps he's dying."

"But who is it? Who is it?"

Olivia looked down at the telegram, almost as if asking for permission. "Will you give me your word of honor not to say if I tell you?"

"I must tell your mother."

"No. Your word of honor—till *I* tell Mother, anyone, everyone, perhaps."

"Very well. I give it! I give it!"

"It's Brett Arden."

"Brett Arden gave you a bracelet—diamonds! But you scarcely know him!"

"I know him quite well. I've met him hunting. I've seen him at parties. He was at Lottie Solesby's the other night."

"But why should he give you diamonds? He's married! He can't possibly——"

"Father, I'm going to Cannes."

"To visit Brett Arden? No indeed! I can't allow——"

"Father, I'm going to Cannes tomorrow."

"But what's the meaning of all this? Why should Brett Arden give you jewels?"

"I can't discuss it now. You will probably know everything soon. I seem to see it coming." She stared straight before her. Her eyes frightened her father.

"But—but," he stammered, "how am I to explain your departure alone to Cannes to your mother?"

"I'll tell her that it is connected with this affair of the bracelet."

"But of course she'll ask questions!"

"We can't help that."

Lady Mansfeld did ask many questions. They went unanswered. For Sir Leith kept his word, and though finally his wife dissolved in tears, he simply reiterated the phrase, "You will know everything in good time, dear."

Poor comfort for an inquisitive woman!

On the next morning Olivia started for Cannes by the Riviera express. Her father saw her off at Victoria. She was aloof, remote, self-possessed, cruelly determined, not seeking sympathy, refusing any demonstration of affection.

But he detected now and then in her eyes an expression which frightened him. It was so fierce, so barbarous, he thought, that it half revealed to him someone whom he could not recognize as his daughter.

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seemed to know something: that this journey was useless, utterly useless.

She seemed aware of design, and the death of Brett was part of that design, and so had to be. Otherwise the design would be botched, would be imperfect. And that the Designer did not intend to permit. Already, therefore, in her imagination Brett was endowed with the frail and tragic remoteness of those blotted out of life.

Dawn came, and the romantic bareness of Provence replaced the snowy fields of England. Marseille was left behind. And there were the promontories, the bays, the mountain silhouettes. Some sunshine there was, too, but not much blue. It was a pale and gray Riviera that gave itself to the rushing train.

At last the train drew in to Cannes. She got into an omnibus and drove to the Grand Hotel, took a room there, had a bath, dressed, ordered a taxicab and went to the Cercle Nautique. She had no feeling that Brett was near her.

At the Cercle Nautique she inquired the address of the nursing home to which he had been taken. It was on the hill in the Californie region. She felt dull and heavy as the taxicab climbed up from the town. At last it stopped before a white villa in a garden. She got out and rang a bell. A small woman dressed as a nurse opened the door.

"Yes, Madame?"

"I believe a friend of mine is staying here—Mr. Brett Arden," said Olivia.

The nurse stood for an instant in hesitation. Her face was grave. "I'm sorry!" she said. "You came to visit him?"

"Yes. I've traveled out from England."

"I'm very, very sorry."

"He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes; at ten o'clock this morning."

"He had a motor accident, I believe."

"Yes, coming from Monte Carlo on the upper road. The car he was in was smashed. He wasn't touched—not a scratch—but the violent shock brought on a heart attack. Poor fellow!" She paused. "Do you want to see the body?"

Olivia did not answer immediately. Then she said, "No, thank you. But I should like to see his man, Wacher."

"I'll fetch him. Please come in."

Olivia went into a small sitting room, and the nurse went away to find Wacher. When he came she made more inquiries.

"Was he able to read—letters, for instance?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Poor Mr. Arden was much too ill for that."

"I wrote a letter to him. I suppose it's here. Do you think I could have it?"

"I don't know what the rule is, ma'am."

"It's a letter on dark blue paper and on the envelope there's a crest, a lion on a rose."

"Oh, I've seen it, ma'am."

"You might bring it?"

"I'll see, ma'am," said Wacher.

"Wait a moment! I sent Mr. Arden a telegram. Do you know where it is?"

"I destroyed it, ma'am, when I replied to it," said Wacher. He went away and soon came back with Olivia's letter.

"I don't think they can say anything against my giving you this, ma'am."

"They can't. A letter belongs to the writer of it, I believe, in such a case as this. Please accept this, Wacher."

She gave him a pound note and went away with the letter.

Two days afterwards she attended Brett Arden's funeral. There she saw his wife, the woman who had refused to divorce him. Mrs. Arden saw her. They did not know each other, but each knew who the other was. Mrs. Arden's stare at first seemed to say, "What are *you* doing here?" But it was replaced by a satirical, understanding look. "One of Brett's women!"

Olivia went away from the cemetery saying to herself, "That is what I have been—one of Brett's women."

On the day after the funeral she went back to London, carrying with her the letter she had written to Brett.

When she reached Great Cumberland Place it was night. She found her father and mother still in the dining room. As Olivia opened the door she heard her mother saying:

"But why don't you do something? Why don't you go to Lady Bettine and *make* her see how—— Olive! Back already! Why didn't you telegraph?"

"I don't know. What good would it have done? I suppose you've seen in the papers that he's dead?"

"Who's dead?" said Lady Mansfeld.

"The man I went to Cannes to see," said Olivia. "Brett Arden."

"Mr. Arden!" said Lady Mansfeld, in sheer amazement. "Of course he's dead! But what had you to do with him? Why, we scarcely knew him."

"I knew him. And it was he who gave me the diamond bracelet I wore at Mrs. Solesby's party."

"He gave—but why did you go to Cannes?"

"To ask him to let people know I had the bracelet from him."

"When you arrived——?" asked her father.

"He was dead, Father."

"This really is awful!" he exclaimed. "All over London it's being said that you stole the bracelet from Lady Bettine."

"Everybody's talking about it!" cried Lady Mansfeld. "There has even been a paragraph in one of the papers."

"What paper?" asked Olivia.

"The paper you drew for—Modern Days."

"Do you mean it accuses me of——"

"Oh, no! Of course not! It wouldn't dare. But anyone can read between the lines. It says two women friends, well known in society, have had a deadly quarrel over a lost bracelet, and mentions Mrs. Solesby's party, and that one of the friends saw what she thought was *her* bracelet on the arm of her friend, and—and——" Suddenly Lady Mansfeld broke down. "The disgrace of this!" she wailed.

"Be quiet, Adelaide," said Sir Leith sternly. "Now Olive is back the question is, what's to be done?"

"Tomorrow, Father, tomorrow!" said Olivia. "I can't—not tonight. I'll go up to my room now. Good night."

"But you must eat!"

"Send me something, anything. It's no use crying, Mother." Suddenly her face became stern. "Do you cry because you think I'm a thief?" she said.

"No, no! Of course not! But the disgrace!"

"The only disgrace would be if I *were* a thief. Don't cry. There's nothing to cry about."

As she was going out of the room Sir Leith said, "There's a letter for you in your room."

When she was in her bedroom Olivia found there several letters. She turned them over. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she tore the envelope of one mechanically, drew out its contents, unfolded the paper.

She read a proposal of marriage from Roger Chumley.

With Brett Arden dead, there is no one who can bear witness to Olivia's innocence. *What can she do?* Next Month Robert Hichens takes you with Olivia through the darkest hours of her life

Greatest American

(Continued from page 39)

very much of me until I am through with this car."

That was my second car. My job with the electric-light company was only a means to an end. A man comes into this world, I believe, with accumulated experiences which mold his mind into a certain sort of career. My first car was a part of that experience and it had run. From it I learned some facts which I was putting into my second car. From that second car I learned some facts which I put into a third car. The process is still going on and will go on as long as I live.

In building my second car, to repeat, I knew that I was right, but sometimes I wondered a little whether I might not be wasting my time. I should have gone on without the commendation of Edison, but with his approval I went on at least twice as fast as I should have otherwise. I was doubly assured by him, for he removed all doubt about the possibility of wasting time. To Edison must be given some of the credit for hastening the realization of the automobile as we know it today—with an internal combustion engine.

It just so happened that the Edison who came into my life in this remarkable way had been my ideal since boyhood. I first heard of him in a way that impressed me during 1879 or '80 when the invention and quick adoption of his incandescent light made him a world figure and filled the newspapers with articles about him. I had just left home to work in a machine shop and was only seventeen. I admired the inventions of the man and also the man himself, but what hit my mind hardest was his gift for hard, continuous work. And now that I have known him personally for thirty-four years it is still his capacity for hard working and hard thinking that stands out in my mind above everything else.

For, when all is said and done, the ability to work means more than anything else. Mr. Edison has a wonderfully imaginative mind and also a most remarkable memory. Yet all of his talents would never have brought anything big into the world had he not had within him that driving force which pushes him on continuously and regardless of everything until he has finished that which he started out to do. He will not recognize even the possibility of defeat. He believes that unflinching, unremitting work will accomplish anything. It was this genius for hard work that fired me as a lad and made Mr. Edison my hero, and all these years of knowing him have only strengthened the hold that he had gained on me long before I ever met him.

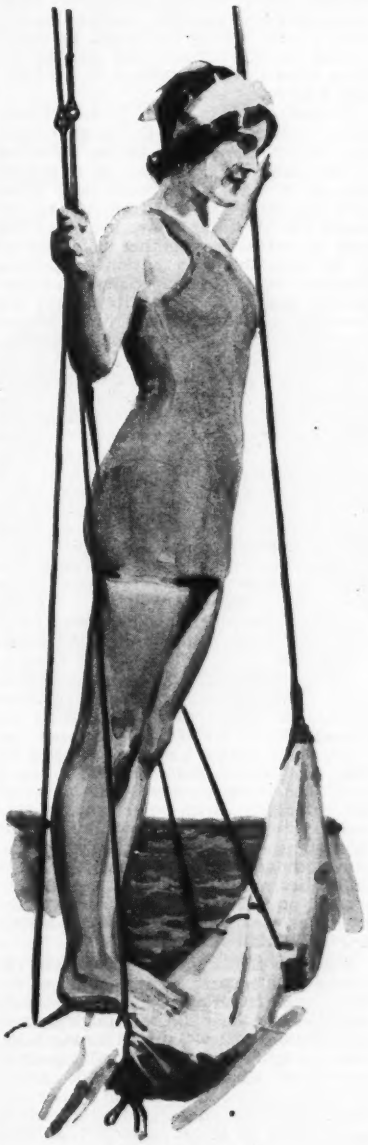
I often think how pleasant an experience has befallen me, in that my boyhood's hero became my later manhood's friend. It is a circumstance that in the nature of things cannot occur very often.

After that first meeting in 1896, I saw him again two or three years later in his laboratory in West Orange, New Jersey, where he had moved from Menlo Park. I had the thought of finding a storage battery which would give enough power to enable us to combine a starter and a generator in one motor unit, as well as provide all the other electrical needs of an automobile.

As I began to explain to him what I wanted, I reached for a sheet of paper and so did he. In an instant we found ourselves talking with drawings instead of with words. We both noticed it at

Quickest Relief from sunburn pain

because Unguentine goes as deep as the burn



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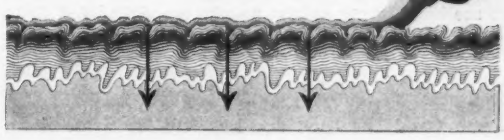
Unguentine

goes as deep as the burn

Norwich



{ *epidermis, or upper skin.*

{ *dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine goes.*

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the same moment and began to laugh. Edison said:

"We both work the same way."

He settled my problem by saying that the generator and starter would always have to be separate units, and a quarter-century of automobile experience has confirmed that early judgment.

But that meeting drew me closer to Mr. Edison as a sort of touchstone of inspiration. With the years I have grown to know him better and better. We have camped together many times—and one gets to know a man while camping. I have a place next to his at Fort Myers, Florida, where he had established himself in the late 'eighties, just so that his work in the winter would not be interrupted by the climate and also to get away from the interruptions of his business interests.

I have come to know him, I think, rather intimately, and the more I have seen of him the greater he has appeared to me—both as a servant of humanity and as a man. And because I think that the man and his work are an example for all time, I have set about the task of gathering together not only all of the available information concerning him but also I have been assembling personally and with the aid of others the material facts of his life—the buildings, the tools, the furniture and the books that he used.

Some of these I am preserving at Dearborn in a museum and school of technology dedicated to him. The scenes of his greatest work—the laboratory and other buildings from Menlo Park, where the incandescent lamp was invented, and the laboratory which he used for forty-five years at Fort Myers, Florida—have been moved piecemeal to a point hard by the museum, and there erected just as they were when the great work was done in them. They are there to be preserved—I hope for all time—as the record of the experience of a very great man and as an inspiration to American youth.

Edison comes of fine, solid American stock. His ancestors, emigrating from Holland in 1730, took up land along the Passaic River in New Jersey not far from where Edison has spent most of his life. His father, Samuel Edison, was a man considerably above the average general ability, with something of that same distaste that is shown by his son in keeping an interest in any project or discovery the moment that the chief difficulties are overcome and the thing is started on its way. His mother was the daughter of the Reverend John Elliott, a Presbyterian minister.

For both of his parents Mr. Edison has a very high respect. They could not entirely understand him as a boy, nor could anyone else. They did very mightily help him to help himself, in the strong belief that he knew what he was doing or at least might some day know. His mother gave him a start in education by her personal teaching and encouraged him in his reading in those subjects that most interested him. Edison would have conquered and come through in any event, but he came forward more quickly in his development because both his parents helped whenever they knew how to help and never stood in his way just because they did not know how to help.

The family went west to Milan, Ohio, and there on February 11, 1847, Thomas Alva Edison was born. They lived there until 1854, when they moved to Port Huron, Michigan.

Edison's recollections go back much further than is usual. One day he and I held a contest as to who could remember back furthest and he wrote down the following as his earliest memories:

"First: Creeping to get a Mexican silver dollar given to me by my sister's suitor.

"Second: Held in arms to witness the marriage of my sister to this same young man.

"Third: Three prairie schooner wagons on the way to California camped near our house."

This takes his recollection back to 1849-50—when he was between two and three years old. The best that I could do was to remember my father's taking me to see a song sparrow's nest when I was three and a half years old. And incidentally that has ever since been my favorite bird.

Nothing, however, appears to have happened at Milan particularly to impress Edison. His birthplace there has been exactly preserved and is still occupied by a member of the family. The house is a plain, solid, brick dwelling of a type common to the country—a single story with the attic rooms finished. It is on a hillside and the basement opens on a lower level. It is a comfortable-enough place.

The Edisons were never actually poor—that is, they always had a good house and enough to eat and to wear. That Edison arose out of dire poverty is only a fiction. His parents could have provided for any ordinary needs, but the boy later developed such extraordinary needs that no family in average circumstances could have provided for them. His real life began at Port Huron in a house which has since been destroyed by fire.

At the Port Huron public school Edison had just three months of regular schooling—and that is all he ever had. For then his mother took him out and taught him herself. Mrs. Edison, who had been a teacher, saw him for what he was and saved him from the bad effects of a too great distaste for schools.

He quickly learned to read—and he has been reading ever since. It is hardly possible to mention any book of major importance on any subject which he has not read. I found a copy of "Natural and Experimental Philosophy" by Richard Green Parker, published in 1856, which was the same textbook that I used in school, and this, it turned out, was the first book on science he had ever read. He wrote on the flyleaf:

"Parker's Philosophy was the first book in science that I read when a boy nine years old. I picked it out as the first I could understand."

That book had in it about all that was known of science at the time. It covered everything from steam engines to balloons and also all the chemistry that was known, together with hundreds of different experiments. It was hardly a book for a boy of nine, but it was the book that Edison had been looking for. It gave to him his first view of the world of science. And it seemed that his destiny had formed him for the world of science. In the course of time he tried nearly every experiment in the book, but first of all he tried the chemical experiments, for at heart Edison was and still is a chemist.

It was absolutely characteristic of him that he made the experiments instead of taking them for granted. He has never taken anything for granted; he verifies every scientific fact for himself just to be sure that it is a fact—and also to find out the "why." He set up a laboratory in the cellar of his house and every penny he could get went to the local drug store for chemicals.

He kept up his reading, but soon his need for materials and chemicals for experimenting became too great for the

small amounts of money which a boy could obtain from his father, and it was this and not the poverty of the family which led him, when between twelve and thirteen, to get a job as newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway between Port Huron and Detroit. He would have had the job earlier if his family had let him. They consented to his taking the place only because it did not involve living away from home.

Money to Edison has always meant only the wherewithal to make experiments. He has never in the least cared for money as a thing of itself, but also he is one of the few pioneers in the world of science who has always stood squarely on his own feet and earned the money to carry on whatever work he found most useful and interesting.

He set up a little laboratory—as is well known—in the baggage car on the train where he kept his newspapers and supplies, and the needs of this laboratory soon outran his earnings, so that he had to look around for further funds. That took him into publishing a small newspaper—the Weekly Herald—which he printed right on the train. His original printing press cannot be found, but I discovered one made by the same manufacturer which Edison has said is an exact duplicate of the original.

The point, however, is not that young Edison published a newspaper for the first time on a train or that he was able to get out a first-class sheet at so early an age. The point is that he had in him so irrepressible an urge to be a scientist that his ingenuity was quickened in every direction so that he could earn money to carry on his real work.

Of course he did not then know his real work but he did know that he must discover the properties of matter before he could do anything with it. He was not just a clever boy with a flair for earning money; he earned money only to an end. His every penny above bare subsistence went for books or chemicals.

By the time he was fifteen he was well abreast of the total fund of scientific knowledge of the day. I have a copy of this Weekly Herald and it is a chatty, interesting paper. Edison has always had the ability to put down what he wants to say in a very few words and with absolute clearness. His thought is always clear and that is why what he writes is clear.

In the baggage-car laboratory he one day dropped a stick of phosphorus. That started a blaze and the train conductor came in while Edison was trying to put out the fire. The story has always been that the conductor boxed the boy's ears so furiously as to injure the drums and that it is from this ear-boxing that Edison's deafness dates.

It is true that the conductor did find the fire and that he ordered Edison and his laboratory out at the next station, which was Smith's Creek, Michigan, but the ear-boxing never happened. (The Smith's Creek station, by the way, is now erected brick by brick at Dearborn. Sixty-seven years after Edison had been thrown off, he was escorted from a train at that same depot by the President of the United States, Herbert Hoover.) There is a doubt whether it could ever have happened, for Edison, although he had been a weak child, was already gaining some of the strength and physique which has carried him through the years. He was not at all a fighter—he regards fighting as time-wasting—but he could take care of himself and was not at all the sort of person to be cuffed about by anyone. The deafness began quite differently. He pointed out the spot to me just outside of Fraser, Michigan.

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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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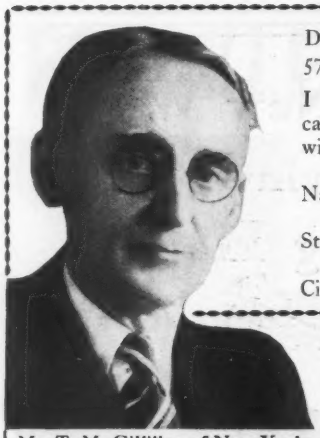

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RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

"I was delayed in waiting on some of my newspaper customers," he told me, "and the train started ahead. I ran after it and caught the rear step nearly out of wind and hardly able to lift myself up, for the steps in those days were high. A trainman reached over and grabbed me by the ears, and as he pulled me up I felt something in my ears crack and right after that I began to get deaf. The ear-boxing incident never happened. If it was that man who injured my hearing, he did it while saving my life."

This may or may not have started Edison's trouble with his ears; his extreme deafness dates from an operation for mastoiditis some years ago. He has never, contrary to the usual reports, actually been glad that he was deaf. But he is the kind of man to turn a physical ill into an advantage.

Instead of mourning the loss of his hearing, he sought to discover whether there were not some affairs in which a deaf man could be of more use than a man with normal hearing. He once told me that he personally would be glad to have his hearing restored but that he thought he was actually of more use to the country because he was deaf. At another time he said:

"This deafness has been of great advantage to me in various ways. When in a telegraph office, I could only hear the instrument directly on the table at which I sat, and, unlike the other operators, I was not bothered by the other instruments. Again, in experimenting on the telephone, I had to improve the transmitter so I could hear it. This made the telephone commercial, as the magneto telephone receiver of the time was too weak to be used as a transmitter commercially.

"It was the same with the phonograph. The great defect of that instrument was the rendering of the overtones in music, and the hissing consonants in speech. I worked over one year, twenty hours a day, Sundays and all, to get the word 'specie' perfectly recorded and reproduced on the phonograph. When this was done I knew that everything else could be done—which was a fact. Again, my nerves have been preserved intact. Many disturbing sounds do not reach me at all."

It was purely an accident that started Edison into electricity. His main work as a boy was in chemistry and, although he was interested in everything and tried out many experiments in electricity, he had no thought, so he has told me, of being other than a chemist. In his railroad life he was constantly thrown with telegraph operators and they helped with his newspaper. He saw that they had a good deal of leisure time and he knew that they were fairly well paid.

He wanted time for experimenting and he wanted money to finance the buying of chemicals, for as he went further into his subjects the expense became greater and greater. For these reasons he thought that a telegrapher's job would be better than the somewhat intricate job he had made for himself as a newsboy. The chance to learn to use the key came most unexpectedly.

In August, 1862, while at Mt. Clemens station, he saw the infant daughter of J. U. Mackenzie, the station agent, crawling on the tracks in front of a shunted box car. He made a dash, picked her up and took her to the father. He did not risk his own life and he was not even grazed by the car, but he did save the child's life. Out of gratitude the father taught young Edison the elements of telegraphy.

The boy picked it up very quickly and soon was an expert operator—one of the best, if not the best, in the country and able to send or receive with anyone. The operator's job which eventually took him all over the country was only a means to an end, but it directed him into electricity and diverted him from first making his name and fame as a chemist. Rescuing that child from the tracks was the start of that section of Edison's career which gave us the incandescent light and that whole new system of electrical power which has brought in modern industry.

It is the fashion to call this the age of industry. Rather, we should call it the age of Edison. For he is the founder of modern industry in this country. He has formed for us a new kind of declaration of independence. The Declaration of Independence stated certain principles of political liberty. The Edison declaration is not in words. It is in the nature of a kit of tools, by the use of which each and every person among us has gained a larger measure of economic liberty than had ever previously been thought possible.

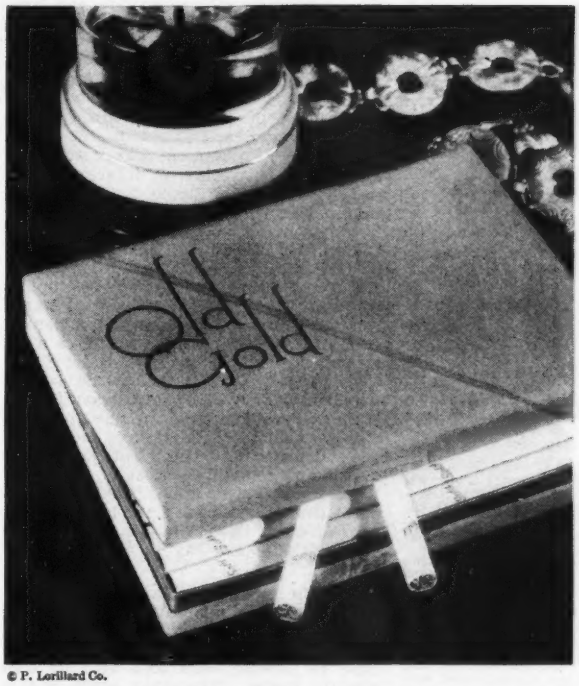
We are only learning to use the tools and the methods that he has given to us. Already our general prosperity leads the world, and this is due to the fact that we have had Edison. Nearly every important factor in our prosperity directly or indirectly traces back to some invention by him. He is not only fundamental in our present prosperity but he has further discoveries and inventions of which we can avail ourselves when the need comes.

A great part of what Edison has done is now so much a part of our lives and so commonplace that we forget we owe it to him. His work has not only created many millions of new jobs but also—and without qualification—it has made every job more remunerative. Edison has done more toward abolishing poverty than have all the reformers and statesmen since the beginning of the world. He has provided man with the means to help himself.

The work of Edison falls into two great divisions. The first has to do with his direct contributions of inventions—of tools. The second has to do with his example in linking science with our everyday life and demonstrating that, through patient, unremitting testing and trying, any problem may eventually be solved. It is certainly useless and probably impossible to determine whether his actual accomplishments or the force of his example have been the more valuable to us.

These statements may seem extravagant—as arising out of my own great admiration for the man. In truth, the statements fall short of the facts. Our prosperity of today would be impossible were it not for the mobility of our artificial power and the facility of our communication and transportation. Behind all of these is Edison. Look at some of his work in brief summary and from the viewpoint of its effects:

(1) The invention of the incandescent lamp freed us from the limitations of daylight and added many active hours to every day. People need more things during the long electric day than they could need during the short natural day or the somewhat longer days of the candle, the lamp or the gaslight. None of these forms of artificial illumination approach the convenience of the incandescent light. Lengthening the time in which people might consume naturally increased the volume of consumption and therefore created more jobs. We gain in wealth not simply by production but by



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the production of goods that are consumed. The incandescent light not only increased the volume of consumption but it gave light to the factories so that production could be carried on as efficiently at night as by day with a consequent cheapening of production through the use of less capital equipment.

(2) The incandescent lamp would of itself have been only an interesting toy if Edison had not taken over the solution of the whole problem and created a new system for both the generation and the distribution of electricity. He evolved a dynamo which turned into electricity ninety percent of the applied power instead of the forty percent which was then the record of the best dynamos. And then, through his invention of what is called the "three-wire system," he saved nearly two-thirds of the copper which would have been necessary to distribute the current on the existing two-wire systems. Without his more efficient dynamo and the great savings he effected in copper, the cost of electricity to the consumer would have been so great that it could not have been considered as other than a luxury. He started electricity on its way to being a commodity.

(3) The provision of a whole new system of electric generation emancipated industry from the leather belt and the line shaft, for it eventually became possible to provide each tool with its own electric motor. This may seem only a detail of minor importance. In fact, modern industry could not be carried on with the belt and line shaft for a number of reasons. The motor enabled machinery to be arranged according to the sequence of the work, and that alone has probably doubled the efficiency of industry, for it has cut out a tremendous amount of useless handling and hauling. The belt and shaft were also very wasteful of power—so wasteful, indeed, that no factory could be really large, for even the longest line shaft was small according to modern requirements. Also high-speed tools were impossible under the old conditions—neither the pulleys nor the belts could stand modern speeds. Without high-speed tools and the finer steels which they brought about, there could be nothing of what we call modern industry. That means that we could not have the present combination of high wages and low-priced goods. The present-day low-priced automobile, to mention only one out of thousands of commodities, would be a high-priced luxury article without the aid of the electric motor in its manufacturing.

Electricity as a servant of general utility began with Edison. No one has as yet been able to comprehend how far-reaching this use of electricity really is, for it goes through every phase of our life. But, in addition, Mr. Edison's inventions and developments were fundamental to the practical introduction of the telephone and to the extension of the telegraph as a cheap and general method of communication. He also made the typewriter a practical office machine and performed the largest single work in the development of the storage battery.

These inventions, the purport of which I have sketched, have made modern industry possible. Without them we could not have volume production and without them we could not have the large corporation, for it depends upon volume production, quick transport and quick communication. These things have vitally changed all of our lives, but also and in a different way our lives have been changed by the phonograph and by the motion picture, and for both of these Edison is primarily responsible. In each he was the pioneer. He was also a pioneer in radio work, but he did not follow it through because of other and more pressing matters.

In the field of building and construction he did pioneer work in the processes of cement making, in the composition and mixing of concrete and in the devising of methods by which buildings might be constructed by pouring liquid concrete instead of putting them up brick by brick or block by block. This involved the developing of a concrete which could be poured without having all the larger solid matter sink to the bottom, leaving a mass of unequal strength. He perfected a method of pouring the entirety of a good-sized cottage in a single mold and by a single operation. But in this, as in many other things, he was ahead of his time. Many buildings are now being poured in part and eventually we shall see the entirety of building revolutionized.

For the future he has provided many inventions which we shall work into or which we may turn to in necessity. Chief among these is his process of extracting iron from low-grade ore. This he developed and put into operation in New Jersey at a cost to him of several million dollars. Then came the discovery of the high-grade ores in the Missabe region. But his process gives us an absolute assurance that at no time shall we ever suffer from the lack of cheap iron. He has insured to us iron for all time; he can profitably use ore which would otherwise be worthless on account of the expense of getting out the small percentage of iron.

Once Edison has fully demonstrated the practical utility of any invention and has sketched its possible developments, he begins to lose interest and prefers to turn over the actual development to others and to engage himself with something new. I do not know of a single one of his inventions, the development and manufacture of which could not have taken the whole life of any man.

In fact, the development and elaboration of his inventions is today taking the entire time of many thousands of men, but fortunately for the country his mind is too restless and too inquiring to be held to a single subject—once he has overcome all the difficulties which have baffled everyone else. He finishes his task, puts his product into actual manufacturing, sketches the eventual development in a peculiarly unerring way, and then opens up on another subject which has been pressing for his attention.

For instance, as far back as 1878 he wrote down the following possible applications of the phonograph—which he had just then completed. It will be noted that some of these applications have already been made and that none of them today seems extraordinary. But imagine this vision in 1878! Here is the list:

"1. Letter writing and all kinds of dictation without the aid of a stenographer.

"2. Phonographic books, which will speak to blind people without effort on their part.

"3. The teaching of elocution.

"4. Reproduction of music.

"5. The 'Family Record'—a registry of sayings, reminiscences, et cetera, by members of a family in their own voices, and of the last words of dying persons.

"6. Music boxes and toys.

"7. Clocks that should announce in articulate speech the time for going home, going to meals, et cetera.

"8. The preservation of languages by exact reproduction of the manner of pronouncing.

"9. Educational purposes: such as preserving the explanations made by a teacher, so that the pupil can refer to them at any moment, and spelling or other lessons placed upon the phonograph for convenience in committing to memory.

"10. Connection with the telephone, so as to make that instrument an auxiliary in the transmission of permanent and invaluable records, instead of being the recipient of momentary and fleeting communication."

Of the typewriter, which was brought to him to be improved and perfected, he said:

"The typewriter proved a difficult thing to make commercial. The alignment of the letters was awful. One letter would be one-sixteenth of an inch above the others; and all the letters wanted to wander out of line. I worked on it till the machine gave fair results. Some were made and used in the office. A few of us were very sanguine that some day all business letters would be written on a typewriter. The typewriter I got into commercial shape is now known as the Remington."

In another age and time, each of Edison's inventions would have been considered either as unique scientific discoveries or as scientific toys. The older scientists made their discoveries as things of themselves and were so far away from the daily workaday world that they would have lost standing had they even suggested the possibility that their studies could have any commercial application. Then Edison came along—a greater scientist than any of them but without being bound by the old scientific traditions. He was a scientist but also he was a man of extraordinary common sense. It was a new combination.

Edison thought of science as an aid to mankind and, instead of being a specialist in any one branch, he reviewed every branch in order to assemble and select the best ways and means of accomplishing whatever he had in mind to do. He was not an inventor in the sense that he just thought up certain methods and devices—as I shall explain in a subsequent article. He was a whole experimental laboratory in himself and definitely ended the distinction between the theoretical man of science and the practical man of science, so that today we think of scientific discoveries in connection with their possible present or future application to the needs of man. On the one hand, he took the old rule-of-thumb methods out of industry and substituted exact scientific knowledge, while on the other hand he directed scientific research into useful channels.

The scientists of the old school have never considered Edison as one of themselves, because he did practical things instead of just making and recording experiments. The engineers have not considered him an engineer because he never worked on traditional engineering lines. In fact, he is both a scientist and an engineer, and he established the modern spirit in both science and engineering—which is to say, that the engineers depend on the scientists and the scientists depend on the engineers.

A considerable portion of his work during a part of his life was in making practical commercial products out of inventions—such as the typewriter—that were brought to him. He founded something in the nature of a new school of applied science and, by reason of this, his own developments, after he had carried them a certain distance or put them into practice, could be taken up by others and developed in detail.

Edison never stopped until he had

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made a commercial product. Then his interest ceased, for, although he has been a most distinguished manufacturer, he does not like to bother with business details. This could not be better illustrated than with the incandescent lamp. He did not stop with the lamp. He took it as the start of a whole new system which had to comprehend a great number of points. These he once set down in a memorandum which is as follows:

"First—To conceive a broad and fundamentally correct method of distributing the current, satisfactorily in a scientific sense and practical commercially in its efficiency and economy. This meant a comprehensive plan, analogous to illumination by gas, covering a network of conductors, all connected together, so that in any given city area the lights could be fed with electricity from several directions, thus eliminating any interruption due to disturbance on any particular section.

"Second—To devise an electric lamp that would give about the same amount of light as a gas jet, which custom had proven to be a suitable and useful unit. This lamp must possess the quality of requiring only a small investment in the copper conductors reaching it. Each lamp must be independent of every other lamp. Each and all the lights must be produced and operated with sufficient economy to compete on a commercial basis with gas. The lamp must be durable, capable of being easily and safely handled by the public, and one that would remain capable of burning at full incandescence and candle power a great length of time.

"Third—To devise means whereby the amount of electrical energy furnished to each and every customer could be determined, as in the case of gas, and so that this could be done cheaply and reliably by a meter at the customer's premises.

"Fourth—To elaborate a system or network of conductors capable of being placed underground or overhead, which would allow of being tapped at any intervals, so that service wires could be run from the main conductors in the street into each building. Where these mains go below the surface of the thoroughfare, as in large cities, there must be protective conduit or pipe for the copper conductors, and these pipes must allow of being tapped wherever necessary. With these conductors and pipes must also be furnished manholes, junction boxes, connections, and a host of varied paraphernalia, insuring perfect general distribution.

"Fifth—To devise means for maintaining at all points in an extended area of distribution a practically even pressure of current, so that all the lamps, wherever located, near or far away from the central station, should give an equal light at all times, independent of the number that might be turned on; and safeguarding the lamps against rupture by sudden and violent fluctuations of current. There must also be means for thus regulating at the point where the current was generated the quality of pressure of the current throughout the whole lighting area, with devices for indicating what such pressure might actually be at various points in the area.

"Sixth—To design efficient dynamos, such not being in existence at the time, that would convert economically the steam power of high-speed engines into electrical energy, together with means for connecting and disconnecting them with the exterior consumption circuits; means for regulating, equalizing their loads, and adjusting the number of dynamos to be used according to the fluctuating demands on the central station. Also the arrangement of complete stations with steam and electric apparatus and auxiliary devices for insuring their efficient and continuous operation.

"Seventh—To invent safety devices that would prevent the current from becoming excessive upon any conductors, causing fire or other injury; also to invent switches for turning the current on and off; lampholders, fixtures (sockets), and the like; also means and methods for establishing the interior circuits that were to carry current to chandeliers and fixtures in buildings.

"Eighth—To design commercially efficient motors to operate elevators, printing presses, lathes, fans, blowers, et cetera, by the current generated in central stations and distributed through the network of main conductors installed in the city streets. Motors of this kind were unknown when I formulated my plans."

The above program seems commonplace enough today. We take for granted that electricity shall be supplied to us with the utmost convenience. But Edison's program would have been, for anyone else, quite visionary. It was tremendous in its completeness. His dynamo was exactly contrary to the principles which the electrical science of the day had laid down.

A large portion of technical opinion held that the chief uses of electricity would be in the arc light which was then spreading rapidly and, although it was very crude, it was considered almost perfect. The arc light could not be used indoors except in very large buildings on account of its terrible glare, but the Edison light was not then strong enough to be used for street lighting. Edison predicted the present municipal lighting systems. In our digging around his laboratories for Edison relics we found old street lamps forty-five years old.

He had not at hand any of the proper materials or supplies to carry out his designs. That, as I have mentioned, is one of the great difficulties of the pioneer in any art. For his first installation on a large scale he planned a bigger dynamo than had ever been built and planned to connect it directly with a steam engine. Up to that time he and all other dynamo makers had used belts with a number of small units. And he had an enormous amount of trouble finding anyone to design and build a steam engine to make the speed he needed.

Today dynamos are always directly connected with a steam engine or a turbine, but Edison was so far ahead of his time that the designers of steam engines could not provide for his needs. They in turn did not have the steels for either the boilers or the engines.

The Pearl Street plant in New York City, which was the first commercial installation—the original plant at Menlo Park was only experimental—was one of the greatest of all engineering jobs. Edison had to design and have made every item, including switches, fixtures and wires. He established 110 volts as standard and that has ever since remained standard.

To string electric wires high up on poles along streets was one thing, but to take wires through a densely populated district and into office buildings was quite another thing. It must be remembered that there were no precedents; Edison had to know at every step what he was doing or else he might have been the cause of a great conflagration. As it was, he carried off every detail successfully—simply because he had tried out every detail in advance

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in his laboratory and tested under every possible condition.

He refused to sell his electric-light rights but instead held to leases with the installations under his supervision so that the light would not get into careless or incompetent hands. In so doing he turned down offers of millions of dollars that he needed in his affairs, but in the end he had the satisfaction of seeing his invention properly installed and operated.

For a considerable while he actually managed his business and had an office in New York. Few things are more irksome to Mr. Edison than office work, yet he stayed with the job until men had been developed who could take it over.

This developing was in itself a managerial task of no small moment. We met the same thing when we began to put out automobiles and found that the mechanics throughout the country did not know how to repair them. We then followed the plan that Edison had devised so many years before.

He opened a training school for workmen which was probably the first of its kind. The sessions were at night at his office, which was in a dwelling on lower Fifth Avenue. He tried to select as students those who already had some experience with telegraphs, telephones, burglar alarms, and the other simple electrical work of the time. They were taught the elements and the technique by both blackboard and oral lessons, and also they received the rudiments of general electrical engineering. Assistants of Mr. Edison brought in from Menlo Park were the instructors.

The records show that many of these pioneer students and workmen afterwards became successful contractors or filled important positions as managers or superintendents of central stations. I came into the field much later and by then a body of men had already been trained and the school had no longer any reason for existence.

Edison reserved the right to manufacture his incandescent lamps and in so doing evolved a principle of manufacturing which I have found most valuable. He found that the lamps were costing one dollar and twenty-five cents each to make. He offered to make them at forty cents each if the Edison Light Company —which was the power company—would buy all their requirements from him during the life of the patent. Here, in his own words, is what happened:

"The first year the lamps cost us about a dollar and ten cents each. We sold them for forty cents; but there were only about twenty or thirty thousand of them. The next year they cost us about seventy cents, and we sold them for forty. There were a good many, and we lost more money the second year than the first.

"The third year I succeeded in getting up machinery and in changing the processes, until it got down so that they cost somewhere around fifty cents. I still sold them for forty cents, and lost more money that year than any other, because the sales were increasing rapidly.

"The fourth year I got it down to thirty-seven cents, and I made up all the money in one year that I had lost previously. I finally got it down to twenty-two cents, and sold them for forty cents; and they were made by the million. Whereupon the Wall Street people thought it was a very lucrative business, so they concluded they would like to have it, and bought us out.

"This is one of the incidents which caused a very great cheapening. When we started, one of the important processes had to be done by experts. This was the sealing-on of the part carrying the filament into the globe, which was rather a delicate operation in those days, and required several months of training before anyone could seal in a fair number of parts in a day. The men on this work considered themselves essential to the plant and became surly. They formed a union and made demands.

"I started in to see if it were not possible to do that operation by machinery. After feeling around for some days, I got a clue how to do it. I then put men on it I could trust, and made the preliminary machinery. That seemed to work pretty well. I then made another machine which did the work nicely. I then made a third machine. Then the union went out. It has been out ever since."

I have been credited with originating the plan of fixing a sales price on what I believed the article could be made for and then forcing the costs down through volume production so that the price would yield a profit. But Edison did exactly that long ago.

In fact there is very little in our industry of today that Edison did not think of and try out. If we were as yet caught up with all his ideas, we should as a nation be still further ahead.

The genius of the automobile industry continues his absorbing account of the many-sided genius of the world's greatest inventor Next Month

Mrs. Lindbergh *(Continued from page 79)*

his goods from one corner of the earth to the other. From ancient times he has explored the world by land and by sea. Now air has been added to his facilities for travel and a new world with its treasures opens up before him.

It is sometimes hard for the man in the street to think of aviation in this way. Because of its background in war, he regards it as embodying all the hazards of military maneuvers. Because it was kept alive by "stunts" at country fairs in the years after the war, he often sees it only as some variety of circus. The record of ninety thousand miles flown on scheduled routes every day in the United States is gradually dispelling both ideas and showing the airplane as a competent means of transportation for passengers, mail and express.

I first met Mrs. Lindbergh last summer at the opening of the forty-eight-hour coast-to-coast service inaugurated by Transcontinental Air Transport when I was privileged to be one of the passengers on the first west-bound plane. Colonel Lindbergh brought the first one eastward from Los Angeles, and in Arizona changed to ours, piloting it out to the coast. With him was Mrs. Lindbergh.

This winter we met again as house guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Maddux, at Los Angeles. Both of us had "commuted" from New York in our respective airplanes, and dropped down (figuratively) on the same hospitable doorstep.

I think the Madduxes are no more surprised to have flying guests appear from Long Island than from Long Beach, twenty miles away. For aviation has shrunk the continent to eighteen hours of nonstop flying, or two comfortable days by plane and train.

In fact, so quickly do miles slip away for air travelers that those who are accustomed to thinking in terms of flying often startle their friends who are not. I know I often have to be "whereabouts unknown" for several hours in order not to worry people who are expecting me to arrive somewhere at a given hour.

An illustrative instance happened on this recent visit to the coast. I found one day I had to make a speech at a dinner in a middle western city. My course by air from Los Angeles was about thirteen hundred miles each way. Of course I flew.

The morning of the day of the dinner I was thirty-six hours away by train schedule from the well-known banquet chicken. I didn't dare let my hosts know where I was lest they despair of my arriving.

Years ago when automobiles were decidedly temperamental, and even to keep them going was an accomplishment, a few pioneering souls actually dared to race them. From watching the thrilling old road races the public unconsciously began to accept automobiles as reasonably safe conveniences. Bus lines sprang into being as time went on, private owners multiplied, and the whole country became motorized as we know it today.

Jack Maddux, our host, was a well-known figure in each stage of development. He was also a pioneer flyer when airplanes were less dependable than the first automobiles. For years he has thus been identified with the two newest forms of transportation, and it is small wonder his foresight has carried him to the presidency of the T. A. T.-Maddux lines. Colonel Lindbergh is technical adviser to this company which flies seven thousand miles a day on schedule—a tangible realization of daring dreams come true.

On this visit Colonel Lindbergh had come out to fly his specially constructed low-wing Lockheed monoplane. As I, too, happen to have a Lockheed, I was delighted at the opportunity to observe his activities with the new craft, for there is always much to be learned by watching an expert.

It seems to me one of the most significant characteristics of this flying couple is their habit of doing everything together. Even on the first flight of the new orange-and-black bird Mrs. Lindbergh went aloft. She is a willing and capable crew on long flights.

I have often heard the colonel speak of the days when he flew alone and found difficulty in doing certain things. Now he increasingly counts on her active cooperation. One of her responsibilities is photographing. Or she may take the controls when her husband is occupied with "shooting the sun," for instance. Indeed, during their latest joint flying exploit, when together they established a new transcontinental record of fourteen and three-quarter hours from coast to coast, Mrs. Lindbergh, using a sextant, acted as navigator.

At our ideally informal house party discussion inevitably gravitated to things aeronautical, for after all flying is the chief pleasure and business of us all. Mr. Maddux and Colonel Lindbergh were often involved in transport methods and statistics, while Mrs. Lindbergh, Mrs. Maddux and I found ourselves discussing aviation problems as they affect women—a subject which is important to all air transport.

For flying is not entirely a thing concerned with business and apart from the home. Women's good will and understanding are necessary for its progress. Without their cooperation few air tickets could be sold, and many of the comforts

SOMEONE said that if you can't make a living in eleven months you can't in twelve. That's just the way I feel about it—and that month is going to be spent going places.

Imagine being an able bodied American and never having sat around one of those four-way fireplaces in a log inn in Yellowstone Park; nor listened to a campfire talk at night in Mesa Verde by someone who knows all about the vanished cliff dwellers.

And there's all the west coast, where they fill you with sunshine and optimism . . . with a side trip to the canyon on the way.

While I'm about it I could see the Pacific Northwest and take in the Canadian Rockies on the way back.

Of course that's just a starter . . . it will take the whole month this summer, but I can do it nicely by a plane hop or two.

Then next summer I can see eastern Canada by sailing from Montreal or Quebec, and take that long dreamed of trip to Europe.

While I'm young! That's my idea. No waiting for a crabbed old "retired" age when I'll be more interested in how my stocks and bonds are doing back home than in the length of skirts in Paris or the color of the Ouled Nails' eyes.

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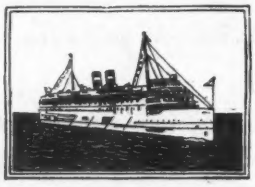

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of modern airplane transportation would be lacking.

And here may I say that women can influence women more easily than can men? Thus, whether she knows it or not, Mrs. Lindbergh, by just being herself, is an educational force. The fact that she is small and dainty helps dispel the idea that flying is only for "he-men" and their counterpart in women.

Mrs. Lindbergh considers flying a matter of routine, as does her husband. For instance, when they start across the continent, each of them takes a single suitcase. Mrs. Lindbergh, as I have said, usually wears ordinary sport clothes. Both always wear parachutes.

Mrs. Lindbergh has never had to use one of these life preservers of the air, but the colonel has four times qualified for the mythical Caterpillar Club whose membership consists solely of individuals who have made an emergency jump.

About baggage. When I flew out to California, my secretary from Cosmopolitan was with me. We took much work with us, planning to conduct an itinerant office as we went. Coming from the cold of the wintry East to the summer of southern California with six weeks before us, we naturally had a good deal of baggage. Actually, with parachutes and emergency rations, I think the indecent total was thirteen pieces.

When we left the Maddux home for the return journey Colonel Lindbergh saw this mountain of baggage piled high in the car.

"And what might that be?" he asked disapprovingly.

During our explanation I sensed he was making a comparison with the impedimenta of a typical Lindbergh migration.

He turned to his wife with a grin. "Don't you get any foolish ideas from this!" he admonished.

And so I imagine the single standard of baggage, so to speak, will persist in the Lindbergh flying household!

As a matter of fact, my plane corresponds to a closed limousine, as compared with the open sport roadster of the air which the colonel cruises. Incidentally, too, that of the Lindberghs carries enough gasoline to last perhaps twenty hours, while my standard model has tanks for only one hundred and fifty gallons, or about seven hours of flying. Thus I have room to spare for all the baggage I possibly could want.

To the Lindberghs flying is, of course, an everyday affair. As a matter of fact, their log book would show an amazing total of air miles covered during the last year in America, Mexico, and Central America.

Mrs. Lindbergh insists she was not an extensive traveler before her marriage. Her ready acceptance of almost continuous travel since is a fine example of her attitude of cooperation and her willingness to give a trial to what is presented as part of a new régime. "And that's pluck," as I heard a mechanic say.

In passing, I should like to say that pluck seems to me to be one of Mrs. Lindbergh's most dominant characteristics. Under her gentleness lies a fine courage to meet both physical and spiritual hazards with understanding.

In addition to the business of the colonel's flying, the pair have used the air for exploration, over sea and over jungle, and have had the informal fun of "sitting down" in western desert places and making camp where they would.

Essentially for them aviation is not a "cause." But being asked to do all kinds of things "for aviation," as if it were a charity or a patriotic duty, is an old story for the Lindberghs. Important as it is in their lives, they cannot think of it in any such light. It is a profession and a present reality and quite as much a matter of fact as any other twentieth-century development.

For a fortnight I was in more or less constant contact with Mrs. Lindbergh. That time gave ample opportunity for appraisal. I usually made the fifth at quiet dinners. Whether at "home movies" or driving or ice-box raids in the kitchen, she was always the same person—smiling, independent, honest.

Mrs. Lindbergh's distaste for public demonstration is a delight to all who have observed her "in action." Hers is a reticence of genuine modesty without aloofness. She likes flying, not as a personage, but as a person.

How to Stop Prison Riots *(Continued from page 53)*

the old prison, rifled the Armory and in a hail of bullets, made a get-away through the warden's kitchen—successfully, for the moment. They were caught by the writer and brought back three days later.

It happened while I was away attending a meeting of the American Prison Association at Columbus, Ohio. My family, who live in the center of the prison enclosure right next to the century-old cell block, were having dinner at the time. As they sat at the table, the house-men in the kitchen downstairs (all prisoners) suddenly rushed upstairs to the dining room, and stood silently facing the stairs leading to the kitchen. These men, knowing that I was away, had rushed up to protect the family.

Some years ago, an officer who was supervising a road gang outside the old prison walls lost his gun. In those days guards in charge of outside companies were armed. The guard was honest and reported the loss. We then knew that somewhere in the yard was a fully loaded revolver—a dangerous situation, indeed.

I sent for a prisoner whom I knew to be of influence inside. I explained the situation to him frankly and requested that he "get the gun."

"No questions asked?" he countered. I consented. He left and an hour later he came into my office and laid the gun on my desk. That man's term has since expired, but his friendship has been constant. Early in life he was rather notorious. Today, he is the father of a family, living a quiet life.

Recently this former prisoner was taken ill, and I visited him at the hospital. During our conversation one of us mentioned the hectic police activities against the communists in New York City Hall Park the day before.

"If the cops gave some of us fellows a chance," he remarked, "we could clean up those birds in a jiffy."

He was, you see, on the side of law and order. Prisoners are that way. Regardless of the crime that sent them to prison, regardless of their attitude toward society, when their government is threatened, their loyalty is unquestioned. If permitted, the prisoners of the country would respond generously to the call of the nation.

For over ten years my home has been within the walls of the prison. With the completion of the new concrete walls, my family is actually confined, subject to prison atmosphere every moment of

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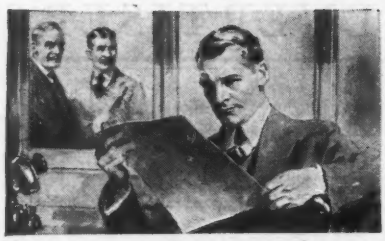

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the day. My youngest child was born here and grew from infancy to delightful childhood in the environs of men whom society regards as dangerous and irresponsible.

Members of my family have always walked through the institution without the least fear. Time and duties permitting, I stroll through the yard or shops unarmed and am subject to address by any prisoner. There is hardly a long-term prisoner who leaves the institution without first bidding adieu to me or to some member of my family.

Officers do not carry arms or bludgeons in the shops or yard. Prisoners are permitted to visit with relatives, parents, children, sweethearts, without intervening partitions or tables. Saturday, Sunday and holidays find the visiting room crowded to capacity—over one hundred and fifty inmates visited by twice as many relatives, with only one uniformed officer in charge.

Certainly there should be some way of helping such men—and helping the society in its problems of keeping them. Only an all-powerful Parole Board can really do this.

Public opinion was slow to respond to the importance of parole. It suspected political and other sinister influences in the granting of paroles. Actually, our Parole Boards had little discretion in the face of fixed sentences.

The arrest of a released prisoner for new crimes gave rise to innuendoes and open criticism of the parole system. But the public did not know or care that the Board had its hands tied in the first instance in either granting parole or preventing release, and secondly, through lack of sufficient appropriations, was unable to perfect its powers of intimate contact with released prisoners.

The new and much-heralded Parole Board will, in a measure, remedy this situation. It will have larger personnel, a more adequate and broader organization, with possibilities of more intimate and helpful contact, but—its discretionary powers are still restricted. It can release men only at the termination of fixed minimum sentences for first offenders and has absolutely no choice whatever in the case of a second offender.

So far, Sing Sing has had no serious outbreak. Some months ago, however, I feared we might have some real trouble. The Parole Board was meeting in the prison and word had gone out that no man with a gun record—that is, who had been sent up on a case having to do with a gun—would be paroled. Of the one hundred and eight cases to be reviewed by the Board twenty-three were gun cases. These men, I had been informed, would refuse to face the Board if the first man up was denied parole on account of this unofficial ruling—and the whole prison was ready to start trouble in order to back them up.

The day of the meeting I had delayed the cases of the twenty-three men until after supper when all the rest of the 2,200 men were locked in their cells. Then, lacking the moral support of their comrades, they had sullenly accepted the Board's verdict against them.

Early the next morning, shortly after six o'clock, the officer in general charge of the prisoners thought he detected a mutinous or restless spirit among the men. He promptly, but without authorization, told them, "The warden is going to talk to you boys today."

I reprimanded the squad leader for this assumption of authority, but nevertheless issued a notice that I would speak to all the prisoners at four P. M. that day in the old prison chapel. Directions were given that no guards were to be present.

It was an unbearably hot, muggy day—we had had no rain for several weeks. In the afternoon, for no reason at all, I donned a pair of white flannels. At about three-fifty-five, I went inside the prison as the last of the lines were going into the chapel.

Almost two thousand men were packed into a hall with normal capacity of about nine hundred. As I edged my way in and faced the crowd, I saw a sea of faces filling every nook and corner of the auditorium. Not all the prisoners could gain entrance and several hundred men had to listen in from a radio connection in the old mess hall underneath the chapel.

Meanwhile it grew darker outside with heavy clouds overhead, so that we had to turn on the electric lights. The surcharged air of the meeting seemed to find an echo in the approaching storm without. The thunder never sounded worse to me. Lightning flashed and just as I was about to reach the microphone in the front of the chapel—something happened. A bolt of electricity struck the wires between the condemned cells and the chapel—out went the lights!

Well! there I was, all in white, facing nearly two thousand men in practical darkness. My reception was unusual; I could feel the tension—no applause but no "raspberries" either. There was not even the usual "buzzing" among the men—just silence.

In my twenty-five years of prison service, I have met many unusual situations. This topped them all. The seriousness of the moment called for a human touch to break the ice. I told a story about the necessity for mutual understanding. It was a dud, went flat—no laughs, no comments—still silence. For the moment I half regretted that I had not used the prison "mike" for all the prisoners.

By this time I was frankly worried—scared would be a franker word. Something out of the ordinary had to be done and I suddenly thought of a darky story, just a little off-color.

The story was not really new. It was merely human, and it worked. The prisoners laughed—the lights came on and I sighed inwardly with relief. We then proceeded to discuss intramural affairs frankly and, I may add, with some emphasis. Now, I haven't heard to this day whether the forces of nature were arrayed for me or against me that day. I'm giving you the facts. Draw your own conclusions.

That night the principal keeper, the chaplain, the chief engineer and other department heads were permitted to go on their vacations and the next day my family of over two thousand had a moving day. We moved from the old prison to the new one and we all have been so busy ever since that the incident is probably forgotten by all except myself.

Let me say again, there will be no real improvement, no lasting benefits of parole until we shall have a complete change in methods of sentencing. Indeterminate terms of one year to life for every offender, or better still, the duration of sentence, from initial commitment, to be determined by an independent board, free from all possible pressure, whose decision shall be based solely on the record and personality problem of each case.

The importance of this change in procedure is increasingly apparent when we realize that two-thirds of the men in prison are in too long and one-third or one-fourth are given too short sentences.

Take the sentencing power away from the judge. Give the Parole Board full charge of this. Put Hope back in prison and we'll improve present conditions beyond all dreams.

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